

TYPES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

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TYPES OF ENGLISH *Poetry*

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TYPES OF
ENGLISH *Fiction*



Edited by Hardin Craig
and John W. Dodds

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PREFACE

TO MAKE a book of selections which will fairly represent the Types of English Fiction is a matter of some difficulty, particularly because English fiction appears mainly in longer works. The novel and the romance have been the characteristic forms, and until one comes to the most recent period it is impossible to find short works which are at once characteristic of their authors and of the forms which prevailed in the earlier periods. The next best thing to complete narratives is carefully chosen selections, selections which will be properly representative of their authors and, at the same time, sufficiently independent of the main works from which they are made to be readily understood and enjoyed. The editors of this volume have sought to achieve these ends. The course and range of the greater forms of English fiction are too important in the education of every college student to be neglected. There is frequently not sufficient time to read a great number of long works, and the excuse for a book made up in large part of selected chapters and episodes lies in the knowledge it may impart of the literary forms in the outstanding achievement of the English in the field of fiction.

It is nevertheless far from the minds of the editors that any reader should rest content with summaries and selections. This book should be accompanied by the reading of most of the complete works from which parts are here presented and of other works of the authors mentioned in the introductions and headnotes. As it stands this book will teach the important features of fiction as it has appeared in English, will give a synoptic view of English fiction, and will impart the flavor of the style and teach the point of approach of many great artists. Particular attention is called to the select bibliogra-

phies, which give information, both biographical and critical, about the men whose works appear in the book and about fiction and its various forms.

The editors of this volume hope that it will serve as a sound introduction to a great literary subject, that it will teach students how to read fiction, what to expect of fiction as a means of literary culture, and what significance form has in the approach to the subject. For example, the forms of English fiction are very varied. They are not to be arranged on strictly logical lines, with each form carefully marked off from the rest. Form in fiction is frequently a matter of emphasis. One can find romance written with the meticulous art of the greatest realists and realism so far abstracted from the ordinary or the unpleasant that it seems to be in the realm of romance. In order to understand form in fiction one must know each writer and get from his works an idea of the materials used, the purpose entertained, the style adopted, and the point of approach. Most English writers of romance have been realistic in their methods, and many writers of novels of ordinary life have introduced characters and episodes which cannot be regarded as anything else but romance.

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TYPES OF ENGLISH *Fiction*

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

MEN HAVE ALWAYS told tales. Wherever we have human record, however primitive, we have evidence that what this volume dignifies as "prose fiction" is an inheritance as old as man himself. In the history of the human imagination it is but a step backward from *The Saturday Evening Post* to the cliff-dwellers, huddling around their fires and telling stories to keep the spirits of the darkness at a distance. To trace the growth of these fictional forms is to realize that their history is a meandering and checkered one; and to break down into artificial categories the stream of prose fiction is sometimes as deceptive as it is easy. There have been "stories of purpose" before Homer and since H. G. Wells; "rogue stories" before Le Sage and since Dorothy Sayers; "stories of sentiment" before Henry Mackenzie and since Harold Bell Wright; allegories before Æsop and since George Ade. Men have laughed and cried on paper for centuries; they have been patriotic, didactic, "realistic," "romantic," heroic, pathetic, humorous. They have written stories to help people escape from the conditions of life around them, and they have written stories to increase their awareness of that life. In the eye of time there is not as much difference between the author of *Beowulf* and Ernest Hemingway as the difference in dates would suggest. The aborigines created their own myths and believed in them, and the twentieth century is not without its myth-makers.

Nevertheless there are a few generalizations which can be made safely about fiction—even English fiction—and which a volume of this scope helps to identify and clarify. In the first place, there is a central quality common to all fiction no matter when or for what reason it was written: it encour-

ages in the reader what Coleridge calls "the suspension of disbelief for the moment," and enables him to live for an hour or a day the life of someone else. This living in the experiences of hypothetical people does more, at its best, than amuse. Valid fiction can be truth even if it is not fact, and the reader's understanding of himself and of his fellow men can be broadened even while he is being entertained. While the book is in his hand, be it *Treasure Island* or *Grapes of Wrath*, he is living a vicarious existence.

In the second place, English fiction does reveal a broad line of development from the simpler to the more complex forms. The chief concern of the author has always been that somehow the story shall get itself told, but the manner of telling has gone through many mutations, until today the species is so highly differentiated and the genealogical tree has so many branches that it is difficult to classify them. Malory, for instance, had to deal only with a chain of events, but as the art of story-telling grew more sophisticated the artist's devices became more intricate; and so we have novels which we pigeonhole as "novels of plot," "novels of character," "novels of setting and atmosphere," "novels of theme," "novels of mood," and so forth. All of these are specialized attempts to penetrate more deeply into the mysteries of man's life; they acknowledge, by focusing on a part of the *comédie humaine*, its very complexity. Then too, men discovered finally that they are the beneficiaries, or the victims, not only of a consciousness but also of a sub-consciousness; and one of the most artistically influential books of modern times—Joyce's *Ulysses*—is the exploration of a single day in a man's life; matter which Malory would have compassed in a sentence, Defoe in a page, and Dickens or Thackeray, long-winded as they were, in a chapter. Even the simplicity of some modern writers is a calculated, athletic simplicity, meant to evoke nuances of meaning in themselves tenuous and subtle. The course of the English novel, then, has been one in which the form, as well as the matter, has been progressively refined; not in the "well-

made" sense, for more and more our authors tend to depart from conventional structures, but in the sense that the novel, reflecting as it does life, has become aware of the increasing complexity of life.

Finally, this broad stream of prose which we call fiction has drawn upon many literary tributaries. This, not merely in the sense that one author has influenced another, but that all forms of prose writing have been tapped to lend a seeming authenticity and veracity to invented characters and plots. For instance, prick almost any novelist and you find an essayist under the skin; and the devices of the essay fill, and sometimes clutter up, many pages of the English novel. The literal, matter-of-fact manner of the travel writers has been borrowed to gain credence for strange adventures. Samuel Richardson fell upon the method of the diary and the letter, and his discovery has been exploited by many a subsequent novelist. History, too—sometimes it is difficult to tell where the historian leaves off and the novelist begins, and vice versa. The same is true of biography. Even philosophy has been made the hand-maid of fiction. Science and pseudo-science have rubbed shoulders with the novel. And in recent years man's effort to crawl inside his own mind has made some novels read like a psychiatrist's case-book. All the world and all human experience is in the pen of the author who sits down to write a tale to hold children from play or old men from the chimney corner.

The novel then, as well as poetry, has its high estate, and also a history of its evolution. And it may be well to chart briefly an outline of such an evolution in relation to this volume, which begins with Mandeville and ends with Virginia Woolf.

The Beginnings

What we think of today as the English novel dates from the eighteenth century, but it did not spring full-panoplied from

the brains of Defoe and Richardson; it had its roots deep in the past. The ancient Greeks and Romans had their prose tales as well as their epics. As early as the second century B.C. Aristides, a Greek, wrote his *Milesiaca* or "Milesian Tales" in six or more books. There are the fragmentary short "Greek Romances" of the second to the sixth century A.D.—stories of shipwreck, war, and adventure. The *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, the *Satyricon* of Petronius, and the satires of Lucian are honorable predecessors of the modern novel.

But prose fiction appeared late in Western Europe, and it was Sir Thomas Malory (1395?-1471) who inaugurated a new era in English prose. His *Morte Darthur* illustrates a form of fiction in vogue for three hundred years—the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries—namely the romance of chivalry. This form appeared almost altogether in verse, and it is a happy accident that put so true a form into prose and made of it an influential factor in the creation of prose fiction. Romances of chivalry are tales of adventure in which royal and noble warriors carry out exploits under motives of love, loyalty, religion, desire for fame and for the rectification of human abuses. Distressed damsels are frequently met with in the pages of the chivalric romance; so also dwarfs, giants, dragons, magicians, fairies, and various monsters human and superhuman. The scenes are laid in castles (often besieged), caves, mountains, the seashore, the forest, and about springs of water with or without magical properties.

Malory's rambling story of King Arthur and his knights, condensed and "reduced into English," as Caxton put it, from a still more rambling cycle of French romance, is something of a farewell to the middle ages, with its noble exploits of knighthood, its chivalrous love, its pageantry and battles. Malory was trying to recapture for English readers the glamor and nobility of a vanished day. He is earnestly patriotic and earnestly moral. Nevertheless he did succeed in writing the first great book of English fiction, in a prose style surprisingly modern in its straightforward ease. It is simple,

with a simplicity neither barren nor naive, but idiomatic and sure.

English prose fiction, both previous and subsequent to Malory, is heavily derivative. The nameless gleemen and minstrels of the middle ages had composed and sung in verse their romances and their heroic tales; prose was a business for the schoolmen. *Beowulf* is a lively story of adventure, but it was written in Anglo-Saxon alliterative verse. Chaucer, the greatest English story-teller of the middle ages, uses poetry as the chief vehicle for the *Canterbury Tales*, reserving for prose only his longest and dullest tales. But out of Italy and France in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries came streams of stories which not only influenced Chaucer's poetry but also proved a great storehouse of ideas for subsequent writers. The *fabliaux* were short and often scandalous stories of ordinary life, dealing in jocular fashion with priest and peasant, realistic for the most part and thus contrasting with the medieval romance which, as has been said, was chiefly metrical and dealt with the loves and heroic adventures of brave knights and distressed ladies. The *novelle* were usually somewhat longer stories of manners and intrigue. Three of the best-known collections are Boccaccio's *Decameron*, Fiorentino's *Il Pecorone*, and Bandello's *Novelle*. In England, the *novelle* of Boccaccio, Bandello, Cinthio and others began to appear in translation in the sixteenth century, Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1566-67) being the largest of such collections.

Another line of influence was the Italian and Spanish pastoral romance of the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries, such as Boccaccio's *L'Ameto* (1341-42), Sannazaro's *Arcadia* in the early sixteenth century, and Montemayor's *Diana* in the middle sixteenth century. All these were pastoral stories of nymphs and shepherds and enchantments and unrequited love, pointing backward to the Greek romances of Heliodorus and Longus and forward to such English stories as Lodge's *Rosalynde*, Greene's *Pandosto*, and Sidney's *Ar-*

cadia.¹ Such stories were immensely popular in Elizabethan times, satisfying as they did the Renaissance delight in imitating antiquity; but, heavily ornamented, stiff, and formal, they seem today self-conscious and artificial. It is from the *novella*, rather than from the romance or the pastoral, that the English novel not only derives its name but traces the main line of its descent. The Elizabethan dramatists also plundered the Italians and the French for subjects, and such a prose pamphlet as Nashe's *Unfortunate Traveller* has an affinity with the more exciting *novelle*.

There are, as we shall see, eddies in the main stream of English fiction which indicate a romantic liking for the marvellous and improbable and the supernatural. But nothing is stronger in the English than their sense of accepted fact, and the current of their fiction from Nashe to Defoe to Fielding to Thackeray to Galsworthy lies in deeply marked channels of realism. They wanted even patently fantastic tales to *seem* to be true, and a good early illustration of this lies in the great seventeenth and eighteenth century popularity of the fabulous *Travels* of Sir John Mandeville, in which marvellous wonders are told with the dry factual sobriety of the eyewitness.

Of the three types of English fiction in the Elizabethan age the picaresque or rogue story is the most vital if by no means the most elegant. It too had its literary antecedents, going back to the practical jokes of Reynard the Fox in the medieval beast epics, who, like his modern analogue Brer Rabbit, is a picaroon. Certain Italian *novelle* have this feature, and it is to be found in the famous Spanish dialogue *Celestina* (1501) by Ferdinando de Rojas. Its real beginning, however, is *La Vida de Lazarillo de Tormes* (1553), a story of uncertain authorship attributed somewhat doubtfully to the stern and cruel Diego Hurtado Mendoza. *Lazarillo de Tormes* has the typical features, since it is in the form of an autobiography which is

¹ See the introduction to Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 86, for a fuller discussion of romance.

told in the first person, a circumstance which gives it a degree of intimacy and frankness, like the "confessions" or "true stories" of current popularity. Its hero is a rogue and not quite a criminal; the heroes of rogue stories are rarely out-and-out criminals, since there are usually some respects in which the central character wins the sympathy of the readers. He is unfortunate, he is wronged by respectable society, and he is certainly no worse than are most of the people he robs and cheats. The rogue story is episodic and sensational, being a series of only slightly connected events each of which is intended to be thrilling. It is faithful in detail and descends to the smallest trivialities for the sake of verisimilitude and deals prevailingly with low life. *Lazarillo* is the son of a miller on the banks of the Tormes near Salamanca. At the age of eight he is presented by his own mother to a villainous blind beggar whose guide he is to become. *Lazarillo* deceives the beggar and steals his food. He runs away and gets into the service of a parsimonious ecclesiastic who keeps the food locked up and puts *Lazarillo* through his paces to obtain it. He serves other dishonest, cruel, or ridiculous masters one after another, one being an aged, poverty-stricken, grand hidalgo of Old Spain, who moves majestically about while *Lazarillo* begs for him at the door of the church. He winds up as town-crier of Toledo. *Lazarillo de Tormes* is a work of genius, and of course Thomas Nashe, whose *Unfortunate Traveller; or, The Life of Jack Wilton* (1594) is the great Elizabethan example of the form, knew this work.

Another famous example of picaresque fiction, a form which had great vogue in Spain, is *Guzman de Alfarache* (1599) by Mateo Aleman which was translated into English in 1622. Here we have a professional beggar as hero who stands at a street corner and watches the world of low life go by and, incidentally, compels that world to yield him a living. *Guzman* is by turns scullion, thief, gentleman, beggar, soldier, page to a cardinal and to the French ambassador, and galley-slave; his story is filled with satirical sketches, humorous de-

scriptions, and sensational episodes. The form appears in Francisco Gomez de Quevado's *Pablo de Segovia* (1626) and in Vincente Espinel's *Marcos de Obregon* (1618), both of which had influence in England. The picaresque form appears in the famous *Roman Comique* (1651) by Scarron, which is the tale of the adventures of a troupe of strolling players. It is *Gil Blas* (1715-35), however, by the French novelist Le Sage, which shows the form possibly in its greatest perfection. This work was translated by Smollett and was immediately influential on both Smollett and Fielding. Fielding's tendency in all his novels to get his characters out on the road and engaged in a chain of adventures is a mark of the picaresque. His masterpiece in the rogue story proper, however, is the mock-heroic *Jonathan Wild the Great* (1743). Smollett's is *Ferdinand, Count Fathom* (1753). Rogue stories have continued to be written to this day, and their number in modern literature is incalculably great.

A second form of Elizabethan fiction, more "literary" and further removed from real life than the picaresque tale, and appearing earlier than the *Unfortunate Traveller*, was what might be called the first novel of manners. English prose was suffering its period of growing pains. In the effort to show Englishmen how to be cultured, though British, some of the early Elizabethan authors perfected a prose style artificial in the extreme, deliberately elegant and refined, tediously formalized and excessively adorned with all the flowers of an elaborate rhetoric. Of this cult John Lyly became the high priest, thrusting strange humours indeed upon English prose. Although he did not originate the style—in the words of Gabriel Harvey, he only "hatched the eggs that his elder friends laid"—he gave the style popularity, and with his *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit* (1578) and *Euphues and His England* (1580) he endowed it with its generic name, euphuism.

There is no use in denying that most people find the *Euphues* dull; it is more talked about in courses in literature

than it is read. A thin plot, serving only as a frame upon which to hang moral, didactic reflections on love, friendship, travel, dress, education, and religion; colorless characterization; a style governed by an intricate scheme of antithesis and repetition, alliteration, rhetorical question, and long strings of similes drawn from mythology and from Pliny's unnatural natural history—these are not enough to convince or to hold the modern reader. Nevertheless, artificial and stilted as euphuism seems today, it was in its time a sign of literary life, a part of that avid experimentation with words out of which modern prose grew. It brought to a rather loose and formless prose a sense of design in style, precise and carefully calculated. With Lyly's contemporaries, eager for elegance, the *Euphues* was immoderately successful. For a time it set the fashion; even Shakespeare paid it first the compliment of imitation, and later, of burlesque. Robert Greene wrote many euphuistic novels; Thomas Lodge wrote a number, including *Rosalynde*, from which Shakespeare drew the plot of *As You Like It*. Anthony Munday, Melbancke, William Warner and others also followed Lyly's lead.

By the end of the century, however, the vogue was over. Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Defense of Poesy*, says of the euphuists: "How they cast sugar and spice upon every dish that is served to the table; like those Indians not content to wear ear-rings at the fit and natural place of the ears, but they will thrust jewels through their nose and lips, because they will be sure to be fine." Gabriel Harvey in 1589 declares that he "cannot stand nosing of candlesticks or Euphuing of similes." Euphuism was severe medicine for English prose, but it was not without its therapeutic effect.

The third type of sixteenth century fiction, the pastoral romance, was no invention of the Elizabethans; it has a direct and honorable tradition back through the Italian and Spanish pastorals to the early Greek romances. Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* (1590) was an attempt to bring under cloudy English skies something of the idyllic warmth of flowery southern

Europe, where "shepherd boys pipe as tho' they would never be old." The English pastoral story is an escape from life into the romantic world of idealized beauty, a dream world in which lovers are true, friends constant, and gentlemen brave—although the pastoral life is crossed, to be sure, with adventure and excitement and a conventional villainy. There is a vast amount of plotting and counter-plotting and disguising in the *Arcadia*, digressions stud the story, and the characterization is very slight. The style, although less consciously artificial than Lyly's, is overlaid with an excess of ornament and rhetoric, and its unrelieved sweetness becomes cloying. But the gentle sentiment, the heroic mood, the quaint echoes of the far-away pastoral—all these pleased the Elizabethans. Gabriel Harvey praised the *Arcadia* for its "sage counselling," its "valourous fighting," and its delightful "pastoral exercises." It is, he said, "a gallant legendary, full of pleasurable accidents and profitable discourses." If such praise does not exactly commend it to the modern reader, who can do with a minimum of "pleasurable accidents and profitable discourses," the *Arcadia* at least had great influence in its own time and on the course of English fiction. Both Greene and Lodge won success in the pastoral story, and the "heroic" romances which the seventeenth century spawned in such shoals owed much to the example of Sidney.

The seventeenth century is curiously barren of great examples of English fiction. The picaresque tradition was continued in such works as *The English Rogue* (1665-71) by Richard Head and Francis Kirkman and in many "biographies" of contemporary criminals. Such writers as Mrs. Aphra Behn combined a taste for amorous intrigue with an attempt to achieve an effect of literal veracity. Her *Oroonoko, or The Royal Slave* (c. 1678), had something for everybody, sentiment, pathos, heroics, blood-curdling realistic adventure, romantic love, and a far-away setting in Surinam. The "heroic romance" adapted from the French saw its rise and

fall in the seventeenth century. Madelaine de Scudéry's *Grand Cyrus* (1649-53) was the type of wild, sentimental, artificial, and impossible heroic romance which was reflected in a flood of English imitations from Roger Boyle's *Parthenissa* (1654) to John Crowne's *Amphigeneia* (1665). This line of English fiction had its day, even its heyday, but it ended in sterility. When the main stream of fiction emerged from the morass it flowed in quite a different direction. It is a matter of interest that one of the few books in the language which have entered completely into the consciousness of English-speaking peoples was completely outside its time. *Pilgrim's Progress* was a Restoration book and its author a Bedfordshire tinker.

To understand the mind of John Bunyan one must look at his spiritual autobiography, *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* (1666), written while he was first imprisoned in Bedford jail because he would not give up his dissenting preaching. *Grace Abounding* is one of the most remarkable confessional documents on record, the stranger because, as we see it now, Bunyan had little to confess. Yet the whole book is steeped in Bunyan's conviction of sin, sin palpable and horrible, smiting his conscience by day and filling his nights with horrible anguish. At last his "horror of great darkness" was lifted, and there came to him a sense of God's goodness and peace. In this book the tormented Puritan conscience finds release in words that sting, and that reveal with almost pathological accuracy the intense conviction of the early Dissenter. There were for Bunyan in the universe just two forces, absolute evil and absolute good, and of man's soul they made a battleground. Small wonder that when Bunyan came to trace the progress of the soul through this world to the next he cast his record into allegory, for the world and life itself were to him a supreme allegory.

In the forms of fiction, the allegory dealing with the pilgrimage of human life has a venerable antiquity. It was familiar to an earlier time in *Le Pèlerinage de l'Homme* by

De Guileville, who died about 1360. This work was translated by John Lydgate in 1426 as *The Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*. Another translation was published by Caxton, and the work itself and the idea which underlies it were widely familiar in Bunyan's day. It is doubtful that he knew the work himself, but it is entirely probable that he had some knowledge of the ancient theme of man's life as an earthly pilgrimage. He almost certainly had some knowledge of the other great English allegory, Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. The parallel between the Palace Beautiful and the House of Mercy seems to render this certain. But resemblances to all previous works are slight, the pilgrimage idea a commonplace, and the New Testament itself affords material for the quest of an eternal city. Bunyan was also familiar with Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, which was widely known among all classes suffering from religious persecution in England. The martyrdom of Faithful in *Vanity Fair* seems to rest on Foxe as a background.

The Eighteenth Century

With the eighteenth century, English fiction comes of age, and the first name of importance is that of Daniel Defoe. Richardson, rather than Defoe, is usually credited with the writing of the first English novel as such. But if *Robinson Crusoe* (1719) is not a novel it is so like a novel that the difference becomes slight and technical. Certainly it was something new on the literary horizon.

Defoe probably had a casual acquaintance with the novels of his age—those of Mrs. Behn, Mrs. Manley, and Mrs. Haywood. It is thought by some scholars that he had translated Olivier's *Rozelli*, a picaresque story. Certainly he knew much of the lives of criminals and was greatly influenced by this form of incipient fiction (See Ernest Bernbaum, *The Mary Carleton Romances*). But he is not exactly in the stream of the rogue story, although he is often said to be. With the style of a gifted and trained reporter he wrote a novel of

fact., which, it is said, is stranger than fiction. His style is as realistic as that of the writers of picaresque novels, but his fiction lies closer to reality.

Defoe goes back to the biographers and the travel writers rather than to the romancers. As early as his *True Relation of the Apparition of One Mrs. Veal* (1706) he had shown his skill in taking a bit of current gossip and by investing it with all the minutiae and documentation of an eye-witness once removed, lending it credibility. *Robinson Crusoe* has not only this tangibility of truth, but also a clear-cut characterization. Crusoe himself comes out pretty clearly as a good solid matter-of-fact middle-class Englishman, not too much troubled by imagination other than the most practical kind, and preaching the lessons of industry and piety. Literature was no longer being written for the aristocracy; the day of the middle-classes is at hand. And for those middle-classes Defoe, as Professor Wilbur Cross says, "humanized adventure."

He continued his vein of realistic adventure in his account of Captain Singleton's visit to Africa; and in *Moll Flanders* he not only out-picarried the picaresque in his vivid descriptions of London low life, but created, in his central figure, a veracious characterization. Defoe lies close to journalism, to be sure, and the novel as it developed was to become broader in its themes and richer in its characters, but Defoe deserves a prominent place among its creators.

When we come to Jonathan Swift the "novel" is still around the corner, but we are approaching it in narrowing circles, and in the history of fiction *Gulliver's Travels* (1726) is the successor to *Robinson Crusoe*. Swift is Defoe with a vast difference, it is true, for the inception and execution of *Gulliver* carried many overtones and penetrated more deeply. Allegory and satire gave point to a narrative developed with luminous consistency, the true depth of which has not been reached, as Dr. Johnson pretended it had been, once one has got hold of the idea of big and little people. Nevertheless the detailed verisimilitude which gave credibility to *Crusoe* was

the same method which gave point to Swift's savage attack against "the animal called man" in the book which, ironically enough, has become standard reading for young children. It is pretty obvious that Lemuel Gulliver, "First a Surgeon, and then a Captain of several ships," and Robinson Crusoe, "of York, Mariner," are more than casually related.

Historically, the *voyage imaginaire* is an ancient form of fiction which bears the same relation to actual travels that novels and romances do to history and biography. *Voyages imaginaires* are professedly fabulous. They are abundant in the world's literature and have often been written for the purposes of instruction and entertainment, but more often they have been written for the purposes of satire, which lies close to the form from the time of its origin to the present day. Very often the countries visited in these imaginary voyages present models of social wisdom from which the world of the author might take great profit. This is particularly true of political or utopian fictions, like Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* (1515-16) and Tommaso Campanella's *Civitas Solis* (1643). Monsters and prodigies are often to be found in these out-of-the-way places, since the planets themselves, particularly the moon, have often been visited in fancy. Strange and grotesque, as well as interesting and admirable things, are often noted, and this satisfaction of imaginative curiosity affiliates the *voyage imaginaire* with books of travel. The inclination for the marvellous was so strong in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance that the line between the professedly truthful and the professedly fictional is not easy to draw, as, for example, in the travels of Sir John Mandeville, Marco Polo, Ebn-Tophail, Fernando Mendez Pinto, and the earlier works of Solinus.

Lucian's *Vera Historia* is the commonly accepted prototype of the *voyage imaginaire*, but the *Odyssey* itself has in parts much the same sort of interest. Lucian wrote in order to cast ridicule on the tall tales of travelers and justified his *True Story* on the ground that there was not a word of truth

in it except that statement, which was more than could be said for the books he was satirizing. Swift may have known D'Ablandcourt's *Voyage à la Lune*, and he was certainly much influenced in writing *Gulliver's Travels* by Cyrano de Bergerac's *Histoire des états de la Lune* (1656) and *Les états et empires du Soleil* (1662). There are many imaginary voyages. Perhaps the best known are Rabelais' voyages in search of the lost "Pantagrueion," Ludwig Holberg's *Niels Klim's Subterranean Journey* (1741), R. E. Raspe's *Baron Münchhausen*, and the various works of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells.

Samuel Richardson is credited quite properly with the invention of the novel as distinguished from the tale or romance or any form in which action is more important than the interpretation of action. Richardson's novels begin that long series of works of prose fiction which study motive, feeling, character, habit, and moral consequence in preference to adventure, career, incident, or event, however closely these qualities may be tied up with character. By its very nature the eighteenth century novel was experimental, and we find within its range a wide variety of moods and manners. Yet it reflects a relatively stable society and seldom questions the deeper social premises of its age, and so to read Richardson and Fielding and Smollett and Sterne is to understand the century and its tastes a little better. It liked satire; it liked sentiment; it liked didacticism and edification and a sound practical morality; it liked humor. But whatever shapes the novel took in its early stages, it possessed one thing more important than precision or neatness of form: a tremendous energy and vitality. An invigorating fresh air blows across the pages of Fielding and Smollett, and even the sentiment of a person like Richardson, bourgeois and utilitarian as it was, had a high voltage.

Above all, then, the eighteenth century novel awoke to the importance of personality and the creation of character in the writing of fiction. Of the two great distinguishing qualities

of eighteenth century fiction—humor and what might be called an ethical sentimentality—Richardson was marked by an almost complete absence of the one and an excess of the other. It was an age of sentiment, which had been fostered in the drama by such authors as Lillo and Cibber and Steele, and in the essay by the pleasantly didactic *Tatler* and *Spectator*. By sentiment these people meant an attitude, thought, or judgment prompted by feeling; “sensibility” is stamped indelibly on the pages of *Pamela*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, and *Sir Charles Grandison*. Even stronger, however, than Richardson’s attack upon the emotions of his readers was his interest in manners and morals—in morals even more than in manners. He believed in the earnest purposes of human life, and *Pamela* is not only the first of the sentimental novels but also an embryonic “novel of purpose.” One should never forget that Richardson was a contemporary of John Wesley, Edward Young, William Law, and John Howard. Richardson saw with the feelings, if not with the eyes, of Richard Steele. His realism had the meticulousness of evangelical piety or puritanism, for he lived in a world in which every action counted and he believed in a God whose infinite knowledge and care descended to the least of human actions and the most obscure of human motives. He believed quite simply and literally that only the good shall be happy. There is in Richardson a simple lower-class utilitarianism that betrays him again and again into a bargaining attitude toward morality and toward God. The virtue of *Pamela* could not be called a cloistered virtue, but it is most certainly a virtue that knows how to play both ends against the middle. Richardson’s very clear thesis is that virtue, if properly displayed, need by no means be its own reward. All this, plus Richardson’s growing awareness (fostered by the indiscriminate adulation of female admirers) of his position as a sort of domestic Solomon, gives something of a hot-house atmosphere to his delineations of injured innocence. When he attempted to create in *Sir Charles Grandison* the

epitome of gentlemanly honor, he really succeeded in displaying only a first-class prig.

All this, however, does not rob Richardson of his important position in the history of the English novel. His influence was tremendous and his achievement, in terms of invention and characterization, striking. He brings a new kind of realism to the English novel. By letting his characters speak through their letters he gives the illusion of immediacy and reality. By giving with careful and detailed fidelity, line upon line and stroke upon stroke, all the curves and convolutions of his heroine's innermost emotions he becomes not only a character-novelist but a psychological novelist, a painstaking analyst of states of feeling. His novels possess little action and only the most elementary plots: virtue is led through consecutive perils, and at last triumphs or is defeated. Richardson is interested in event only as it will serve for a further playing of harmonics on the human heart.

The fictional vein of sentiment-linked-with-morality which Richardson was one of the first to mine runs steadily through many of the novels of the later eighteenth century. It is seen at its best in the simple pastoral tenderness of Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* (1766) and at its worst in such novels as Henry Brooke's *Fool of Quality* (1766-70) and Henry Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling* (1771), where sentiment debauches morality and gives issue to a line of maudlin sentimentalities calculated to please those who delighted in tears and who found pleasure in the massage of their sensibilities. Lydia Languish loved to read *The Delicate Distress* and *The Tears of Sensibility*. And it must be remembered that the sentimental novel was no isolated phenomenon. It had allies in eighteenth century poetry and in the drama, where "the Goddess of the Woeful Countenance, the Sentimental Muse," long ruled the stage. Nor was it confined to England; it had its analogues in France, and in its appeal to the heart rather than to the head it was symptomatic of an age trying to throw

off the rule of reason in literature. From its early obscure fumbblings it ultimately grew, purified and refined, into the Romantic Movement, in which we find some of the great glories of English literature.

The didacticism which so often rubbed shoulders with sentiment was a social as well as a literary manifestation. Under the influence of Jean-Jacques Rousseau's *La Nouvelle Héloïse* (1761), a novel which advocated a return to the natural state of man, and his *Émile* (1762) in which he applied his doctrines of equality, the rights of man, the simple life, and the return to nature in the education of the young, there crept into the novel the romantic conception of the child of nature whose natural goodness leads him to virtue and success, and of the child of society whose corrupting influences lead him into vanity, wickedness, and failure. Henry Brooke wrote in this manner under Rousseau's influence, and Thomas Day was the Frenchman's avowed disciple. Pedagogy and social theory became the termites of prose fiction.

Day's *History of Sandford and Merton, a Work Intended for the Use of Children* is not as absurd and banal as the *Fool of Quality*. The temper of its sugar-coated learning on astronomy, geography, and political economy might repel any well-conditioned child today, but in its time the book had huge success and created one of the most widely practised *genres* in the fiction of the late eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. Some of these moral tales for children, like Thomas Hughes's *Tom Brown's Schooldays* (1857) and Louisa M. Alcott's *Little Women* (1868), have risen to real excellence. Within recent memory the Rollo books and the Pansy books have doubtless pleased some children as much as they have certainly bored others.

Sentiment in the eighteenth century, however, reaches its apotheosis in the eccentricities of Laurence Sterne, whose *Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent.* (1759-67) and *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy* (1768), however much they owe to Rabelais or Cervantes, are unique

in the history of fiction. They are purposely incomplete and amorphous in structure—Sterne liked to titillate and perplex his readers by means of misplaced pages, by chapters cut off sharply in the middle and by sentences which he called chapters, by dashes, asterisks and all the ingenious devices his fertile mind could invent. He affects formlessness and woos digression; indeed, *Tristram Shandy* may be said to be one long digression—the hero, whose birth is being awaited in the first chapter, first sees the light near the end of the third volume.

Above all, Sterne is the master of the sort of sentiment which finds comfort in the subtilizing of emotions, in delicately fingering the strings of sentiment and thus drawing from every pathetic situation the last vestige of its capacity to produce tears. One finds him, in the *Sentimental Journey*, lamenting a dead ass and in *Tristram Shandy* writing a pathetic passage in humanitarian contemplation of the house-fly. It is entirely fitting that Sterne should himself have been one of the first to use the word “sentimental.” He is the master of all that it implies. Yet many who are ill content with his more unbuttoned passages or who dislike the tangential salaciousness into which he often slips have a real affection for Sterne as a humorist and a creator of character. Walter Shandy, my Uncle Toby, the Widow Wadman, Dr. Slop, Corporal Trim all are great creations. The attention which is devoted to Sterne as the arch-sentimentalist sometimes clouds the fact that there is more than sentiment in his novels, particularly in *Tristram Shandy*. Even the sentiment is filtered through humor, an eccentric humor subject to a seeming whim which is really a carefully calculated drollery.

Pathetic sentiment and a didactic return to nature were not the only evidences of encroaching romanticism in the eighteenth century. Tales of strange adventures and of far-away places satisfied the contemporary desire for new emotions. The romance of terror, which had its vogue in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, is historically rather

than intrinsically interesting. It is a form which endeavored with conscious artistic effort to gain a chosen emotional effect, an effect of terror in the reader. A feeling of the uncanny and the dreadful is probably harder to produce in the modern reader, used to the realities of science and the "debunking" activities of the modern press, than it was in the late eighteenth century; but the attempt to produce a definitely chosen literary effect is, if we may believe authors about their own works, a regularly established practice in current literature. The terror novelists were among the first to "call their shots" and in that respect they anticipated Poe and most modern short story writers.

It has been claimed that Horace Walpole invented the terror novel in his *Castle of Otranto* (1764), and that is probably true. As we have indicated, it was a time when many persons of the eighteenth century world, grown tired of common sense and rationality, were turning their eyes to ages which were not so sane and so certain of themselves and their world as the eighteenth century was. Particularly, these men were attracted by the medieval, which they called the "Gothic" world. Gray was adapting poems from the Norse. Bishop Percy was making his collection of popular ballads, to appear as *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (1765). James Macpherson was issuing his alleged translations from the works of Ossian, supposedly an epic poet of ancient days in the Celtic Highlands of Scotland. Horace Walpole himself had reconstructed his villa of Strawberry Hill near Twickenham into a Gothic Castle. His antiquarianism was thin, and he was not well informed about the middle ages; but he wrote a pseudo-antique tale which, in spite of its dullness, clumsy incredibility, and faked supernaturalism, made people shudder—perhaps because in that particular time people wanted to be made to shudder.

Some ten years later Clara Reeve wrote her *Old English Baron* (1777) in the vein of Walpole's book, and still later Matthew Gregory Lewis followed on in the same crude vein

with his famous book *The Monk* (1795). There was a long series of novelists and short story writers who indulged in terror for terror's sake. Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein* (1818) belongs to the genus; so likewise the works of Charles Brockden Brown, the series of tales of terror in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and many of the short stories of Edgar Allan Poe. William Godwin in his *Caleb Williams* (1794) and his *Fleetwood* (1805) is almost as much a terror novelist as a purpose novelist. Scott felt the influence of the tale of terror, as did Bulwer-Lytton, Dickens, and many others. Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, whose *Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794) is represented in this volume, was the most artistic and convincing of the pure terror-writers.

Another variation of romantic story was the oriental tale, the weirdest and strangest of which was William Beckford's *Vathek* (1786). This was a far more powerful work than either the *Castle of Otranto* or the *Old English Baron*. Beckford goes for his horrors, not to the middle ages, but to the orient. He is more mystical and for that reason more credible. The terrors that *Vathek* produces arise, not from bizarre surroundings only, but from terror-producing elements in human character and conduct.

The publication in 1708 of an English translation of the *Arabian Nights* really started the stream of oriental fiction in England. Addison in the *Spectator* and the *Guardian* (1711-13) wrote sketches in the oriental vein in which he made use of the unfamiliar and glamorous setting, the strange names of persons and places, and the aphoristic wisdom long associated with the life of the East. The most famous of these is *The Vision of Mirzab* (*Spectator*, No. 159). He treated the form as an apologue or tale prefiguring moral lessons and used it to teach the vanity of earthly pursuits and to present the spectacle of life as a transitory phenomenon. In these qualities he is followed by Dr. Samuel Johnson, who several times resorted to the region of oriental fantasy in the *Rambler* (1750-52) and finally in *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia* (1759). John-

son carries the tale soberly and in a manner even more restrained than that of Addison. As a matter of fact the setting for *Rasselas* is only incidental to the purpose of the story, a framework on which Johnson hung the gentle, melancholy stoicism of his moral philosophy. It was also a novel of purpose, written with high ethical intent to advise those "who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope."

The novel of sensibility and the romantic tale have taken us away from the greatest and the most typically English fiction of the century. To get back we must return to Henry Fielding, a real giant of literature, who helped to set the drift which many subsequent novelists were to follow. Fielding was a realist in his cool and unprejudiced survey of the human scene and in his strenuous fidelity to truthful representation; a moralist in his irony and satire on the vanities, hypocrisies, and affectations of stuffed shirts of whatever variety; and a humorist in his ability to laugh genially at the eccentricities of men without loving them the less.

Fielding came to the novel through the satirical drama. His topical stage satires on current politicians were ended by the government edict of which they were really the occasion: the Licensing Act of 1737. Not long afterwards Richardson led *Pamela* into print and Fielding, stirred by what seemed to him the offensive sentimentality of the book, began to write a reply in *Joseph Andrews* (1742). The story of how he fell in love with his character Parson Adams and turned into a robust, humane comedy what started out as satire is well known. Fielding returned to satire in his devastating attack upon corruption in high places, *Jonathan Wild* (1743). But with *Tom Jones* (1749) he really came into his own and wrote not only the greatest novel of the eighteenth century but one of the most powerful and influential of all English novels. Fielding's genius is marked not only by the broad scope of his conception of character, by the richness of his

observations on life, by the sanity of his humor, and by his great gift for telling an interesting narrative in a style as masculine as Richardson's was feminine. These are no mean accomplishments, and their sum is greater than any of their parts. But the real point is that all this is penetrated by a deep and covering *humanity*, flexible, tender, pertinent, profound in a deceptively easy way, which places him in the great line of world fiction. With Fielding, the English novel becomes mature.

The novel as Fielding wrote it is not unconnected with the rogue story as it appears in Le Sage's *Gil Blas* and in Scarron's *Le Roman Comique* or as it appears in the prose romances, such as *Clelia*, *Astræa*, and *The Grand Cyrus*. Indeed it gathers up, sets in order, and interprets the fictional tradition, particularly the work of Bunyan, Defoe, and Addison and Steele. It draws lessons from Cervantes (Fielding's great master), Shakespeare, Aristophanes, Lucian, Rabelais, Ben Jonson, and Swift. Fielding had received a sound classical training at Eton and was apparently a great reader. Above all he was a man of comprehensive view, a man who carried his world on his shoulders and who therefore understood and took to heart the words of the great writers of the past. Every character he draws is alive and every event he depicts is probable.

The strain of the picaresque, evident in Fielding's work, is even clearer in the novels of his contemporary, Tobias Smollett. Smollett had much less constructive, shaping power than had Fielding; *Roderick Random* (1748), preceding *Tom Jones* by a year, *Peregrine Pickle* (1751), *Humphry Clinker* (1771), to name some of the best, are novels of bustling adventure and incident, crossed with a merciless satire and a humor as broad as it is vigorous. Smollett liked to uncloak knaves and hypocrites and to lambaste them with the broad edge of his sardonic wit. He spared them nothing; Fielding's realism, as well as his humor, seems moderate and controlled beside Smollett's. High animal spirits ooze from every page. If Fielding brought the rapier to destroy the Richardsonian

concept of the novel, Smollett employed the broadsword. Fielding is detached; Smollett is in the thick of the rough-and-tumble fight.

Historically, Smollett has an additional importance, for in *Roderick Random* he created the first English sea-novel. His seas and his seamen are real. The storms, the naval encounters, the sea-lingo, the creaking canvas, the burly hard-drinking profane sailors have a real tangibility about them. The sea-novel continued as a type of English fiction, being written subsequently by such diverse authors as Michael Scott (*Tom Cringle's Log*, 1829-33) and, notably in the Smollett tradition, Captain Frederick Marryat (*Mr. Midshipman Easy*, 1836). More recently Stevenson and Conrad have written novels which, if not primarily novels about seamen, are at least impregnated with the atmosphere and background of the sea.

There is one novelist and one novel maintaining a unique position in eighteenth century fiction. Oliver Goldsmith wrote only a single novel, but *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766) is one of the best-loved works in English. It still lives, in spite of the obvious faults of construction and design which the critics like to point out. It is many things at once. It is a novel of sentiment, but a sentiment so charmingly mild and mellow and disarming that it makes criticism futile. It carries the same lesson of courageous resistance against adversity which marks *Rasselas*, except that where Johnson preaches a resigned melancholy Goldsmith teaches an optimistic resignation. *The Vicar of Wakefield* has also been called the first novel of manners, as well as a novel of reform in its attack upon prison conditions. These tags do not really place it, however. When it is shorn of its various excrescences it proves to be the first typical domestic novel. The family unit, the community of sentiment in family life, and the fortunes and misfortunes of a household are its bases. The family of Dr. Primrose is the subject of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. The fact that Goldsmith has presented the daily life of that family and the interests and feelings of all its members through the eyes and in the words

of its simple, kindly, and ultimately wise head is a stroke of genius. Dr. Primrose, in spite of his vaunted control of his family and in spite of his objective position as a churchman and a moralist, is himself part and parcel of the domestic unit, since he participates fully in the mistakes and errors of the family as well as in their fortunes and misfortunes. In such a situation we see the original of much of the greatest of nineteenth century fiction. Thackeray is there with his *Newcomes* and *Virginians*, Dickens with his *David Copperfield* and *Nicholas Nickleby*, Trollope, obviously, with his Barchester series. Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Mulock, and George Eliot herself, as well as many others, have written novels a large part of whose interest is centered in the family.

The Romantic Period

Jane Austen is a realist writing in a romantic age. Enthusiastic "Janeites" have compared her with Shakespeare in her serene impersonality and aloofness. Her true kinship is rather with Fielding and Cervantes; she belongs with the great humorist-realists of literature. Yet no one has ever known her own limitations more firmly. Lacking the power of great passion and intensity she devotes herself to the commonplaces of life, working with careful elaboration and perfection of detail on a small canvas (she compared her own work to miniature-painting on ivory), observing with a quiet smile the small absurdities and above all the self-deceptions of the village folk with whom she spent her life. It is a tribute to the faithfulness of her art that what seems superficially to be tea-table fiction becomes, behind the story of balls and whist-parties attended by romantic young women and their managing mothers, an astonishingly level-headed and astringent analysis of families and social groups.

The clue to her method is the gentle but incisive irony in which she clothes all who come within the range of her observation. Like her predecessor Fanny Burney (*Evelina*,

1778; *Cecilia*, 1782) but with a greater objectivity and lightness of touch, she is a novelist of manners. Like Goldsmith, but with a difference, she devotes her attention to men and women and young people in the family group. Indeed it might be said that her main theme is the perpetuation of the family, for she deals often with designing mothers whose chief interest is in getting eligible daughters within the haven of matrimony. The simplicity of Miss Austen's characters and their occupations, however, is apparent rather than real; behind the comedy is all the complexity of keenly differentiated human beings.

By disposition Jane Austen was anti-romantic. "I could not," she said, "sit down to write a serious romance under any other motive than to save my life." Hence the grotesqueries and excesses of the Gothic novel were good grist for her satire. *Northanger Abbey* (written 1798, but not published until 1818) is a lusty burlesque of the sentiment and the extravagant adventures of the eighteenth century tale of terror.

To the names of Fanny Burney and Jane Austen must be added that of a third woman who also dealt in manners. Maria Edgeworth's impact upon English fiction came not from her conscious moral bent nor in her didactic tales for children à la Thomas Day, but from her introduction into the novel of manners of a new scene and a new society—late eighteenth-century Ireland. *Castle Rackrent* (1800) and *The Absentee* (1809), highly praised by Scott, are studies of Irish character, treated with a good deal of humor but also with great fidelity—a contrast to the conventionalized comic Irishman of fiction. Even here, however, she has a strong purpose: to reveal the evils of absentee landlordism.

The novel of the Romantic Movement reached its climax with Sir Walter Scott, who gave dignity to romance and interest to antiquarianism. Scott was a poet as well as a man of solid good sense; he knew the world of letters, as well as the world of experience. He did not create the historical novel, but he was the first to give it enduring form and to lend to the

painted shadows of the past the illusion of recognizable reality. He rifled English and Scottish history for his subjects, and his novels not only tell stirring stories well but also give the reader an interpretation of historical scenes which, if not always historically accurate, is always honest, and for fictional purposes perfectly valid.

As far back as the Elizabethans the English had liked fictional history in their drama. But its appearance in the novel before Scott had been almost entirely commonplace and unconvincing. *Longsword* (1762), supposedly by one Reverend Thomas Leland of Dublin, was one of the first. William Godwin had given the color of history, not very effectively, to some of his novels. Miss Sophia Lee, James White, Clara Reeve, Henrietta Mosse, and many others had practiced the form. The best of Scott's predecessors was Jane Porter, whose *Thaddeus of Warsaw* (1803) and *Scottish Chiefs* (1810) are honestly and not unexcitingly written. But from his first book *Waverley* (1814) down through *Guy Mannering* (1815), *The Antiquary* (1816), *The Heart of Midlothian* (1818), *Ivanhoe* (1819), *Kenilworth* (1821), and two dozen other novels, Scott wound himself into the historical romance in a way which caught the glamor and excitement of romance and the barbarity and beauty of past ages. All this he wove into stories which had as not the least of their virtues a realistic and sympathetic treatment of men and women of lowly position. Even his weaker novels carry with them a gusto and a sound healthiness which could come only from a man who enjoyed writing.

With Scott the historical novel became an established form of fiction, and many novelists, continental as well as English, have been his inheritors. Almost all the greater novelists of the nineteenth century were at some time followers of Scott: Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and even Balzac; Bulwer-Lytton, Dickens, Thackeray, Kingsley, Reade, George Eliot, and Fenimore Cooper are obvious cases in point, and they are a small minority. The dominance of the form has been almost

continuous, and recently there has been in America a fresh revival of interest in the historical novel. Upon the heels of *Anthony Adverse* and *Gone With the Wind* has come a flood of thousand-page books, frequently well written, exploiting chiefly the American past.

The Victorian Period

When we come to the Victorian Age, to say nothing of the twentieth century, English fiction expands so fast and in so many directions and among its authors are so many titans and titans-in-a-small-way that it is impossible, within this space, to trace the history of its types in much detail. All that can be done here is to block out certain main directions which fiction took and to indicate in passing some of the authors who have laid their imprint most clearly upon its development.

The mid-nineteenth century shows the continuation and development of types of fiction the beginnings of which we have already seen. The sensationalism of the Gothic novel and the picaresque atmosphere of the rogue novel are combined in the novel of crime. This had a great vogue in the third decade of the century in the "Newgate" novels, such as Bulwer-Lytton's *Paul Clifford* (1830) and *Eugene Aram* (1832), and Harrison Ainsworth's *Rookwood* (1834) and *Jack Sheppard* (1839). Dickens made dramatic use of crime and criminals in *Oliver Twist* (1838), *Nicholas Nickleby* (1838-39), and other stories. The crime novel is seen at its best in such satiric adaptations as Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon* (1844) and at its worst in Bulwer and others who blended the appearance of a tell-all realism with an actual meretricious idealization of the criminal, spraying the whole with a sentimental rhetoric. It was not until 1860 that Wilkie Collins took the old crime novel and made it into the novel of crime-detection in *The Woman in White*. His *Moonstone* (1868) is really the first detective story as such.

The novel of purpose, seen before 1840 only in such stories

as Maria Edgeworth's Irish novels and in the social and educational propaganda of William Godwin and Henry Brooke, is revived and accelerated in Victorian fiction. Nineteenth century English society was riddled with social abuses, and to name the novelists who entered the arena with the humanitarian novel is almost to call the roll of Victorian writers. Disraeli, looking at "The Two Nations," rich and poor, contrasting the squalor and suffering of the working classes with the wealth and luxury of their employers; Mrs. Gaskell (*Mary Barton*, 1848) sketching in dark colors the wretched life of the underprivileged; Charles Kingsley (*Yeast*, 1848; *Alton Locke*, 1850), revealing the degradation of agricultural and industrial workers; Charles Reade (*It is Never Too Late to Mend*, 1853; *Hard Cash*, 1863), tilting against abuses in prisons and lunatic asylums; Wilkie Collins (*No Name*, 1862; *Man and Wife*, 1870), writing on behalf of illegitimate children and against the Scotch marriage laws; Charles Dickens, angry when he is not being sentimental or funny, hitting official heads with a fine and forceful indignation wherever he sees them—in debtors' prisons, boys' schools, or the law courts. Even Bulwer gave a factitious importance to his crime novels by declaring a sociological, reforming purpose. The Victorian novel drew its breath in the atmosphere of reform. And ever since, whatever may be said about the effect of a didactic motive on the novel as a work of art, fiction has often been the hand-maid of propaganda. In England today we have our Wellses and our Cronins (*The Citadel*), and in the United States our Dreisers, Upton Sinclairs, and Steinbecks.

The most typical Victorian novels, from Dickens and Thackeray to George Eliot and Trollope, are novels of real life. The Dickensian novel is a genus of its own, a potpourri of sentiment and farce and realism and the picaresque, bursting with vitality, a compound of gargantuan laughter and equally gargantuan pathos. Thackeray, the other giant of Victorian fiction, brought to the novel no less constructive power than Dickens, but quite a different approach. Thack-

eray's art is filtered through a dominant irony. It suffers from an occasional confusion of heart and head, but it is primarily critical. Thackeray can stand outside the social scene and view it with a calm objectivity quite without rancor (he has been labelled "cynic" only by those who wilfully misunderstand him), maintaining that delicate poise which permits an infiltration of pity and an analgesic humor. To the spectacle of the *vanitas vanitatum* he brings an antiseptic hatred for shabbiness or insincerity of spirit, and a corollary affection for honesty and simplicity.

Like the other Victorians Dickens and Thackeray came into the conception of the novel on a broad, deliberate, slow-moving scale, incorporating the history of families as well as of individuals. Both men were possessed of a humanity which gave authority to their perception of life's cruelties and ironies and which at the same time increased their appreciation of its lovable, ridiculous quality. The range of Thackeray was narrower than that of Dickens and the sheer vitality of his animal spirits less. His novels possess a balance, however, the lack of which one always has to excuse in Dickens. The poise of his art kept him from plunging into the excesses of pathos and melodrama which vitiate the effectiveness of *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Oliver Twist*. *Vanity Fair* is far from heroic in its conception of character; Thackeray was always mistrustful of the heroic as being likely to slide off into the sham-heroic. It is a "novel without a hero" and depends for its effect upon a realistic mingling, in its characterization, of human frailty with human kindness. It punctures hypocrites and deflates windbags wherever it sees them. In both Dickens and Thackeray, indeed, the characters are much more important than the plot, which often seems haphazard and episodic.

The Victorian novel, then, is essentially domestic, following Jane Austen in its acceptance of ordinary life as its subject, but widening the range of action and event. It did this in part by including special ways of life, special vocations, and special classes of society. Indeed this specialization was char-

acteristic of nineteenth century fiction all the way through. Marryat wrote novels of the sea, Lever of war, Trollope of the church and the hunting field, and so on. The domestic novel embodied in itself these specialties. *Vanity Fair* includes Waterloo in its panorama of English life; *Pendennis* deals with university and club life; *Bleak House* with the courts of law. In other words, the domestic novel, though ordinary incident and ordinary character are its stock-in-trade, does not hesitate to avail itself of all sorts of material and is nevertheless a novel of real life. *Vanity Fair* is such a novel on a grand scale. And because the Victorian novel took itself seriously it achieved for prose fiction both respectability and cultural importance. Whether or not the novel of the current world maintains its importance as a criticism of life, or degenerates into mere entertainment, mere propaganda, or mere scurrility, the fact remains that the Victorian novel carries so much of the best and strongest tradition of the race that it cannot be neglected by those who seek literary culture.

Anthony Trollope continues in the Thackerayan tradition, but with less genius, the domestic novel of manners, essentially moral in its outlook and clear-sighted in its revelation of pretension and hypocrisy. He lacked the supreme quality of style which illuminates everything that Thackeray wrote but was possessed of a workmanlike industriousness which piled up thirty-odd novels to his credit. Many of these, like the Barsetshire series, are laid in similar cathedral-town settings; the characters are the clergy and the country families around them. It might be said that Trollope humanizes the cloth; even bishops, he believes, may suffer from domineering wives. He is a realist, and, like the other great Victorian novelists, essentially a creator of characters.

We have said that the Victorian novel was for the most part domestic. It is also marked by a fundamental earnestness and seriousness which run hand in hand with the humor which envelops much of Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, and others. Society was as a whole stable and conservative, and yet the

age was moved by a conflict between the old and the new which was bound to creep into literature. The European revolutions of 1848 had been felt in England in the realms of politics and trade, and it was recognized that the Industrial Revolution was having disastrous effects in England. The selfish policy of the Manchester School was finding opponents, and John Stuart Mill was already modifying the Utilitarianism of Jeremy Bentham. Chartism, a movement aiming chiefly at reforms in the right to vote, was still exerting influence. The Tractarian or Oxford Movement had stirred religious circles profoundly. Darwin was preparing *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection* (1859). Positivism, a philosophy which excludes metaphysics and revealed religion, was finding many adherents. Indeed it is a great mistake to think of the mid-Victorian age as a time of smugness and indifference. It had turned away from the romanticism and revolution of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, but the thinkers of the time were disposed to find out the truth about things. The novel took cognizance of the age and became something more than mere entertainment.

This seriousness is seen clearly in the novels of the great women writers of the period. It appears in the dark and bitter passions of *Wuthering Heights* (1847), written by a quiet girl on the lonely windswept moors of Yorkshire. This single novel of Emily Brontë's stands by itself in Victorian fiction and for gloomy dramatic intensity is unrivalled in the nineteenth century novel. The stories of Emily's sister Charlotte (*Jane Eyre*, 1847; *Shirley*, 1849; *Villette*, 1853), romantic as they are in plot, are also born of an attitude toward life that is profoundly serious in its close analysis of states of disturbed feeling. Charlotte Brontë was disgusted with the conventional heroine of fiction and she set out in *Jane Eyre* to show that a heroine "as plain and as small as myself" could be interesting. *Jane Eyre* is something new in the novel—a heroine who earns her own living as a governess and who defies Victorian con-

vention by declaring openly her love for the unlovely Rochester.

George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans), the greatest of the Victorian women novelists, is also realistic in her serious analysis of character. She has a gift for seeing and appreciating the humor as well as the pathos in the lives of simple, commonplace people, whom she treats sympathetically and faithfully. But she has a philosophy of life, and for the most part she approaches life soberly, as a moralist, showing the immutable relation between deeds performed and the inescapable consequences of those deeds. She emphasizes the supreme necessity of duty as opposed to desire. And her penetration into human motive makes her one of the chief "psychological" novelists of her age.

George Meredith, however, is the great psychological novelist of the mid-Victorians. He is not so much interested in what people do as in why they do it. Sentimentality seems to him the bane of human nature, and the egotism to which it gives rise the cause of most of our aberrations. The great instrument for revealing man's self-deception, Meredith believed, is comedy—not humor or mere gaiety, but the impersonal, intellectual, ironic revelation of folly. This comedy is essentially critical, never as bitter as satire, however, nor as broad as farce; it is the laughter of the mind. In carrying out this philosophy of what fiction should be, Meredith wrote in a style marked by a brilliant indirection which seems at times wilfully obscure but which is rich in implication and vivid in epigram.

Late Victorian novelists like Thomas Hardy and Henry James offer difficulties of classification, a circumstance due in part to the uncertainty of such terms as "realism" and "naturalism." Realism, as a style in fiction, means adherence to nature or real life, without idealization, and is thus opposed to romanticism. As contrasted with naturalism it is selective in its material, but it frequently tends to run into dulness and

commonplace, since the attempt to present actuality requires the use of infinite detail. But the word "realism" when applied to later nineteenth century fiction has acquired a connotation of pessimism, which arose apparently from the doctrine that life, if truly considered, turns out to be hopeless. In this popular sense realism is often applied to the kind of thing characteristic of the "naturalistic" school of continental fiction of which Zola's *L'Assommoir* is the beginning and the type. Theodore Dreiser's novels exemplify the manner in the current world. The "realist" as he is commonly understood, then, is one who deliberately chooses the unpleasant and presents it with a determined pessimism. At its best, however, realism is selective and chooses its commonplace or its gruesome detail according to its purpose.

Thomas Hardy's realism and pessimism grows out of his scorn for the merely pleasant in art and stems in large part from his philosophy of scientific determinism. He believed firmly that the cards are stacked against man's happiness. Man's efforts to escape from the skein of circumstance are blanketed by the ironic "laughter of the Immortals." Tragedy visits with a fine impartiality both the just and the unjust. Better not to struggle, better to accept quietly one's lot and to find comfort in one's ability to face disaster with equanimity. All this is presented by Hardy with deep but restrained sympathy in novels which, in order to prove their case against the universe, sometimes make too much use of coincidence and accident but which are great in their creation of mood and character and in their honest workmanship.

Henry James was even more concerned than Hardy over the proper point of view for fiction, but his concern was dramatic and artistic rather than philosophical, and he had no particular thesis to prove. His whole concern is to put himself into the minds of his characters, to reveal their hidden motives and relations and explanations in carefully elaborated detail. Literature, for him, lay close to life, but at the same time he was more interested than most novelists in the artistic and

aesthetic validity of his portrayal. He defines the novel as "a personal, a direct impression of life." Because of his concentration of interest on the background of consciousness out of which overt acts emerge, James has been called the chief of the early impressionists in fiction. Certainly the direction of the modern novel owes much to his example.

Amid a drift toward realism, the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries saw also a revival of romanticism in English fiction. It took such diverse directions as those seen in Robert Louis Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling. Stevenson brought to life again the historical romance (*Kidnapped*, 1886, is his best example of the type), gave a new turn to the pseudo-scientific story of horror in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886), and wrote the greatest pirate-and-buried-gold story of all time in *Treasure Island* (1883). His romanticism, however, was much deeper than can be found in mere stories of incident, rich and full of color as they may be. It is a part of his whole attitude toward life, which not merely sought escape in exciting stories of far-away times and places but was also concerned with conduct, with facing gallantly and courageously and with an almost lyric stoicism dressed in debonair colors, the inescapable tragic terms of human life. From the structural and stylistic point of view, he had an artist's concern for fiction, which he conceived of as a sort of poetic creation. "Drama," he said, "is the poetry of conduct, romance, the poetry of circumstance."

Rudyard Kipling, on the other hand, is the romanticist of Empire, finding material in the present rather than in the past—in science in soldiery, in animals and in children, and above all in the heroisms with which Englishmen carried the white man's burden in India. He is rich, too, in implications of the mystery and terror of the East, which he makes almost tangible by the realism of his narrative manner. Kipling makes the British lion roar, and his characteristic humor is as patriotic as his exaltation of courage.

The Twentieth Century

Since the turn of the century English fiction has had its great names too, which can be indicated only briefly here. Joseph Conrad caught up the torch of Stevenson's romance, but in spite of the haunting atmosphere of the sea, of remote places and thrilling adventure which is the background of his novels, Conrad was chiefly intent upon probing the complexities of human feeling and catching the sorrows and fears as well as the aspirations and illusions which, as he says, bind together all humanity. He was interested in character and in conduct, and it irritated him to be called a "sea-novelist."

Conrad's concern for the novel as an art-form was shared by the great writers of the early century—notably John Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett. Bennett's chief concern is to give a faithfully realistic picture of a wide variety of English people and classes. Galsworthy, the most important novelist of his time, is also a realist in the best sense of the term, with a concern for ultimate as well as seeming truth. In the *Forsyte Saga* he is the social historian of an English epoch. Galsworthy was a sensitive upper-class Englishman with a social as well as an artistic conscience; the distinguishing mark of his fiction is the way he balances sympathy with honesty and tempers an impartial justice with the mercy of one who understands the ironies of our contemporary society. H. G. Wells, less an artist if no less a force, surpasses all his fellows in literary fertility. The novel is for him only one of the many mediums of expression into which he has poured, with immense vitality, his social propaganda, his patriotism, and his love of science.

The disillusion and cynicism which enveloped art as an aftermath of the first World War had been evident as far back as the 1890's in George Moore's reaction against Victorian taboos. This disillusion, seen perhaps at its most typical in Aldous Huxley, was buttressed and abetted by the wedding of fiction and psychoanalysis, which gave to the novelist a new method as well as an unexplored country of the mind.

Characterizations became case-studies. In an attempt to reach the ultimate in the analysis of personality the novelist summoned Freud and Jung to his aid. As a result, the men and women of fiction revolved in a maze of complexes and inhibitions and frustrations and wish-fulfillments. D. H. Lawrence represented the growing-pains as well as the intense sincerity of this phase of the novel. It found its logical issue in the stream-of-consciousness novel, of which James Joyce (*Ulysses*, 1922; *Finnegans Wake*, 1939) is the acknowledged master. Joyce has irritated more critics than he has pleased, but his influence has already been far-reaching, both in his approach to character and in his nihilistic treatment of the English language. Nevertheless the modern novel, while it has absorbed the new science and holds to a stern inner realism, is to a large extent sloughing off its excrescences. Even cynics like Huxley are returning to the fold of faith, and novelists like Virginia Woolf, experimental as they may be, seem to have decided that morbidity and cynicism are not enough. Gradually the English novel has been getting spiritual feet under it. What the world-cataclysm which began in 1939 will do to it of course no one can at the moment say.

A word should be said here about the short story, one of the most distinctly modern forms of prose fiction. It was in the beginning pretty largely an American creation, and the most numerous good examples of the form have continued to be written in the United States. Its design fits in well with the American temperament. Technically, it is not merely a brief tale, but an art form of its own, with its own unity. It lends itself to any theme, but its structure demands a well-knit, suggestive compactness. The short story amounts to a cross-section of life, chosen preferably at a climactic point, complete in itself, and revealing by suggestion a background of episode and experience not developed as part of the story itself. At its best it can be pungent and impressively dramatic. In England, Stevenson was one of the first to write the short story. Kipling and Hardy practised the form, as well as Henry

James, H. G. Wells, Conan Doyle, Katherine Mansfield,
James Barrie, and Arthur Quiller-Couch.

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THE TRAVELS OF SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

The Boke of John Maundeuyle, Knight, of Wayes to Jerusalem & of Marueylys of Ynde, &c. was printed by Pynson in 1496. It appeared from the press of Wynkyn de Worde in 1499 and was issued a number of times by other printers and publishers in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. It was a very popular work and was long regarded as English, so much so and so great in influence was it that the *Travels of Sir John Mandeville* may without too great a stretch of consistency be regarded as an English work. In point of fact, the book was written in French about 1366 by a citizen of Liège named Jean d'Outremeuse. The close connection with England grew out of the fact that the author pretended to be giving the autobiography of an actual Englishman. Indeed, he says that he follows actual adventures of Mandeville, or, to put it in the words of Baker in *The History of the English Novel* (Vol. I, p. 279), that Sir John Mandeville "played the Alexander Selkirk to his Defoe." Whatever part of the work, however, may have been based on the adventures of Sir John in Palestine, the author goes much farther afield and makes use fictionally of travelers' tales borrowed from Jacques de Vitry, Friar Odoric, and others.

In the history of English fiction the *Travels* are important as realism, in manner at least, and to a mild degree as satire, which is often the concomitant of realistic fiction. They display a conscientious exactitude in the giving of details and are factual in spirit like the works of Defoe. The *Travels* are definitely the work of a man who does not believe in marvels but who likes to make others believe in them. He entertains his readers while pretending merely to instruct them. The *Travels of Sir John Mandeville* point the way down the centuries par-

ticularly to novels of travel and adventure like those of Defoe, and they also cater to the universal human taste for "true stories" (which are seldom *true*) instead of stories whose writers frankly admit are not actual occurrences but the product of imaginative creation. Such pure fictions may be true, but it is with a different kind of truth. The *Travels* present as emphatic a contrast to the romances of chivalry, which were their contemporaries, as that between modern novels and modern romances.

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From THE TRAVELS OF SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE
(*Fictitious Travel*)

CHAPTER XXX

Of the Royal Estate of Prester John. And of a rich man that made a marvellous castile and cleped it Paradise; and of his subtilty

This emperor, Prester John, holds full great land, and hath many full noble cities and good towns in his realm, and many great diverse isles and large. For all the country of Ind is devided in isles for the great floods that come from Paradise, that depart all the land in many parts. And also in the sea he hath full many isles. And the best city in the Isle of Pentexoire¹ is Nyse,² that is a full royal city and a noble, and full rich.

This Prester John hath under him many kings and many isles and many diverse folk of diverse conditions. And this land is full good and rich, but not so rich as is the land of the great Chan. For the merchants come not thither so commonly for to buy merchandises, as they do in the land of the great Chan, for it is too far to travel to. And on that other part, in the Isle of Cathay, men find all manner thing that is need to man—cloths of gold, of silk, of spicery and all manner avoirdupois. And therefore, albeit that men have greater cheap in the Isle of Prester John, natheles, men dread the long way and the great perils in the sea in those parts.

For in many places of the sea be great rocks of stones of the adamant, that of his proper nature draweth iron to him. And therefore there pass no ships that have either bonds or nails of iron within them. And if there do, anon the rocks of the adamants draw them to them, that never they may go thence. I myself have seen afar in that sea, as though it had been a great isle full

¹ *Pentexoire*, land of Prester John, west of Peking.

² *Nyse*, Nisa.

of trees and buscaylle,¹ full of thorns and briars, great plenty. And the shipmen told us, that all that was of ships that were drawn thither by the adamants, for the iron that was in them. And of the rotten-ness, and other thing that was within the ships, grew such buscaylle, and thorns and briars and green grass, and such manner of thing; and of the masts and the sail-yards; it seemed a great wood or a grove. And such rocks be in many places thereabout. And therefore dare not the merchants pass there, but if they know well the passages, or else that they have good lodesmen.

And also they dread the long way. And therefore they go to Cathay, for it is more nigh. And yet it is not so nigh, but that men must be travelling by sea and land, eleven months or twelve, from Genoa or from Venice, or he come to Cathay. And yet is the land of Prester John more far by many dreadful journeys.

And the merchants pass by the kingdom of Persia, and go to a city that is clept Hermes, for Hermes the philosopher founded it. And after that they pass an arm of the sea, and then they go to another city that is clept Golbache.² And there they find merchandises, and of popinjays,³ as great plenty as men find here of geese. And if they will pass further, they may go sikerly enough. In that country is but little wheat or barley, and therefore they eat rice and honey and milk and cheese and fruit.

This Emperor Prester John taketh always to his wife the daughter of the great Chan; and the great Chan also, in the same wise, the daughter of Prester John. For these two be the greatest lords under the firmament.

In the land of Prester John be many diverse things and many precious stones, so great and so large, that men make of them vessels, as platters, dishes and cups. And many other marvels be there, that it were too cumbrous and too long to put it in scripture of books; but of the principal isles and of his estate and of his law, I shall tell you some part.

This Emperor Prester John is Christian, and a great part of his country also. But yet, they have not all the articles of our faith as we have. They believe well in the Father, in the Son and in the

¹ *buscaylle*, brushwood.

² *Golbache*, Cambay in Guzerat.

³ *popinjays*, parrots.

Holy Ghost. And they be full devout and right true one to another. And they set not by no barretts,¹ ne by cautels,² nor of no deceits.

And he hath under him seventy-two provinces, and in every province is a king. And these kings have kings under them, and all be tributaries to Prester John. And he hath in his lordships many great marvels.

For in his country is the sea that men clepe the Gravelly Sea, that is all gravel and sand, without any drop of water, and it ebbeth and floweth in great waves as other seas do, and it is never still ne in peace, in no manner season. And no man may pass that sea by navy, ne by no manner of craft, and therefore may no man know what land is beyond that sea. And albeit that it have no water, yet men find therein and on the banks full good fish of other manner of kind and shape, than men find in any other sea, and they be of right good taste and delicious to man's meat.

And a three journeys long from that sea be great mountains, out of the which goeth out a great flood that cometh out of Paradise. And it is full of precious stones, without any drop of water, and it runneth through the desert on that one side, so that it maketh the sea gravelly; and it beareth into that sea, and there it endeth. And that flome³ runneth, also, three days in the week and bringeth with him great stones and the rocks also therewith, and that great plenty. And anon, as they be entered into the Gravelly Sea, they be seen no more, but lost for evermore. And in those three days that that river runneth, no man dare enter into it; but in the other days men dare enter well enough.

Also beyond that flome, more upward to the deserts, is a great plain all gravelly, between the mountains. And in that plain, every day at the sun-rising, begin to grow small trees, and they grow till mid-day, bearing fruit; but no man dare take of that fruit, for it is a thing of faerie. And after mid-day, they decrease and enter again into the earth, so that at the going down of the sun they appear no more. And so they do, every day. And that is a great marvel.

In that desert be many wild men, that be hideous to look on;

¹ *barretts*, frauds.

² *cautels*, crafty tricks.

³ *flome*, river.

for they be horned, and they speak nought, but they grunt, as pigs. And there is also great plenty of wild hounds. And there be many popinjays, that they clepe psittakes in their language. And they speak of their proper nature, and salute men that go through the deserts, and speak to them as apertly as though it were a man. And they that speak well have a large tongue, and have five toes upon a foot. And there be also of another manner, that have but three toes upon a foot, and they speak not, or but little, for they can not but cry.

This Emperor Prester John when he goeth into battle against any other lord, he hath no banners borne before him; but he hath three crosses of gold, fine, great and high, full of precious stones, and every of those crosses be set in a chariot, full richly arrayed. And for to keep every cross, be ordained 10,000 men of arms and more than 100,000 men on foot, in manner as men would keep a standard in our countries, when that we be in land of war. And this number of folk is without the principal host and without wings ordained for the battle. And when he hath no war, but rideth with a privy meinie,¹ then he hath borne before him but one cross of tree, without painting and without gold or silver or precious stones, in remembrance that Jesu Christ suffered death upon a cross of tree. And he hath borne before him also a platter of gold full of earth, in token that his noblesse and his might and his flesh shall turn to earth. And he hath borne before him also a vessel of silver, full of noble jewels of gold full rich and of precious stones, in token of his lordship and of his noblesse and of his might.

He dwelleth commonly in the city of Susa. And there is his principal palace, that is so rich and so noble, that no man will trow it by estimation, but he had seen it. And above the chief tower of the palace be two round pommels of gold, and in everych of them be two carbuncles great and large, that shine full bright upon the night. And the principal gates of his palace be of precious stone that men clepe sardonyx, and the border and the bars be of ivory. And the windows of the halls and chambers be of crystal. And the tables whereon men eat, some be of emeralds, some of amethyst, and some of gold, full of precious stones; and the pillars that bear up the tables be of the

¹ *meinie*, retinue.

same precious stones. And the degrees to go up to this throne, where he sitteth at the meat, one is of onyx, another is of crystal, and another of jasper green, another of amethyst, another of sardine, another of cornelian, and the seventh, that he setteth on his feet, is of chrysolite. And all these degrees be bordered with fine gold, with the tother precious stones, set with great pearls orient. And the sides of the siege¹ of his throne be of emeralds, and bordered with gold full nobly, and dubbed with other precious stones and great pearls. And all the pillars in his chamber be of fine gold with precious stones, and with many carbuncles, that give great light upon the night to all people. And albeit that the carbuncles give light right enough, natheles, at all times burneth a vessel of crystal full of balm, for to give good smell and odour to the emperor, and to void away all wicked airs and corruptions. And the form of his bed is of fine sapphires, bended with gold, for to make him sleep well and to refrain him from lechery; for he will not lie with his wives, but four sithes in the year, after the four seasons, and that is only for to engender children.

He hath also a full fair palace and a noble at the city of Nyse, where that he dwelleth, when him best liketh; but the air is not so attempre, as it is at the city of Susa.

And ye shall understand, that in all his country nor in the countries there all about, men eat not but once in the day, as they do in the court of the great Chan. And so they eat every day in his court, more than 30,000 persons, without goers and comers. But the 30,000 persons of his country, ne of the country of the great Chan, ne spend not so much good as do 12,000 of our country.

This Emperor Prester John hath evermore seven kings with him to serve him, and they depart their service by certain months. And with these kings serve always seventy-two dukes and three hundred and sixty earls. And all the days of the year, there eat in his household and in his court, twelve archbishops and twenty bishops. And the patriarch of Saint Thomas is there as is the pope here. And the archbishops and the bishops and the abbots in that country be all kings. And everych of these great lords know well enough the attendance of their service. The one is mas-

¹ *siege, seat.*

ter of his household, another is his chamberlain, another serveth him of a dish, another of the cup, another is steward, another is marshal, another is prince of his arms, and thus is he full nobly and royally served. And his land dureth in very breadth four months' journeys, and in length out of measure, that is to say, all the isles under earth that we suppose to be under us.

Beside the isle of Pentexoire, that is the land of Prester John, is a great isle, long and broad, that men clepe Mistorak;¹ and it is in the lordship of Prester John. In that isle is great plenty of goods.

There was dwelling, sometime, a rich man; and it is not long since; and men clept him Gatholonabes.² And he was full of cautels and of subtle deceits. And he had a full fair castle and a strong in a mountain, so strong and so noble, that no man could devise a fairer ne stronger. And he had let mure³ all the mountain about with a strong wall and a fair. And within those walls he had the fairest garden that any man might behold. And therein were trees bearing all manner of fruits, that any man could devise. And therein were also all manner virtuous herbs of good smell, and all other herbs also that bear fair flowers. And he had also in that garden many fair wells; and beside those wells he had let make fair halls and fair chambers, depainted all with gold and azure; and there were in that place many diverse things, and many diverse stories: and of beasts, and of birds that sung full delectably and moved by craft, that it seemed that they were quick. And he had also in his garden all manner of fowls and of beasts that any man might think on, for to have play or sport to behold them.

And he had also, in that place, the fairest damsels that might be found, under the age of fifteen years, and the fairest young striplings that men might get, of that same age. And all they were clothed in cloths of gold, full richly. And he said that those were angels.

And he had also let make three wells, fair and noble, and all environed with stone of jasper, of crystal, diapered with gold, and set with precious stones and great orient pearls. And he had

¹ *Mistorak*, Malasgird.

² *Gatholonabes*, Old Man of the Mountain.

³ *let mure*, cause to be walled.

made a conduit under earth, so that the three wells, at his list, one should run milk, another wine and another honey. And that place he clept Paradise.

And when that any good knight, that was hardy and noble, came to see this royalty, he would lead him into his paradise, and show him these wonderful things to his disport, and the marvellous and delicious song of diverse birds, and the fair damsels, and the fair wells of milk, of wine and of honey, plenteously running. And he would let make divers instruments of music to sound in an high tower, so merrily, that it was joy for to hear; and no man should see the craft thereof. And those, he said, were angels of God, and that place was Paradise, that God had behight to his friends, saying, *Dabo vobis terram fluentem lacte et melle*.¹ And then would he make them to drink of a certain drink, whereof anon they should be drunk. And then would them think greater delight than they had before. And then would he say to them, that if they would die for him and for his love, that after their death they should come to his paradise; and they should be of the age of those damosels, and they should play with them, and yet be maidens. And after that yet should he put them in a fairer paradise, where that they should see God of nature visibly, in his majesty and in his bliss. And then would he shew them his intent, and say them, that if they would go slay such a lord, or such a man that was his enemy or contrarious to his list, that they should not dread to do it and for to be slain therefore themselves. For after their death, he would put them into another paradise, that was an hundred-fold fairer than any of the tother; and there should they dwell with the most fairest damosels that might be, and play with them evermore.

And thus went many diverse lusty bachelors for to slay great lords in diverse countries, that were his enemies, and made themselves to be slain, in hope to have that paradise. And thus, oftentime, he was revenged of his enemies by his subtle deceits and false cautels.

And when the worthy men of the country had perceived this subtle falsehood of this Gatholonabes, they assembled them with

¹ *Dabo vobis terram fluentem lacte et melle*, I shall give to you a land flowing with milk and honey.

force, and assailed his castle, and slew him, and destroyed all the fair places and all the nobilities of that paradise. The place of the wells and of the walls and of many other things be yet apertly seen, but the riches is voided clean. And it is not long gone, since that place was destroyed.

SIR THOMAS MALORY (1395?-1471)

THE AUTHOR OF *Le Morte Darthur* has been identified with reasonable certainty as Sir Thomas Malory, knight of Newbold Revel, near Monk's Kirby in Warwickshire. (See Edward Hicks, *Sir Thomas Malory—His Turbulent Career*. Cambridge, Mass., 1921; also G. L. Kittredge, "Who was Sir Thomas Malory?", *Harvard Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature*, IV, 85-105.) If this identification is correct Malory was retainer and companion at arms of the famous Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and with him participated in the brilliant military events of the reign of Henry V and in the troublous events of the early years of the reign of Henry VI. Malory was a member of parliament in 1445, but was succeeded in that year by a follower of the powerful Humphrey Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, whose enmity Malory seems to have gained. At the instigation of Buckingham Malory was subjected to arrests, indictments, trials, and convictions on various apparently trumped up charges, so that Malory spent eighteen years in London prisons—the Tower, Ludgate, the Marshalsea, and Newgate. He made use of his time in prison in compiling and recasting a great digest of the Arthurian romances, working according to his own repeated statements from French originals.

Of the twenty-one books of which *Le Morte Darthur* is composed the first seven treat of the birth, education, and coronation of Prince Arthur and of his establishment of the Round Table. They present the ideal of order as against savagery and that of loyalty as against anarchy and individualistic self-seeking. The next three books, which are long, deal with the romantic ideals of love as expressed in the story or stories of Tristram and Isoud. Then comes (to the end of the seven-

teenth book) a great section treating of the quest of the Holy Grail. The modern world is familiar with its mystical and religious character in Wagner's opera *Parsifal*. Sir Galahad is the dominant figure, but Sir Launcelot, Sir Gawain, and Sir Percival also play a part. The last four books bring the issue back to real life and make of *Le Morte Darthur* a great tragedy. We there behold the unplanned human weakness of Guenever and Sir Launcelot, the natural but unfortunate urge for vengeance of Sir Gawain, and the downright treason of Mordred which serve to wreck the Table Round and all its works; but not its ideals, which live on to this day and serve, as in *King Lear*, to reconcile us to the evil we have beheld for the sake of the perdurable greatness of the spectacle we have seen.

Le Morte Darthur was immediately popular after its publication by Caxton in 1485, and its popularity lasted well into the seventeenth century. It was then forgotten, but, like so many other works of the kind, it was revived early in the nineteenth century, and since then has numbered its admirers and imitators by the thousand. It has been greatly admired for the lucidity of its prose style; for it is written in an English, not like ours to be sure, but an English native to the genius of the language and undistorted by the latinisms, both of vocabulary and sentence structure, which the Renaissance felt it necessary to make use of in their writing of English prose.

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From LE MORTE DARTHUR

(Romance of Chivalry)

[*The excerpt from Malory's LE MORTE DARTHUR which follows comes from the end of that great work. Agravaine and Mordred are jealous of the great warrior Launcelot. They disclose to King Arthur the established fact of Guenever's unfaithfulness to him. The consequence is that Queen Guenever is condemned to be burnt.*]

Here follow chapters viii, xix, xxi, and xxii of Book XX.

CHAPTER VIII

Then said the noble King Arthur to Sir Gawain: "Dear nephew, I pray you make you ready in your best armor, with your brethren Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth, to bring my queen to the fire, there to have her judgement and receive the death."

"Nay, my most noble lord," said Sir Gawain, "that will I never do; for wit you well, I will never be in that place where so noble a queen as is my lady Dame Guenever shall take a shameful end. For wit you well," said Sir Gawain, "my heart will never serve me to see her die; and it shall never be said that ever I was of your counsel of her death." . . . So Sir Gawain turned him and wept heartily, and so he went into his chamber. And then the queen was led forth without Carlisle, and there she was despoiled into her smock; and so then her ghostly father was brought to her to be shriven of her misdeeds. Then was there weeping and wailing and wringing of hands of many lords and ladies, but there were but few in comparison that would bear any armour for to strength the death of the queen.

Then was there one that Sir Launcelot had sent unto that place for to espy what time the queen should go unto her death; and anon as he saw the queen despoiled into her smock, and so shriven,

then he gave Sir Launcelot warning. Then was there but spurring and plucking up of horses, and right so they came to the fire. And who that stood against them, there were they slain; there might none withstand Sir Launcelot. So all that bare arms and withstood them, there were they slain, full many a noble knight, for there was slain Sir Belliance le Orgulous, Sir Segwarides, Sir Griflet, Sir Brandiles, Sir Aglovale, Sir Tor; Sir Gauter, Sir Gyllimer, Sir Reynolds, three brethren; Sir Damas, Sir Priamus, Sir Kay the Stranger, Sir Driant, Sir Lambegus, Sir Herminde; Sir Pertilope, Sir Perimones, two brethren that were called the Green Knight and the Red Knight. And so in this rushing and hurling, as Sir Launcelot thrang here and there, it mishapped him to slay Gaheris and Sir Gareth, the noble knight, for they were unarmed and unaware. For as the French book saith, Sir Launcelot smote Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris upon the brainpans, wherethrough they were slain in the field; howbeit in very truth, Sir Launcelot saw them not, and so were they found dead among the thickest of the press.

Then when Sir Launcelot had thus done, and slain and put to flight all that would withstand him, then he rode straight unto Dame Guenever and made a kirtle and a gown to be cast upon her; and then he made her to be set behind him and prayed her to be of good cheer. Wit you well, the Queen was glad that she was escaped from the death, and then she thanked God and Sir Launcelot. And so he rode his way with the queen, as the French book saith, unto Joyous Gard, and there he kept her as a noble knight should do; and many great lords and some kings sent Sir Launcelot many good knights, and many noble knights drew unto Sir Launcelot. When this was known openly, that King Arthur and Sir Launcelot were at debate, many knights were glad of their debate, and many were full heavy of their debate.

[In the rescue of Guenever, Launcelot unfortunately killed Gawain's brothers, Gareth and Gaheris, and thus made Sir Gawain his enemy. A battle between Sir Launcelot's party and that of Sir Gawain and King Arthur ensues, in which Launcelot is victorious, but he sickens of the warfare against his king. He therefore resolves to go to his lands across the sea.]

CHAPTER XIX

So leave we Sir Launcelot in his lands, and his noble knights with him, and return we again unto King Arthur and to Sir Gawain, that made a great host ready to the number of three-score thousand, and all thing was made ready for their shipping to pass over the sea, and so they shipped at Cardiff. And there King Arthur made Sir Mordred chief ruler of all England, and also he put Queen Guenever under his governance, by cause Sir Mordred was King Arthur's son, he gave him the rule of his land and of his wife. And so the king passed the sea and landed upon Sir Launcelot's lands, and there he brent and wasted, through the vengeance of Sir Gawain, all that they might overrun.

When this word came to Sir Launcelot, that King Arthur and Sir Gawain were landed upon his lands, and made a full great destruction and waste, then spake Sir Bors, and said, "My lord Sir Launcelot, it is shame that we suffer them thus to ride over our lands, for wit you well, suffer ye them as long as ye will, they will do you no favour an they may handle you." Then said Sir Lionel, that was wary and wise: "My lord Sir Launcelot, I will give this counsel: let us keep our strong walled towns until they have hunger and cold, and blow on their nails; and then let us freshly set upon them, and shred them down as sheep in a field, that aliens may take example forever how they land upon our lands." Then spake King Bagdemagus to Sir Launcelot: "Sir, your courtesy will shend¹ us all, and thy courtesy hath waked all this sorrow; for an they thus over our lands ride, they shall by process bring us all to nought whilst we thus in holes us hide." Then said Sir Galihud unto Sir Launcelot: "Sir, here be knights come of kings' blood, that will not long droop, and they are within these walls; therefore give us leave, like as we be knights, to meet them in the field, and we shall slay them, that they shall curse the time that ever they came into this country."

Then spake seven brethren of North Wales, and they were seven noble knights; a man might seek in seven kings' lands or² he might find such seven knights. Then they all said at

¹ *shend*, degrade, ruin. ² *or*, ere.

once: "Sir Launcelot, for Christ's sake let us out ride with Sir Galihud, for we be never wont to cower in castles nor in noble towns." Then spake Sir Launcelot, that was master and governor of them all. "My fair lords, wit you well, I am full loath to ride out with my knights for shedding of Christian blood; and yet my lands I understand be full bare, for to sustain any host a while, for the mighty wars that whilom made King Claudas upon this country, upon my father King Ban, and on mine uncle King Bors; howbeit we will as at this time keep our strong walls, and I shall send a messenger unto my lord Arthur, a treaty for to take; for better is peace than always war."

So Sir Launcelot sent forth a damosel and a dwarf with her, requiring King Arthur to leave his warring upon his lands; and so she started upon a palfrey, and the dwarf ran by her side. And when she came to the pavilion of King Arthur, there she alighted; and there met her a gentle knight, Sir Lucan the Butler, and said, "Fair damosel, come ye from Sir Launcelot du Lac?" "Yea, sir," she said, "therefore I come hither to speak with my lord the king." "Alas," said Sir Lucan, "my lord Arthur would love Launcelot, but Sir Gawain will not suffer him." And then he said, "I pray to God, damosel, ye may speed well, for all we that be about the king would Sir Launcelot did best of any knight living." And so with this Lucan led the damosel unto the king, where he sat with Sir Gawain, for to hear what she would say. So when she had told her tale, the water ran out of the king's eyen, and all the lords were full glad for to advise the king as to be accorded with Sir Launcelot, save only Sir Gawain, and he said, "My lord, mine uncle, what will ye do? Will ye now turn again now ye are passed thus far upon this journey? All the world will speak of your villainy." "Nay," said Arthur, "wit thou well, Sir Gawain, I will do as ye will advise me. And yet meseemeth," said Arthur, "his fair proffers were not good to be refused; but sithen I am come so far upon this journey, I will that ye give the damosel her answer, for I may not speak to her for pity, for her proffers be so large."

[*The proffers of the damsel are rejected, Sir Gawain sends defiance to Sir Launcelot, and the two knights meet in single combat.*]

CHAPTER XXI

Then Sir Gawain and Sir Launcelot departed a great way in sunder, and then they came together with all their horses' might as they might run, and either smote other in middles of their shields; but the knights were so strong, and their spears so big, that their horses might not endure their buffets, and so their horses fell to earth; and then they avoided their horses, and dressed their shields before them. Then they stood together and gave many sad strokes on divers places of their bodies, that the blood burst out on many sides and places.

Then had Sir Gawain such a grace and gift, that an holy man had given to him, that every day in the year from undern¹ till high noon his might increased those three hours as much as thrice his strength, and that caused Sir Gawain to win great honor. And for his sake King Arthur made an ordinance that all manner of battles for any quarrels that should be done afore King Arthur should begin at undern; and all was done for Sir Gawain's love, that by likelihood, if Sir Gawain were on the one part, he should have the better in battle while his strength endured three hours; but there were but few knights that time living that knew this advantage that Sir Gawain had, but King Arthur all only.

Thus Sir Launcelot fought with Sir Gawain, and when Sir Launcelot felt his might evermore increase, Sir Launcelot wondered and dread him sore to be shamed. For as the French book saith, Sir Launcelot weened when he felt Sir Gawain double his strength that he had been a fiend and none earthly man; wherefore Sir Launcelot traced and traversed, and covered himself with his shield, and kept his might and his braid² during three hours. And that while Sir Gawain gave him many sad brunts and many sad strokes, that all the knights that beheld Sir Launcelot marvelled how that he might endure him; but full little understood they that travail that Sir Launcelot had for to endure him. And then when it was past noon Sir Gawain had no more but his own might.

¹ *undern*, nine in the morning.

² *braid*, hostile gesture

When Sir Launcelot felt him so come down, then he stretched him up and stood near Sir Gawain, and said thus: "My lord Sir Gawain, now I feel ye have done; now my lord Sir Gawain, I must do my part, for many great and grievous strokes I have endured you this day with great pain." Then Sir Launcelot doubled his strokes and gave Sir Gawain such a buffet on the helmet that he fell down on his side, and Sir Launcelot withdrew him from him. "Why withdrawest thou thee?" said Sir Gawain. "Now turn again, false traitor knight, and slay me, for an thou leave me thus, when I am whole I shall do battle with thee again." "I shall endure you, sir, by God's grace, but wit thou well, Sir Gawain, I will never smite a felled knight." And so Sir Launcelot went into the city; and Sir Gawain was borne into King Arthur's pavilion, and leeches were brought to him, and searched and salved with soft ointments. And then Sir Launcelot said, "Now have good day, my lord the king, for wit you well, ye win no worship at these walls; and if I would my knights out-bring, there should many a man die. Therefore, my lord Arthur, remember you of old kindness; and however I fare, Jesu be your guide in all places."

CHAPTER XXII

"Alas," said the king, "that ever this unhappy war was begun; for ever Sir Launcelot forbearth me in all places, and in likewise my kin, and that is seen well this day by my nephew Sir Gawain."

Then King Arthur fell sick for sorrow of Sir Gawain that he was so sore hurt, and by cause of the war betwixt him and Sir Launcelot. So then they on King Arthur's party kept the siege with little war withoutforth; and they withinforth kept their walls, and defended them when need was. Thus Sir Gawain lay sick three weeks in his tent, with all manner of leechcraft that might be had. . . .

Thus as this siege endured, and as Sir Gawain lay sick near a month, and when he was well recovered and ready within three days to do battle again with Sir Launcelot, right so came tidings unto Arthur from England that made King Arthur and all his host to remove.

[*Sir Mordred has meantime traitorously made himself ruler of all England. The news of this fact compels King Arthur to return from France.*]

Here follow chapters ii, iv, v, vi, vii, and the first paragraph of chapter x of Book XXI.

CHAPTER II

And so as Sir Mordred was at Dover with his host, there came King Arthur with a great navy of ships and galleys and carracks¹; and there was sir Mordred ready awaiting upon his landing, to let his own father to land upon the land that he was king over. Then there was launching of great boats and small, and full of noble men of arms, and there was much slaughter of gentle knights, and many a full bold baron was laid full low on both parties. But King Arthur was so courageous that there might no manner of knights let him to land, and his knights fiercely followed him; and so they landed maulgred Sir Mordred and all his power, and put Sir Mordred aback, that he fled and all his people.

So when this battle was done, King Arthur let bury his people that were dead. And then was noble Sir Gawain found in a great boat lying more than half dead. When Sir Arthur wist that Sir Gawain was laid so low, he went unto him; and there the king made sorrow out of measure, and took Sir Gawain in his arms, and thrice he there swooned. And then when he awaked, he said, "Alas, Sir Gawain, my sister's son, here now thou liest, the man in the world that I loved most, and now is my joy gone; for now, my nephew Sir Gawain, I will discover me unto your person: in Sir Launcelot and you I most had my joy, and mine affiance, and now have I lost my joy of you both, wherefore all mine earthly joy is gone from me." "Mine uncle King Arthur," said Sir Gawain, "wit you well, my death day is come, and all is through mine own hastiness and wilfulness; for I am smitten upon the old wound the which Sir Launcelot gave me, on the which I feel well I must die; and had Sir Launcelot been with you as he was, this unhappy war had never begun, and of all

¹ *carracks*, ships of burden.

this am I causer; for Sir Launcelot and his blood, through their prowess, held all your cankered enemies in subjection and danger. And now," said Sir Gawain, "ye shall miss Sir Launcelot. But alas, I would not accord with him, and therefore," said Sir Gawain, "I pray you, fair uncle, that I may have paper, pen and ink, that I may write to Sir Launcelot a cedle¹ with mine own hands."

And then when paper and ink was brought, then Gawain was set up weakly by King Arthur, for he was shriven a little tofore; and then he wrote thus, as the French book maketh mention: "Unto Sir Launcelot, flower of all noble knights that ever I heard of or saw by my days, I, Sir Gawain, King Lot's son of Orkney, sister's son unto the noble King Arthur, send thee greeting, and let thee have knowledge that the tenth day of May I was smitten upon the old wound that thou gavest me afore the city of Berwick, and through the same wound that thou gavest me I am come to my death day. And I will that all the world wit that I, Sir Gawain, knight of the Table Round, sought my death, and not through thy deserving, but it was mine own seeking; wherefore I beseech thee, Sir Launcelot, to return again unto this realm and see my tomb, and pray some prayer more or less for my soul . . . Also, Sir Launcelot, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, make no tarrying, but come over the sea in all haste, that thou mayst with thy noble knights rescue that noble king that made thee knight, that is my lord Arthur; for he is full straitly bested with a false traitor, that is my half-brother, Sir Mordred; and he hath let crown him king, and would have wedded my lady Queen Guenever, and so had he done, had she not put herself in the Tower of London. And so the tenth day of May last past, my lord Arthur and we all landed upon them at Dover, and there we put that false traitor, Sir Mordred, to flight, and there it misfortuned me to be stricken upon thy stroke. And at the date of this letter was written, but two hours and a half afore my death, written with mine own hand, and so subscribed with part of my heart's blood. And I require thee, most famous knight of the world, that thou wilt see my tomb." And then Sir Gawain wept, and King Arthur wept, and then they swooned both. And when they awaked both,

¹ *cedle*, schedule, writing.

the king made Sir Gawain to receive his Saviour. And then Sir Gawain prayed the king for to send for Sir Launcelot, and to cherish him above all other knights. And so at the hour of noon Sir Gawain yielded up the spirit, and then the king let inter him in a chapel within Dover Castle; and there yet all men may see the skull of him, and the same wound is seen that Sir Launcelot gave him in battle.

Then was it told the king that Sir Mordred had pyghte¹ a new field upon Barham Down. And upon the morn the king rode thither to him, and there was a great battle betwixt them, and much people was slain on both parties; but at the last Sir Arthur's party stood best, and Sir Mordred and his party fled unto Canterbury.

CHAPTER IV

Then were they condescended that King Arthur and Sir Mordred should meet betwixt both their hosts, and every each of them should bring fourteen persons; and they came with this word unto Arthur. Then said he: "I am glad that this is done." And so he went into the field. And when Arthur should depart, he warned all his host that an they see any sword drawn, "Look ye come on fiercely, and slay that traitor, Sir Mordred, for I in no wise trust him." In likewise Sir Mordred warned his host that, "An ye see any sword drawn, look that ye come on fiercely, and so slay all that ever before you standeth; for in no wise I will not trust for this treaty, for I know well my father will be avenged on me."

And so they met as their appointment was, and so they were agreed and accorded thoroughly; and wine was fetched, and they drank. Right soon came an adder out of a little heath bush, and it stung a knight on the foot; and when the knight felt him stung, he looked down and saw the adder, and then he drew his sword to slay the adder, and thought of none other harm. And when the host on both parties saw that sword drawn, then they blew beamons,² trumpets and horns, and shouted grimly. And so both hosts dressed them together. And King Arthur took his

¹ *pyghte*, pitched.

² *beamons*, a kind of trumpet.

horse, and said, "Alas, this unhappy day!" and so rode to his party; and Sir Mordred in likewise. And never was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no Christian land; for there was but rushing and riding, foining and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other, and many a deadly stroke. But ever King Arthur rode throughout the battle of Sir Mordred many times, and did full nobly as a noble king should, and at all times he fainted never; and Sir Mordred that day put him in devoir, and in great peril.

And thus they fought all the long day, and never stinted till the noble knights were laid to the cold earth; and ever they fought still till it was near night, and by that time was there an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down. Then was Arthur wood¹ wroth out of measure when he saw his people so slain from him. Then the king looked about him, and then was he ware, of all his host and of all his good knights were left no more on live but two knights, that one was Sir Lucan the Butler, and his brother Sir Bedivere, and they were full sore wounded. "Jesu mercy," said the king, "where are all my noble knights become? Alas that ever I should see this doleful day! For now," said Arthur, "I am come to mine end. But would to God that I wist where were that traitor, Sir Mordred, that hath caused all this mischief." Then was King Arthur ware where Sir Mordred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men. "Now give me my spear," said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, "for yonder I have espied the traitor that all this woe hath wrought." "Sir, let him be," said Sir Lucan, "for he is unhappy; and if ye pass this unhappy day, ye shall be right well revenged upon him. Good lord, remember ye of your night's dream, and what the spirit of Sir Gawain told you this night, yet God of his great goodness hath preserved you hitherto. Therefore, for God's sake, my lord, leave off by this; for blessed by God ye have won the field, for here we be three on live, and with Sir Mordred is none on live. And if ye leave off now this wicked day of destiny is past." "Tide me death, betide me life," saith the king, "now I see him yonder alone he shall never escape mine hands, for at a better avail shall I never have him." "God speed you well," said Sir Bedivere.

¹ *wood*, mad, frenzied.

Then the king gat his spear in both his hands, and ran toward Sir Mordred crying: "Traitor, now is thy death day come." And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur, he ran until him with his sword drawn in his hand. And there King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield, with a foin of his spear, throughout the body more than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death wound, he thrust himself with the might that he had, up to the bur of King Arthur's spear. And right so he smote his father Arthur, with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain pan, and therewithal Sir Mordred fell stark dead to the earth. And the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, and there he swooned oftentimes. And Sir Lucan the Butler and Sir Bedivere oftentimes heaved him up; and so weakly they led him betwixt them both to a little chapel not far from the seaside. And when the king was there, he thought him well eased. Then heard they people cry in the field.

"Now go thou, Sir Lucan," said the king, "and do me to wit what betokens that noise in the field." So Sir Lucan departed, for he was grievously wounded in many places. And so as he yede,¹ he saw and hearkened by the moonlight, how that pillers and robbers were come into the field to pill and to rob many a full noble knight of brooches and beads, of many a good ring, and of many a rich jewel; and who that were not dead all out, there they slew them for their harness and their riches. When Sir Lucan understood this work, he came to the king as soon as he might, and told him all what he had heard and seen. "Therefore by my rede," said Sir Lucan, "it is best that we bring you to some town." "I would it were so," said the king.

CHAPTER V

"But I may not stand, mine head works so. Ah, Sir Launcelot," said King Arthur, "this day have I sore missed thee. Alas, that ever I was against thee, for now have I my death, whereof Sir Gawain me warned in my dream." Then Sir Lucan took up the king the one part, and Sir Bedivere the other part, and in the lifting the king swooned; and Sir Lucan fell in a swoon with

¹ yede, went.

the lift . . . and therewith the noble knight's heart burst. And when the king awoke, he beheld Sir Lucan, how he lay foaming at the mouth . . . "Alas," said the king, "this is to me a full heavy sight, to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen me that had more need of help than I. Alas! he would not complain him, his heart was so set to help me. Now Jesu have mercy upon his soul." Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother. "Leave this mourning and weeping," said the king, "for all this will not avail me; for wit thou well an I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore; but my time hieth fast," said the king. "Therefore," said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, "take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest." "My lord," said Bedivere, "your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again."

So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft was all of precious stones, and then he said to himself, "If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss." And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword into the water. "What saw thou there?" said the king. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but waves and winds." "That is untruly said of thee," said the king. Therefore go thou lightly again, and do my commandment; as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in." Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand, and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword; and so ofte¹ he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. "What saw thou there?" said the king. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but the waters wappe² and the waves wanne.³" "Ah, traitor untrue," said King Arthur, "now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that, thou that hast been to me

¹ *efte*, again.

² *wappe*, lap.

³ *wanne*, ebb.

so lief and dear, and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the richness of the sword? But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. An but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands; for thou wouldest for my rich sword see me dead." Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword and lightly took it up, and went to the water side; and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might. And there came an arm and an hand above the water and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water.

So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. "Alas," said the king, "help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long." Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hove a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. "Now put me into the barge," said the king. And so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and so they set them down; and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head, and then that queen said, "Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your head hath caught over-much cold." And so then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried: "Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me, now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies?" "Comfort thyself," said the king, "and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avilion¹ to heal me of my grievous wound; and if thou hear nevermore of me, pray for my soul." But ever the queens and ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest; and so he went all that night, and in the morning he was ware betwixt two holts² hoar of a chapel and an hermitage.

¹ *Avilion*, Avalon.

² *holts*, woods, wooded hills.

CHAPTER VI

Then was Sir Bedivere glad, and thither he went; and when he came into the chapel, he saw where lay an hermit grovelling on all four, there fast by a tomb was new graven. When the hermit saw Sir Bedivere he knew him well, for he was but little tofore Bishop of Canterbury, that Sir Mordred flemed.¹ "Sir," said Sir Bedivere, "what man is there interred that ye pray so fast for?" "Fair son," said the hermit, "I wot not verily, but by my deeming. But this night, at midnight, here came a number of ladies and brought hither a dead corpse, and prayed me to bury him; and here they offered an hundred tapers, and they gave me an hundred besants."² "Alas," said Sir Bedivere, "that was my lord King Arthur, that here lieth buried in this chapel." Then Sir Bedivere swooned; and when he awoke he prayed the hermit he might abide with him still there, to live with fasting and prayers. "For from hence will I never go," said Sir Bedivere, "by my will, but all the days of my life here to pray for my lord Arthur." "Ye are welcome to me," said the hermit, "for I know ye better than ye ween that I do. Ye are the bold Bedivere, and the full noble duke, Sir Lucan the Butler, was your brother." Then Sir Bedivere told the hermit all as ye have heard tofore. So there bode Sir Bedivere with the hermit that was tofore Bishop of Canterbury, and there Sir Bedivere put upon him poor clothes, and served the hermit full lowly in fasting and in prayers.

Thus of Arthur I find never more written in books that be authorized, nor more of the very certainty of his death heard I never read, but thus was he led away in a ship wherein were three queens: that one was King Arthur's sister, Queen Morgan le Fay; the other was the Queen of Northgalis; the third was the Queen of the Waste Lands. Also there was Nimue, the chief lady of the lake, that had wedded Pelleas the good knight; and this lady had done much for King Arthur, for she would never suffer Sir Pelleas to be in no place where he should be in danger of his life; and so he lived to the uttermost of his days with her in great rest. More of the death of King Arthur could I never find, but that ladies brought him to his burials; and such one was

¹ *flemed*, banished

² *besants*, gold coins.

buried there, that the hermit bare witness that sometime was Bishop of Canterbury, but yet the hermit knew not in certain that he was verily the body of King Arthur; for this tale Sir Bedivere, knight of the Table Round, made it to be written.

CHAPTER VII

Yet some men say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu into another place; and men say that he shall come again, and he shall win the holy cross. I will not say that it shall be so, but rather I will say, here in this world he changed his life. But many men say that there is written upon his tomb this verse: *Hic jacet Arthurus Rex, quondam Rex que futurus*.¹ Thus leave I here Sir Bedivere with the hermit, that dwelled that time in a chapel beside Glastonbury, and there was his hermitage; and they lived in their prayers and fastings and great abstinence. And when Queen Guenever understood that King Arthur was slain, and all the noble knights, Sir Mordred and all the remnant, then the queen stole away, and five ladies with her, and so she went to Almesbury; and there she let make herself a nun, and ware white clothes and black, and great penance she took, as ever did sinful lady in this land; and never creature could make her merry, but lived in fasting, prayers, and alms-deeds, that all manner of people marvelled how virtuously she was changed. Now leave we Queen Guenever in Almesbury, a nun in white clothes and black, and there she was abbess and ruler as reason would; and turn we from her, and speak we of Sir Launcelot du Lac.

CHAPTER X

. . . And Sir Launcelot . . . went and took his horse, and rode all that day and all night in a forest, weeping. And at last he was ware of an hermitage and a chapel stood betwixt two cliffs; and then he heard a little bell ring to mass, and thither he rode and alighted, and tied his horse to the gate, and heard mass. And he that sang mass was the Bishop of Canterbury. Both the Bishop

¹ *Hic . . . futurus*, Here lies Arthur, the King—King in the past and in the future.

and Sir Bedivere knew Sir Launcelot, and they spake together after that manner. But when Sir Bedivere had told his tale all whole, Sir Launcelot's heart almost burst for sorrow, and Sir Launcelot threw his arms abroad, and said, "Alas, who may trust this world?" And then he kneeled down on his knee, and prayed the bishop to shrive him and assoil him, and then he besought the bishop that he might be his brother. Then the bishop said, "I will gladly," and there he put an habit upon Sir Launcelot, and there he served God day and night with prayers and fastings.

JOHN LYLY (1554?-1606)

WHEN LOOKED AT from the point of view of the form of fiction, *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit* by John Lyly proves to be an early example of the subordination of action or plot to non-fictional ends. There are plenty of episodic plots, to be sure, and this is one, but the episodes are not introduced for the sake of interest in the happenings depicted but for the sake of the opportunity each shift of the characters offers for the discussion of the new questions which arise. These are without exception questions drawn from the social interests of the day. The Renaissance was fond of disputation, and in society this interest expressed itself in the discussion of questions of love and marriage, parents and children, old age and youth, friendship and love, and various other more or less casuistical issues. *Euphues* abounds in these, and they are the main interest of its author and, we may believe, of its readers.

For example, Euphues and Philautus meet in Naples and make friends with each other, a circumstance which affords opportunity for discussion of the much mooted question of the nature of friendship. Philautus takes his friend to see his fiancée Lucilla, Euphues ousts Philautus from her affections, and this is followed by much discussion of the popular subject of the relative duties and fortunes of friends who are also rivals. The author is also enabled to discuss the subject of the traditional fickleness of women and to dispute on the question of whether men or women are the more faithful in love. When Lucilla has jilted Philautus in favor of Euphues, it is not the consequences of her fickleness which engage the author's attention but the opportunity to discuss at length a situation which shows friendship beaten by love and love dis-

posed to defend its action, because as love it knows no law. Lucilla's father Ferardo remonstrates naturally enough with Lucilla and attempts to control her choice of a husband. This introduces a most familiar subject of the time, namely, whether the choice of a husband or wife should be controlled by parents. Finally, when Euphues has in turn been thrown over by Lucilla in favor of one Curio, has had his say, and has heard Lucilla's reasons for this action, that episode also ends; it is no longer interesting. Euphues and Philautus, the barrier removed, renew their friendship and seek new adventures in ideas. Thus the characters are moved like puppets into new situations, and each situation exists only that it may give opportunity for the discussion of a theme. Lyly's fiction is not only episodic but thematic.

There are other noteworthy things for the history of fiction in Lyly's *Euphues*. It was the first best-seller, although poor Lyly perhaps got little out of the popularity of his book except reputation. *Euphues* was first published late in the year 1578, and there were ten editions before the end of the century, four of which actually appeared before the publication of the sequel, *Euphues and his England*, in 1580. The sequel itself was issued eight times before the year 1600. *Euphues* discovered or developed a reading public and made the first definite appeal to women as readers. *Euphues and his England* has an epistle "To the Ladies and Gentlewomen of England," which contains the rather sickening statement, "Euphues had rather lie shut in a lady's casket than open in a scholar's study." It adds, "I am content that your [little] dogs lie in your laps, so Euphues may be in your hands." An overwhelming part of all literature has long been addressed either exclusively to women or in part to them. *Euphues* began this. It was a social idol. Society people are said to have modeled their speech and their conversation on it, a circumstance exploited by Scott in Sir Piercie Shafton in *The Monastery*.

The style of *Euphues* is a consciously constructed one, as that of Henry James or Walter Pater. So strongly was it

marked that it is still known as "euphuism." Lyly did not invent it, for it is merely a more closely organized form of the rhetoricism which had been practised in Spain by Guevara and on the continent by various other writers. In England the same set of rhetorical devices appear in Berners, Pettie, Fenton, Gosson, and others. It has recently been pointed out that probably the immediate influence on Lyly was that of John Rainolds, president of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and Dean of Lincoln, in his various writings in Latin and English. These rhetorical tricks are ordinarily enumerated as balanced construction, often antithetical and set off by alliteration; excessive use of the rhetorical question; a heaping up of similes, illustrations, and examples, especially those drawn from mythology and from natural history—many relating to the fabulous qualities of plants and animals.

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From EUPHUES, THE ANATOMY OF WIT

(Courtly Fiction)

[*A young Athenian named Euphues, a name which means "well endowed by nature in person and mind," goes to sojourn at Naples. He is a gay youth, so that he attracts the attention of Eubulus, an old gentleman of Naples, who proceeds in the vein of Polonius to reproach him for the follies of his youth. Euphues replies by a defence of youth. The encounter thus gives opportunity for a debate on the ancient theme of old age versus youth.*]

Euphues having sojourned by the space of two months in Naples, whether he were moved by the courtesy of a young gentleman named Philautus or enforced by destiny, whether his pregnant wit or his pleasant conceits wrought the greater liking in the mind of Euphues, I know not for certainty; but Euphues shewed such entire love towards him that he seemed to make small account of any others, determining to enter into such an inviolable league of friendship with him as neither time by piecemeal should impair, neither fancy utterly dissolve, nor any suspicion infringe. "I have read," saith he, "and well I believe it, that a friend is in prosperity a pleasure, a solace in adversity, in grief a comfort, in joy a merry companion, at all times an other I, in all places the express image of mine own person; insomuch that I cannot tell whether the immortal gods have bestowed any gift upon mortal men either more noble or more necessary than friendship. Is there anything in the world to be reputed (I will not say compared) to friendship? Can any treasure in this transitory pilgrimage be of more value than a friend—in whose bosom thou mayest sleep secure without fear, whom thou mayest make partner of all thy secrets without suspicion of fraud and partaker of all thy misfortune without mistrust of fleeting, who will account thy bale his bane, thy mishap his misery, the pricking of

thy finger the piercing of his heart? But whither am I carried? Have I not also learned that one should eat a bushel of salt with him whom he meaneth to make his friend? That trial maketh trust? That there is falsehood in fellowship? And what then? Doth not the sympathy of manners make the conjunction of minds? Is it not a byword, like will to like? Not so common as commendable it is to see young gentlemen choose them such friends with whom they may seem, being absent, to be present, being asunder, to be conversant, being dead, to be alive. I will therefore have Philautus for my fere, and by so much the more I make myself sure to have Philautus, by how much the more I view in him the lively image of Euphues."

Although there be none so ignorant that doth not know, neither any so impudent that will not confess friendship to be the jewel of human joy; yet whosoever shall see this amity grounded upon a little affection will soon conjecture that it shall be dissolved upon a light occasion; as in the sequel of Euphues and Philautus you shall see, whose hot love waxed soon cold. For as the best wine doth make the sharpest vinegar, so the deepest love turneth to the deadliest hate. Who deserved the most blame in mine opinion it is doubtful, and so difficult that I dare not presume to give verdict. For love being the cause for which so many mischiefs have been attempted, I am not yet persuaded whether of them was most to be blamed, but certainly neither of them was blameless. I appeal to your judgement, gentlemen, not that I think any of you of the like disposition able to decide the question, but being of deeper discretion than I am are more fit to debate the quarrel. Though the discourse of their friendship and falling out be somewhat long, yet, being somewhat strange, I hope the delightfulness of the one will attenuate the tediousness of the other.

Euphues had continual access to the place of Philautus and no little familiarity with him, and finding him at convenient leisure, in these short terms unfolded his mind unto him.

"Gentleman and friend, the trial I have had of thy manners cutteth off divers terms which to another I would have used in the like manner. And sithence a long discourse argueth folly, and delicate words incur the suspicion of flattery, I am determined to use neither of them, knowing either of them to breed

offence. Weighing with myself the force of friendship by the effects, I studied ever since my first coming to Naples to enter league with such a one as might direct my steps, being a stranger, and resemble my manners, being a scholar; the which two qualities as I find in you able to satisfy my desire, so I hope I shall find a heart in you willing to accomplish my request. Which if I may obtain, assure yourself that Damon to his Pythias, Pylades to his Orestes, Titus to his Gysippus, Theseus to his Pirithoüs, Scipio to his Laelius, was never found more faithful than Euphues will be to his Philautus."

Philautus by how much the less he looked for this discourse, by so much the more he liked it, for he saw all qualities both of body and mind in Euphues; unto whom he replied as followeth:—

"Friend Euphues (for so your talk warranteth me to term you), I dare neither use a long process, neither loving speech, lest unwittingly I should cause you to convince me of those things which you have already condemned. And verily I am bold to presume upon your courtesy since you yourself have used so little curiosity, persuading myself that my short answer will work as great an effect in you as your few words did in me. And seeing we resemble (as you say) each other in qualities, it cannot be that the one should differ from the other in courtesy; seeing the sincere affection of the mind cannot be expressed by the mouth and that no art can unfold the entire love of the heart, I am earnestly to beseech you not to measure the firmness of my faith by the fewness of my words, but rather think that the overflowing waves of goodwill leave no passage for many words. Trial shall prove trust. Here is my hand, my heart, my lands, and my life at thy commandment. Thou mayest well perceive that I did believe thee that so soon I did love thee, and I hope that thou wilt the rather love me in that I did believe thee." Either Euphues and Philautus stood in need of friendship or were ordained to be friends; upon so short warning to make so soon a conclusion might seem in mine opinion, if it continued, miraculous, if shaken off, ridiculous. But after many embracings and protestations one to another, they walked to dinner, where they wanted neither meat, neither music, neither any other pastime; and having banqueted, to digest their sweet

confections, they danced all that afternoon. They used not only one board, but one bed, one book (if so be it they thought not one too many). Their friendship augmented every day, insomuch that the one could not refrain the company of the other one minute. All things went in common between them; which all men accounted commendable.

Philautus being a town-born child, both for his own continuance and the great countenance which his father had while he lived, crept into credit with Don Ferardo, one of the chief governors of the city. Who, although he had a courtly crew of gentlewomen sojourning in his palace, yet his daughter, heir to his whole revenues, stained the beauty of them all; whose modest bashfulness caused the other to look wan for envy, whose lily cheeks dyed with a vermillion red made the rest to blush at her beauty. For as the finest ruby staineth the colour of the rest that be in place, or as the sun dimmeth the moon that she cannot be discerned, so this gallant girl, more fair than fortunate, and yet more fortunate than faithful, eclipsed the beauty of them all and changed their colours. Unto her had Philautus access, who won her by right of love and should have won her by right of law, had not Euphues by strange destiny broken the bonds of marriage and forbidden the banns of matrimony.

It happened that Don Ferardo had occasion to go to Venice about certain his own affairs, leaving his daughter the only steward of his household, who spared not to feast Philautus her friend with all kinds of delights and delicates, reserving only her honesty as the chief stay of her honour. Her father being gone, she sent for her friend to supper; who came not, as he was accustomed, solitarily alone but accompanied with his friend, Euphues. The gentlewoman, whether it were for niceness or for niggardness of courtesy, gave him such a cold welcome that he repented that he was come.

Euphues though he knew himself worthy every way to have a good countenance, yet could he not perceive her willing any way to lend him a friendly look. Yet, lest he should seem to want gestures or to be dashed out of conceit with her coy countenance, he addressed him to a gentlewoman called Livia, unto whom he uttered this speech:—

“Fair lady, if it be the guise of Italy to welcome strangers with

strangeness, I must needs say the custom is strange and the country barbarous; if the manner of ladies to salute gentlemen with coyness, then I am enforced to think the women without courtesy to use such welcome, and the men past shame that will come. But hereafter I will either bring a stool on mine arm for an unbidden guest, or a visard on my face for a shameless gossip."

Livia replied: "Sir, our country is civil and our gentlewomen are courteous; but in Naples it is countered a jest at every word to say, 'In faith you are welcome.'"

As she was yet talking, supper was set on the board. Then Philautus spake thus unto Lucilla: "Yet, gentlewoman, I was the bolder to bring my shadow with me (meaning Euphues), knowing that he should be the better welcome for my sake."

Unto whom the gentlewoman replied: "Sir, as I never when I saw you thought that you came without your shadow, so now I cannot a little marvel to see you so overshot in bringing a new shadow with you."

Euphues, though he perceived her coy nip, seemed not to care for it, but taking her by the hand said: "Fair lady, seeing the shade doth often shield your beauty from the parching sun, I hope you will the better esteem of the shadow; and by so much the less it ought to be offensive by how much the less it is able to offend you, and by so much the more you ought to like it by how much the more you use to lie in it."

"Well, gentlemen," answered Lucilla, "in arguing of the shadow we forgo the substance. Pleaseth it you, therefore, to sit down to supper?" And so they all sat down, but Euphues fed of one dish which ever stood before him, the beauty of Lucilla. Here Euphues at the first sight was so kindled with desire that almost he was like to burn to coals.

Supper being ended, the order was in Naples that the gentlewomen would desire to hear some discourse, either concerning love or learning. And although Philautus was requested, yet he posted it over to Euphues, whom he knew most fit for that purpose. Euphues, being thus tied to the stake by their importunate entreaty, began as followeth:—

"He that worst may is always enforced to hold the candle, the weakest must still to the wall, where none will the devil himself

must bear the cross. But were it not, gentlewomen, that your list stands for law, I would borrow so much leave as to resign mine office to one of you, whose experience in love hath made you learned and whose learning hath made you so lovely; for me to entreat of the one, being a novice, or to discourse of the other, being a truant, I may well make you weary but never the wiser, and give you occasion rather to laugh at my rashness than to like my reasons. Yet I care the less to excuse my boldness to you who were the cause of my blindness. And since I am at mine own choice either to talk of love or of learning, I had rather for this time be deemed an unthrift in rejecting profit than a Stoic in renouncing pleasure.

"It hath been a question often disputed, but never determined, whether the qualities of the mind or the composition of the man cause women most to like, or whether beauty or wit move men most to love. Certes by how much the more the mind is to be preferred before the body, by so much the more the graces of the one are to be preferred before the gifts of the other; which if it be so that the contemplation of the inward quality ought to be respected more than the view of the outward beauty, then doubtless women either do or should love those best whose virtue is best, not measuring the deformed man with the reformed mind. The foul toad hath a fair stone in his head, the fine gold is found in the filthy earth, the sweet kernel lieth in the hard shell. Virtue is harboured in the heart of him that most men esteem misshapen. Contrariwise if we respect more the outward shape than the inward habit—good God, into how many mischiefs do we fall! Into what blindness are we led! Do we not commonly see that in painted pots is hidden the deadliest poison, that in the greenest grass is the greatest serpent, in the clearest water the ugliest toad? Doth not experience teach us that in the most curious sepulchre are enclosed rotten bones? That the cypress tree beareth a fair leaf but no fruit? That the estridge carrieth fair feathers but rank flesh? How frantic are those lovers which are carried away with the gay glistening of the fine face? The beauty whereof is parched with the summer's blaze and chipped with the winter's blast, which is of so short continuance that it fadeth before one perceive it flourish, of so small profit that it poisoneth those that

possess it, of so little value with the wise that they account it a delicate bait with a deadly hook, a sweet panther with a devouring paunch, a sour poison in a silver pot.

"Here I could enter into discourse of such fine dames as being in love with their own looks make such coarse account of their passionate lovers; for commonly if they be adorned with beauty they be so straitlaced and made so high in the instep that they disdain them most that most desire them. It is a world to see the doting of their lovers and their dealing with them, the revealing of whose subtle trains would cause me to shed tears and you, gentlewomen, to shut your modest ears. Pardon me, gentlewomen, if I unfold every wile and show every wrinkle of women's disposition. Two things do they cause their servants to vow unto them, secrecy and sovereignty: the one to conceal their enticing sleights, by the other to assure themselves of their only service. Again—but ho there! If I should have waded any further and sounded the depth of their deceit, I should either have procured your displeasure or incurred the suspicion of fraud, either armed you to practice the like subtlety or accused myself of perjury. But I mean not to offend your chaste minds with the rehearsal of their unchaste manners, whose ears I perceive to glow and hearts to be grieved at that which I have already uttered; not that amongst you there be any such, but that in your sex there should be any such.

"Let not gentlewomen, therefore, make too much of their painted sheath, let them not be so curious in their own conceit or so curish to their loyal lovers. When the black crow's foot shall appear in their eye or the black ox tread on their foot, when their beauty shall be like the blasted rose, their wealth wasted, their bodies worn, their faces wrinkled, their fingers crooked, who will like of them in their age who loved none in their youth? If you will be cherished when you be old, be courteous while you be young; if you look for comfort in your hoary hairs, be not coy when you have your golden locks; if you would be embraced in the waning of your bravery, be not squeamish in the waxing of your beauty; if you desire to be kept like the roses when they have lost their colour, smell sweet as the rose doth in the bud; if you would be tasted for old wine, be in the mouth a pleasant grape—so shall you be cherished for

your courtesy, comforted for your honesty, embraced for your amity, so shall you be preserved with the sweet rose, and drunk with the pleasant wine.

"Thus far I am bold, gentlewomen, to counsel those that be coy, that they weave not the web of their own woe nor spin the thread of their own thralldom by their own overthwartness. And seeing we are even in the bowels of love, it shall not be amiss to examine whether man or woman be soonest allured, whether be most constant the male or the female. And in this point I mean not to be mine own carver, lest I should seem either to pick a thank with men or a quarrel with women. If therefore it might stand with your pleasure, Mistress Lucilla, to give your censure, I would take the contrary; for sure I am though your judgement be sound, yet affection will shadow it."

Lucilla, seeing his pretence, thought to take advantage of his large proffer, unto whom she said: "Gentleman, in mine opinion women are to be won with every wind, in whose sex there is neither force to withstand the assaults of love, neither constancy to remain faithful. And because your discourse hath hitherto bred delight, I am loath to hinder you in the sequel of your devices."

Euphues, perceiving himself to be taken napping, answered as followeth: "Mistress Lucilla, if you speak as you think, these gentlewomen present have little cause to thank you: if you cause me to commend women, my tale will be accounted a mere trifle and your words the plain truth. Yet knowing promise to be debt, I will pay it with performance. And I would the gentlemen here present were as ready to credit my proof as the gentlewomen are willing to hear their own praises; or I as able to overcome as Mistress Lucilla would be content to be overthrown. Howsoever the matter shall fall out, I am of the surer side: for if my reasons be weak, then is our sex strong; if forcible, then your judgement feeble; if I find truth on my side, I hope I shall, for my wages, win the good will of women; if I want proof, then, gentlewomen, of necessity you must yield to men. But to the matter.

"Touching the yielding to love, albeit their hearts seem tender, yet they harden them like the stone of Sicilia, the which the more it is beaten the harder it is; for being framed as it were of the perfection of men, they be free from all such cogitations as may

any way provoke them to uncleanness, insomuch as they abhor the light love of youth which is grounded upon lust and dissolved upon every light occasion. When they see the folly of men turn to fury, their delight to doting, their affection to frenzy; when they see them as it were pine in pleasure and to wax pale through their own peevishness; their suits, their service, their letters, their labours, their loves, their lives seem to them so odious that they harden their hearts against such concupiscence to the end they might convert them from rashness to reason, from such lewd disposition to honest discretion. Hereof it cometh that men accuse women of cruelty because they themselves want civility, they account them full of wiles in not yielding to their wickedness, faithless for resisting their filthiness. But I had almost forgot myself—you shall pardon me, Mistress Lucilla, for this time, if thus abruptly I finish my discourse. It is neither for want of good will or lack of proof, but that I feel in myself such alteration that I can scarcely utter one word. Ah Euphues, Euphues!”

The gentlewomen were struck into such a quandary with this sudden change that they all changed colour. But Euphues, taking Philautus by the hand and giving the gentlewomen thanks for their patience and his repast, bade them all farewell and went immediately to his chamber.

But Lucilla, who now began to fry in the flames of love, all the company being departed to their lodgings, entered into these terms and contrarieties:—

[Lucilla soliloquizes, giving an exemplification and a defense of the much debated subject of woman's fickleness. Meantime Euphues is caught in the grasp of another issue, that of love versus friendship. He also soliloquizes. Both lovers have misgivings, not only about the propriety of the acts contemplated, but also about the effect such action may have on the particular lover involved. Philautus as a true friend tries to console Euphues, who however keeps his counsel. Just at this time Ferardo, the father of Lucilla, takes Philautus away with him on some journey of business. Euphues improves the "occasion" and wins Lucilla, who on her father's return declines to marry with Philautus. The new situation thus created finds expression in the

anger of Ferardo (like that of Old Capulet in Romeo and Juliet), in Philautus's denunciation of the false friendship of Euphues, and in Euphues's defense of himself on the ground that love knows no laws. Philautus and Euphues write controversial letters to each other. Euphues delays about going to see Lucilla, although he is now an accepted lover, and when he does go, he is met with a terrible surprise.]

"Euphues," quoth she, "you make a long harvest for a little corn and angle for the fish that is already caught. Curio, yea Curio, is he that hath my love at his pleasure and shall also have my life at his commandment, and although you deem him unworthy to enjoy that which erst you accounted no wight worthy to embrace, yet seeing I esteem him more worth than any he is to be reputed as chief. The wolf chooseth him for her mate that hath or doth endure most travail for her sake. Venus was content to take the blacksmith with his polt-foot. Cornelia here in Naples disdained not to love a rude miller. As for changing did not Helen the pearl of Greece, thy countrywoman, first take Menelaus, then Theseus, and last of all Paris? If brute beasts give us ensamples that those are most to be liked of whom we are best beloved, or if the princess of beauty, Venus, and her heirs, Helen and Cornelia, show that our affection standeth on our free will, then am I rather to be excused than accused. Therefore, good Euphues, be as merry as you may be, for time may so turn that once again you may be."

"Nay, Lucilla," said he, "my harvest shall cease seeing others have reaped my corn, as for angling for the fish that is already caught, that were but mere folly. But in my mind, if you be a fish, you are either an eel which as soon as one hath hold of her tail will slip out of his hand, or else a minnow which will be nibbling at every bait but never biting. But what fish soever you be, you have made both me and Philautus to swallow a gudgeon."

"If Curio be the person, I would neither wish thee a greater plague nor him a deadlier poison. I, for my part, think him worthy of thee and thou unworthy of him for although he be in body deformed, in mind foolish, an innocent born, a beggar by misfortune, yet doth he deserve a better than thyself, whose corrupt

manners have stained thy heavenly hue, whose light behaviour hath dimmed the lights of thy beauty, whose unconstant mind hath betrayed the innocency of so many a gentleman.

"And in that you bring in the example of a beast to confirm your folly you show therein your beastly disposition, which is ready to follow such beastliness. But Venus played false. And what for that? Seeing her lightness serveth for an example, I would wish thou mightest try her punishment for a reward: that being openly taken in an iron net all the world might judge whether thou be fish or flesh; and certes, in my mind no angle will hold thee, it must be a net. Cornelia loved a miller and thou a miser; can her folly excuse thy fault? Helen of Greece, my countrywoman born but thine by profession, changed and re-changed at her pleasure, I grant. Shall the lewdness of others animate thee in thy lightness? Why then dost thou not haunt the stews because Lais frequented them? Why dost thou not love a bull seeing Pasiphae loved one? Why art thou not enamoured of thy father knowing that Myrrha was so incensed? These are set down that we, viewing their incontinency, should fly the like impudency, not follow the like excess; neither can they excuse thee of any inconstancy.

"Merry I will be as I may; but if I may hereafter as thou meanest, I will not. And therefore farewell Lucilla, the most inconstant that ever was nursed in Naples; farewell Naples, the most cursed town in all Italy; and women all, farewell."

Euphues, having thus given her his last farewell, yet, being solitary, began afresh to recount his sorrow on this manner:—

"Ah Euphues, into what a quandary art thou brought! In what sudden misfortune art thou wrapped! It is like to fare with thee as with the eagle which dieth neither for age nor with sickness, but with famine: for although thy stomach hunger yet thy heart will not suffer thee to eat. And why shouldst thou torment thyself for one in whom is neither faith nor fervency? Oh the counterfeit love of women! Oh inconstant sex! I have lost Philautus, I have lost Lucilla, I have lost that which I shall hardly find again, a faithful friend.

"Ah foolish Euphues, why didst thou leave Athens, the nurse of wisdom, to inhabit Naples, the nourisher of wantonness? Had it not been better for thee to have eaten salt with the philosophers

in Greece than sugar with the courtiers of Italy? But behold the course of youth which always inclineth to pleasure. I forsook mine old companions to search for new friends, I rejected the grave and fatherly counsel of Eubulus to follow the brainsick humour of mine own will. I addicted myself wholly to the service of women to spend my life in the laps of ladies, my lands in maintenance of bravery, my wit in the vanities of idle sonnets. I had thought that women had been as we men, that is, true, faithful, zealous, constant; but I perceive they be rather woe unto men by their falsehood, jealousy, inconstancy. I was half persuaded that they were made of the perfection of men and would be comforters, but now I see they have tasted of the infection of the serpent and will be corrosives. The physician saith it is dangerous to minister physic unto the patient that hath a cold stomach and a hot liver, lest in giving warmth to the one he inflame the other, so verily it is hard to deal with a woman whose words seem fervent, whose heart is congealed into hard ice, lest trusting their outward talk he be betrayed with their inward treachery.

"I will to Athens there to toss my books, no more in Naples to live with fair looks. I will so frame myself as all youth hereafter shall rather rejoyce to see mine amendment, than be animated to follow my former life. Philosophy, Physic, Divinity shall be my study. Oh the hidden secrets of nature, the express image of moral virtues, the equal balance of justice, the medicines to heal all diseases, how they begin to delight me! The Axioms of Aristotle, the Maxims of Justinian, the Aphorisms of Galen have suddenly made such a breach into my mind that I seem only to desire them, which did only erst detest them.

"If wit be employed in the honest study of learning, what thing so precious as wit? If in the idle trade of love, what thing more pestilent than wit? The proof of late hath been verified in me, whom nature hath endued with a little wit which I have abused with an obstinate will. Most true it is that the thing the better it is the greater is the abuse; and that there is nothing but through the malice of man may be abused. Doth not the fire (an element so necessary that without it man cannot live) as well burn the house as burn in the house, if it be abused? Doth not treacle as well poison as help if it be taken out of time? Doth not wine if it be immoderately taken kill the stomach, enflame the liver, mur-

der the drunken? Doth not physic destroy if it be not well tempered? Doth not law accuse if it be not rightly interpreted? Doth not divinity condemn if it be not faithfully construed? Is not poison taken out of the honeysuckle by the spider, venom out of the rose by the canker, dung out of the maple tree by the scorpion? Even so the greatest wickedness is drawn out of the greatest wit if it be abused by will or entangled with the world or in-veigled with women.

"But seeing I see mine own impiety, I will endeavour myself to amend all that is past and to be a mirror of godliness hereafter. The rose though a little it be eaten with the canker yet being distilled yieldeth sweet water, the iron though fretted with the rust yet being burnt in the fire shineth brighter, and wit, although it hath been eaten with the canker of his own conceit and fretted with the rust of vain love, yet being purified in the still of wisdom and tried in the fire of zeal will shine bright and smell sweet in the nostrils of all young novices.

"As therefore I gave a farewell to Lucilla, a farewell to Naples, a farewell to women, so now do I give a farewell to the world; meaning rather to macerate myself with melancholy than pine in folly, rather choosing to die in my study amidst my books than to court it in Italy in the company of ladies."

Euphues, having thus debated with himself, went to his bed, there either with sleep to deceive his fancy, or with musing to renew his ill fortune or recant his old follies.

But it happened immediately Ferardo to return home. Who hearing this strange event was not a little amazed; and was now more ready to exhort Lucilla from the love of Curio, than before to the liking of Philautus. Therefore in' all haste, with watery eyes and woeful heart, began on this manner to reason with his daughter:—

"Lucilla (daughter I am ashamed to call thee, seeing thou hast neither care of thy father's tender affection nor of thine own credit), what sprite hath enchanted thy spirit that every minute thou alterest thy mind? I had thought that my hoary hairs should have found comfort by thy golden locks and my rotten age great ease by thy ripe years. But alas, I see in thee neither wit to order thy doings, neither will to frame thyself to discretion, neither the nature of a child, neither the nurture of a maiden,

neither (I cannot without tears speak it) any regard of thine honour, neither any care of thine honesty. I am now enforced to remember thy mother's death, who I think was a prophetess in her life; for oftentimes she would say that thou hadst more beauty than was convenient for one that should be honest, and more cockering than was meet for one that should be a matron.

"Would I had never lived to be so old or thou to be so obstinate; either would I had died in my youth in the court or thou in thy cradle; I would to God that either I had never been born or thou never bred. Is this the comfort that the parent reapeth for all his care? Is obstinacy paid for obedience, stubbornness rendered for duty, malicious desperateness for filial fear? I perceive now that the wise painter saw more than the foolish parent can, who painted love going downward, saying it might well descend but ascend it could never. Danaus, whom they report to be the father of fifty children, had among them all but one that disobeyed him in a thing most dishonest; but I that am father to one more than I would be, although one be all, have that one most disobedient to me in a request lawful and reasonable. If Danaus seeing but one of his daughters without awe became himself without mercy, what shall Ferardo do in this case who hath one and all most unnatural to him in a most just cause?

"Shall Curio enjoy the fruit of my travails, possess the benefit of my labours, inherit the patrimony of mine ancestors, who hath neither wisdom to increase them nor wit to keep them? Wilt thou, Lucilla, bestow thyself on such an one as hath neither comeliness in his body nor knowledge in his mind nor credit in his country? Oh I would thou hadst either been ever faithful to Philautus or never faithless to Euphues, or would thou wouldst be more fickle to Curio. As thy beauty hath made thee the blaze of Italy, so will thy lightness make thee the byword of the world. O Lucilla, Lucilla, would thou wert less fair or more fortunate, either of less honour or greater honesty, either better minded or soon buried!

"Shall thine old father live to see thee match with a young fool? Shall my kind heart be rewarded with such unkind hate? Ah Lucilla, thou knowest not the care of a father nor the duty of a child, and as far art thou from piety as I from cruelty. Nature will not permit me to disherit my daughter, and yet it will suffer

thee to dishonour thy father. Affection causeth me to wish thy life; and shall it entice thee to procure my death? It is mine only comfort to see thee flourish in thy youth; and is it thine to see me fade in mine age? To conclude, I desire to live to see thee prosper—and thou to see me perish.

“But why cast I the effect of this unnaturalness in thy teeth, seeing I myself was the cause? I made thee a wanton and thou hast made me a fool, I brought thee up like a cockney and thou hast handled me like a cock’s-comb (I speak it to mine own shame), I made more of thee than became a father and thou less of me than beseemed a child. And shall my loving care be cause of thy wicked cruelty? Yea, yea, I am not the first that hath been too careful nor the last that shall be handled so unkindly; it is common to see fathers too fond and children too froward.

“Well, Lucilla, the tears which thou seest trickle down my cheeks and the drops of blood (which thou canst not see) that fall from my heart enforce me to make an end of my talk. And if thou have any duty of a child or care of a friend or courtesy of a stranger or feeling of a Christian or humanity of a reasonable creature, then release thy father of grief and acquit thyself of ungratefulness. Otherwise thou shalt but hasten my death, and increase thine own defame; which if thou do the gain is mine and the loss thine, and both infinite.”

Lucilla, either so bewitched that she could not relent or so wicked that she would not yield to her father’s request, answered him on this manner.—

“Dear father, ‘as you would have me to show the duty of a child so ought you to show the care of a parent; and as the one standeth in obedience so the other is grounded upon reason. You would have me as I owe duty to you to leave Curio, and I desire you as you owe me any love that you suffer me to enjoy him. If you accuse me of unnaturalness in that I yield not to your request, I am also to condemn you of unkindness in that you grant not my petition. You object I know not what to Curio; but it is the eye of the master that fatteth the horse, and the love of the woman that maketh the man. To give reason for fancy were to weigh the fire and measure the wind. If, therefore, my delight be the cause of your death, I think my sorrow would be an occasion of your solace. And if you be angry because I am

pleased, certes I deem you would be content if I were deceased; which if it be so that my pleasure breed your pain and mine annoy your joy, I may well say that you are an unkind father and I an unfortunate child. But, good father, either content yourself with my choice, or let me stand to the main chance, otherwise the grief will be mine and the fault yours, and both intolerable."

Ferardo, seeing his daughter to have neither regard of her own honour nor his request, conceived such an inward grief that in short space he died, leaving Lucilla the only heir of his lands and Curio to possess them. But what end came of her, seeing it is nothing incident to the history of Euphues, it were superfluous to insert it, and so incredible that all women would rather wonder at it than believe it. Which event being so strange, I had rather leave them in a muse what it should be than in a maze in telling what it was.

Philautus, having intelligence of Euphues his success and the falsehood of Lucilla, although he began to rejoice at the misery of his fellow, yet seeing her fickleness could not but lament her folly and pity his friend's misfortune, thinking that the lightness of Lucilla enticed Euphues to so great liking. Euphues and Philautus having conference between themselves, casting discourtesy in the teeth each of the other, but chiefly noting disloyalty in the demeanour of Lucilla, after much talk renewed their old friendship, both abandoning Lucilla as most abominable. Philautus was earnest to have Euphues tarry in Naples and Euphues desirous to have Philautus to Athens; but the one was so addicted to the court, the other so wedded to the university, that each refused the offer of the other. Yet this they agreed between themselves that though their bodies were by distance of place severed, yet the conjunction of their minds should neither be separated by the length of time nor alienated by change of soil. "I for my part," said Euphues, "to confirm this league give thee my hand and my heart." And so likewise did Philautus; and so shaking hands they bid each other farewell.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586)

IN THE *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney we have a close relation to the form known as the Greek novel. The Greeks, however, who produced this kind of fiction were not the ancient Greeks but those of the Roman empire. Perhaps the earliest of them, Antonius Diogenes, author of *The Incredible Things beyond Thule*, did not live earlier than the second century A. D. At that time the Greeks were scattered over the known world, mainly around the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, and were the schoolmasters, clerks, traders, seamen, artists, and men of culture of the Roman empire. Both *The Incredible Things beyond Thule* and the *Babylonica* by Iamblichus, the second earliest novel, have been lost; but both of them are known to us from epitomes given in the *Bibliotheca* of Photius. The third and most sensational of the Greek novels is *Theagenes and Chariclea* written by one Heliodorus probably in the third century. It was widely popular in both France and England in the sixteenth century and was certainly known to Shakespeare. The romance is episodic, improbable, sensational, written in a highly figurative style and was a direct influence on Sidney in the composition of his *Arcadia*. Chariclea, daughter of Persine, born too white for her mother's safety (the result of a pre-natal influence arising from her mother's having looked at a marble statue while she was pregnant), was given away by her mother to a Pythian priest. This is but a variation of the conventional plot-device of exposing unwanted infants. Chariclea grows up and becomes a priestess of Apollo at Delphi. Theagenes appears on the scene, they fall in love with each other, and she runs away with him. The fugitives meet with many adventures, with pirates, robbers, and shipwreck. In Ethiopia Chariclea is about to be sacrificed

to the gods when she is found to be a long-lost daughter of the king. *Theagenes and Chariclea* is a typical example of the Greek novel and has supplied materials for many writers of romance. It is long. It has disguisings (girls as boys and boys as girls), with the mistaken identity theme. It has the convention of exposed infants, which leads to the later convention of the missing heir. It has descriptions of finery, robbers' caves, piracy, shipwreck, and the many episodes which appeared in the Greco-Roman life around the shores of the Mediterranean during the earlier centuries of the Roman Empire.

Perhaps *Daphnis and Chloe*, a pastoral romance of about the same time as *Theagenes and Chariclea*, is even closer in tone to Sidney. It is attributed to one Longus about whom nothing is known but who seems to have been a clever Sophist. This pastoral romance is beautifully written and has, so to speak, more meat on its bones. It has more ideas about life to express and presents truly charming pictures of the ideal lives of shepherds amidst flocks and herds, of woodlands, gardens, winter and spring, all warmed with tender sentiments of courtship and love in the innocence of youth. It has nevertheless the same fabric of event. *Daphnis and Chloe* are both exposed infants who were brought up by kindly pastoral folk and both, having demonstrated by their natures that they are of superior blood, are finally restored to their noble and wealthy parents, who in both cases have repented them of their wastefulness in getting rid of their children. Perhaps the most famous of the Greek romances is *Apollonius of Tyre*, the story of a philosopher well known throughout the Middle Ages, and used by Shakespeare as the basis of *Pericles*.

One other point needs to be mentioned. The late Greek society was characterized as the earlier had been by an equality granted to the female sex. The Romans were in favor of the dominant male, but the Greeks treated their women in a civilized way and made companions of them, recognized that they had characters of their own and were capable of participation in the affairs of ordinary life and

even of adventure. This feature came over into Renaissance literature, particularly into the drama of Shakespeare. Greene had learned it from the Greek romance, and he taught it to Shakespeare and others. Hence we have in Shakespeare adventurous, humorous, interesting women like Imogen and Portia and strong women characters like Cleopatra and Lady Macbeth. Some equality of position for women is an almost indispensable thing for writers of fiction.

Following in the wake of *Daphnis and Chloe* we have other pastoral romances besides Sidney's *Arcadia*. Boccaccio wrote a short prose pastoral called *Ameto* which is usually regarded as the first of its kind in the modern world. It is a pretty little group of stories accompanied by pastoral eclogues of the kind that Sidney introduces into *Arcadia*. *Ameto* is thought by Dunlop to be the prototype of Sannazaro's *Arcadia* written towards the end of the fifteenth century, which, though it has the form, is lacking in the heroic elements of Sidney's romance. *Diana Enamorada*, written about the middle of the sixteenth century in Spanish by the Portuguese poet Montemayor, is the most important pastoral romance before Sidney's *Arcadia*. It was translated into English by Bartholomew Young in 1598, but seems to have been known in England before that time. Sidney may have known something about it, and Shakespeare seems to have used it as a source of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

Sidney's *Arcadia* was begun in 1580 and was written for the amusement of his sister the Countess of Pembroke. After he had written five books and at a somewhat later time, he began and carried through three books a revision and amplification. This revision he never completed. When *Arcadia* was published by Ponsonby in 1590, the version followed was made up of the first three books as revised and the last two books as written in the first draft. It is only within the last few years that the "Old *Arcadia*," that is the first version of the first three books, has become known to the world.

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From THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE'S ARCADIA

(Pastoral Romance)

[*ARCADIA begins with a conversation between two shepherds, Strephon and Claus, who have come to the seashore to commemorate Urania, their vision and ideal of beauty, and to find the spot where she alighted from her horse. While they are there they see an object floating in the sea which turns out to be the exhausted body of Musidorus, who is gripping the edges of a small square coffer (full of jewels and wealth, as it appears later) by means of which he is enabled to reach the shore. He cries out at once for the loss of his friend Pyrocles, who he thinks has been drowned. But he and the shepherds behold almost at once a wrecked and abandoned vessel with Pyrocles clinging to the mast.*]

And now they were already come upon the stays; when one of the sailors descried a galley which came with sails and oars directly in the chase of them; and straight perceived it was a well-known pirate who hunted not only for goods but for bodies of men, which he employed either to be his galley-slaves or to sell at the best market. Which when the matter understood, he commanded forthwith to set on all the canvass he could and fly homeward, leaving in that sort poor Pyrocles so near to be rescued. But what did not Musidorus say, what did he not offer to persuade them to venture to fight, but fear standing at the gates of their ears, put back all persuasions: so that he had nothing whatever to accompany Pyrocles but his eyes, nought to succour him but his wishes. Therefore praying for him, and casting a long look that way, he saw the galley leave the pursuit of them and turn to take up the spoils of the other wreck: and lastly he might well see them lift up the young man; and "alas," said he to himself, "dear Pyrocles, shall that body of thine be enchained, shall those victorious hands of thine be commanded

to base offices, shall virtue become a slave to those that be slaves to viciousness, alas, better had it been thou hadst ended nobly thy noble days: what death is so evil as unworthy servitude?"

But that opinion soon ceased when he saw the galley setting upon another ship, which held long and strong fight with her: for then he began afresh to fear the life of his friend, and to wish well to the pirates whom before he hated, lest in their ruin he might perish. But the fishermen made such speed into the haven, that they absented his eyes from beholding the issue: where being entered, he could not procure neither them, or any other as then, to put themselves into the sea: so that being so full of sorrow for being unable to do anything as void of counsel how to do anything, besides that sickness grew something upon him, the honest shepherds Strephon and Claius (who being themselves true friends did the more perfectly judge the justness of his sorrow) advise him that he should mitigate somewhat of his woe, since he had gotten an amendment in fortune, being come from assured persuasion of his death to have no cause to despair of his life: as one that had lamented the death of his sheep should after know they were but strayed would receive pleasure, though readily he knew not where to find them.

"Now, Sir," said they, "thus for ourselves it is; we are in profession but shepherds, and in this country of Laconia little better than strangers, and therefore neither in skill nor ability of power greatly to stead you. But what we can present unto you is this: Arcadia, of which country we are, is but a little way hence, and even upon the next confines there dwelleth a gentleman, by name Kalander, who vouchsafest much favour unto us: a man who for his hospitality is so much haunted that no news stir but comes to his ears; for his upright dealings so beloved of his neighbours, that he hath many ever ready to do him their uttermost service; and by the great goodwill our prince bears him may soon obtain the use of his name and credit, which hath a principal sway, not only in his own Arcadia, but in all these countries of Peloponnesus: and (which is worth all) all these things give him not so much power, as his nature gives him will to benefit: so that it seems no music is so sweet to his ears as deserved thanks. To him we will bring you, and there you may recover again your health, without which you cannot be able to make any diligent

search for your friend; and therefore you must labour for it. Besides, we are sure the comfort of courtesy and ease of wise counsel shall not be wanting."

Musidorus (who, besides he was merely unacquainted in the country, had his wits astonished with sorrow) gave easy consent to that from which he saw no reason to disagree: and therefore (defraying the mariners with a ring bestowed upon them) they took their journey together through Laconia; Claius and Strephon by course carrying his chest for him, Musidorus only bearing in his countenance evident marks of a sorrowful mind, supported with a weak body; which they perceiving, and knowing that the violence of sorrow is not, at the first, to be striven withal (being like a mighty beast, sooner tamed with following than overthrown by withstanding), they gave way unto it, for that day and the next; never troubling him, either with asking questions or finding fault with his melancholy; but rather fitting to his dolour, dolorous discourses of their own and other folks' misfortunes. Which speeches, though they had not a lively entrance to his senses shut up in sorrow, yet like one half asleep he took hold of much of the matter spoken unto him, for that a man may say, e'er sorrow was aware, they made his thoughts bear away something else beside his own sorrow, which wrought so in him, that at length he grew content to mark their speeches, then to marvel at such wit in shepherds, after to like their company, and lastly to vouchsafe conference: so that the third day after, in the time that the morning did strew roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, the nightingales (striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorrow) made them put off their sleep, and rising from under a tree (which that night had been their pavilion) they went on their journey, which by and by welcomed Musidorus's eyes (wearied with the wasted soil of Laconia) with delightful prospects.

There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers, thickets, which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so to by the cheerful dispo-

sition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dams' comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work and her hands kept time to her voice-music. As for the houses of the country (for many houses came under their eye) they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succour: a show, as it were, of an accompanable solitariness and of a civil wildness. "I pray you," said Musidorus, then first unsealing his long silent lips: "what countries be these we pass through, which are so divers in show, the one wanting no store, the other having no store but of want?"

"The country," answered Claius, "where you were cast ashore and now are past through is Laconia, not so poor by the barrenness of the soil (though in itself not passing fertile) as by a civil war, which being these two years within the bowels of that estate, between the gentlemen and the peasants (by them named Helots), hath in this sort as it were disfigured the face of nature, and made it so unhospitable as now you have found it. the towns neither of the one side nor the other willingly opening their gates to strangers, nor strangers willingly entering for fear of being mistaken.

"But this country where now you set your foot is Arcadia: and even hard by is the house of Kalander, whither we lead you. This country being thus decked with peace and (the child of peace) good husbandry, these houses you see so scattered are of men, as we too are, that live upon the commodity of their sheep; and therefore in the division of the Arcadian estate are termed shepherds; a happy people, wanting little, because they desire not much."

"What cause then," said Musidorus, "made you venture to leave this sweet life, and put yourself in yonder unpleasant and dangerous realm?" "Guarded with poverty," answered Strephon. "and guided with love." "But now," said Claius, "since it hath pleased you to ask anything of us, whose baseness is such as the very knowledge is darkness, give us leave to know something of

you, and of the young man you so much lament, that at least we may be the better instructed to inform Kalander, and he the better know how to proportion his entertainment.

Musidorus, according to the agreement between Pyrocles and him to alter their names, answered that he called himself Palladius and his friend Daphantus; "but till I have him again," said he, "I am indeed nothing, and therefore my story is of nothing; his entertainment (since so good a man he is) cannot be so low as I account my estate; and in sum, the sum of all his courtesy may be to help me by some means to seek my friend."

They perceived he was not willing to open himself farther, and therefore without farther questioning brought him to the house; about which they might see (with fit consideration both of the air, the prospect, and the nature of the ground) all such necessary additions to a great house as might well show Kalander knew that provision is the foundation of hospitality and thrift the fuel of magnificence. The house itself was built of fair and strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinary kind of fineness as an honourable representing of a firm stateliness. The lights, doors and stairs rather directed to the use of the guest than to the eye of the artificer; and yet as the one chiefly heeded, so the other not neglected; each place handsome without curiosity, and homely without loathsomeness; not so dainty as not to be trod on, nor yet flubbered up with good fellowship; all more lasting than beautiful, but that the consideration of the exceeding lastingness made the eye believe it was exceeding beautiful. The servants not so many in number as cleanly in apparel and serviceable in behaviour, testifying even in their countenances that their master took as well care to be served as of them that did serve. One of them was forthwith ready to welcome the shepherds as men whom though they were poor their master greatly favoured, and understanding by them that the young man with them was to be much accounted of, for that they had seen tokens of more than common greatness, howsoever now eclipsed with fortune, he ran to his master, who came presently forth, and pleasantly welcoming the shepherds, but especially applying him to Musidorus, Strephon privately told him all what he knew of him, and particularly that he found this stranger was loth to be known.

"No," said Kalander speaking aloud, "I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues; which (if this young man's face be not a false witness) do better apparel his mind, than you have done his body." While he was thus speaking, there came a boy in show like a merchant's prentice, who, taking Strephon by the sleeve delivered him a letter, written jointly both to him and Claius, from Urania, which they no sooner had read but that with short leave taking of Kalander (who quickly guessed and smiled at the matter) and once again (though hastily) recommending the young man unto him, they went away, leaving Musidorus even loth to part with them, for the good conversation he had had of them and obligation he accounted himself tied in unto them: and therefore, they delivering his chest unto him, he opened it, and would have presented them with two very rich jewels, but they absolutely refused them, telling him that they were more than enough rewarded in the knowing of him, and without hearkening unto a reply (like men whose hearts disdained all desires but one) gat speedily away, as if the letter had brought wings to make them fly. But by that sight Kalander soon judged that his guest was of no mean calling; and therefore the more respectfully entertaining him, Musidorus found his sickness (which the fight, the sea and late travel had laid upon him) grow greatly, so that, fearing some sudden accident, he delivered the chest to Kalander, which was full of most precious stones gorgeously and cunningly set in divers manners, desiring him he would keep those trifles, and if he died, he would bestow so much of it as was needful, to find out and redeem a young man, naming himself Daiphantus, as then in the hands of Laconian pirates.

But Kalander seeing him faint more and more, with careful speed conveyed him to the most commodious lodging in his house, where being possessed with an extreme burning fever he continued some while with no great hope of life; but youth at length got the victory of sickness, so that in six weeks the excellency of his returned beauty was a credible ambassador of his health, to the great joy of Kalander, who, as in his time he had by certain friends of his that dwelt near the sea in Missenia set forth a ship and a galley to seek and succour Daiphantus, so

at home did he omit nothing which he thought might either profit or gratify Palladius.

For, having found in him (besides his bodily gifts beyond the degree of admiration) by daily discourses, which he delighted himself to have with him, a mind of most excellent composition, a piercing wit, quite void of ostentation, high erected thought seated in a heart of courtesy, an eloquence as sweet in the uttering as slow to come to the uttering, a behaviour so noble as gave a majesty to adversity; and all in a man whose age could not be above one and twenty years; the good old man was even enamoured with a fatherly love towards him, or rather became his servant by the bonds such virtue laid upon him; once, he acknowledged himself so to be by the badge of diligent attendance.

But Palladius having gotten his health, and only staying there to be in place where he might hear answer of the ships set forth, Kalander one afternoon led him abroad to a well-arrayed ground he had behind his house, which he thought to show him before his going, as the place himself, more than in any other, delighted in. The backside of the house was neither field, garden nor orchard, or rather it was both field, garden and orchard: for as soon as the descending of the stairs had delivered them down, they came into a place cunningly set with trees of the most taste-pleasing fruits but scarcely they had taken that into their consideration but that they were suddenly stept into a delicate green; of each side of the green a thicket, and behind the thickets again new beds of flowers, which being under the trees, the trees were to them a pavilion, and they to the trees a mosaical floor, so that it seemed that Art therein would needs be delightful, by counterfeiting his enemy Error and making order in confusion.

In the midst of all the place was a fair pond whose shaking crystal was a perfect mirror to all the other beauties, so that it bare show of two gardens; one in deed, the other in shadows. And in one of the thickets was a fine fountain made thus: a naked Venus of white marble, wherein the graver had used such cunning that the natural blue veins of the marble were framed in fit places to set forth the beautiful veins of her body. At her breast she had her babe Æneas, who seemed, having

begun to suck, to leave that to look upon her fair eyes, which smiled at the babe's folly, meanwhile the breast running.

Hard by was a house of pleasure built for a summer-retiring place, whither Kalander leading him he found a square room full of delightful pictures made by the most excellent workmen of Greece. There was Diana when Actæon saw her bathing; in whose cheeks the painter had set such a colour as was mixed between shame and disdain, and one of her foolish nymphs, who weeping, and withal lowering, one might see the workman meant to set forth tears of anger. In another table was Atalanta, the posture of whose limbs was so lively expressed, that if the eyes were only judges, as they be the only seers, one would have sworn the very picture had run. Besides many more, as of Helena, Omphale, Iole but in none of them all beauty seemed to speak so much as in a large table, which contained a comely old man, with a lady of middle-age, but of excellent beauty, and more excellent would have been deemed, but that there stood between a young maid, whose wonderfulness took away all beauty from her, but that which it might seem she gave her back again by her very shadow. And such difference (being known that it did indeed counterfeit a person living) was there between her and all the others, though goddesses, that it seemed the skill of the painter bestowed nothing on the other new beauty, but that the beauty of her bestowed new skill on the painter. Though he thought inquisitiveness an uncomely guest he could not choose but ask who she was, that bearing show of one being indeed could with natural gifts go beyond the reach of invention. Kalander answered, that it was made by Philoclea, the younger daughter of his prince, who also with his wife were contained in that table: the painter meaning to represent the present condition of the young lady, who stood watched by an over-curious eye of her parents; and that he would also have drawn her eldest sister, esteemed her match for beauty, in her shepherdish attire, but that rude clown her guardian would not suffer it; neither durst he ask leave of the prince, for fear of suspicion. Palladius perceived that the matter was wrapped up in some secrecy, and therefore would, for modesty, demand no farther; but yet his countenance could not but with dumb eloquence desire it. Which Kalander perceiving, "Well," said he, "my dear guest, I know

your mind, and I will satisfy it: neither will I do it like a niggardly answerer, going no farther than the bounds of the question; but I will discover unto you as well that wherein my knowledge is common with others as that which by extraordinary means is delivered unto me; knowing so much in you (though not long acquainted) that I shall find your ears faithful treasurers." So then sitting down in two chairs, and sometimes casting his eye to the picture, he thus spake:

"This country Arcadia among all the provinces of Greece, hath ever been had in singular reputation; partly for the sweetness of the air and other natural benefits, but principally for the well-tempered minds of the people who (finding that the shining title of glory, so much affected by other nations, doth indeed help little to the happiness of life) are the only people which, as by their justice and providence give neither cause nor hope to their neighbours to annoy, so are they not stirred with false praise to trouble others' quiet, thinking it a small reward for the wasting of their own lives in ravening, that their posterity should long after say they had done so. Even the muses seem to approve their good determination by choosing this country for their chief repairing place, and by bestowing their perfections so largely here that the very shepherds have their fancies lifted to so high conceits that the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names and imitate their cunning.

"Here dwelleth and reigneth this prince (whose picture you see) by name Basilius; a prince of sufficient skill to govern so quiet a country, where the good minds of the former princes had set down good laws, and the well-bringing up of the people doth serve as a most sure bond to hold them. But to be plain with you, he excels in nothing so much as the zealous love of his people, wherein he doth not only pass all his own foregoers but, as I think, all the princes living. Whereof the cause is, that though he exceed not in the virtues which get admiration, as depth of wisdom, height of courage, and largeness of magnificence, yet is he notable in those which stir affection, as truth of word, meekness, courtesy, mercifulness, and liberality.

"He, being already well stricken in years, married a young princess, named Gynecia, daughter to the king of Cyprus, of notable beauty, as by her picture you see: a woman of great

wit, and in truth of more princely virtues than her husband; of most unspotted chastity; but of so working a mind and so vehement spirits that a man may say, it was happy she took a good course for otherwise it would have been terrible.

"Of these two are brought into the world two daughters, so beyond measure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reasonable creatures that we may think they were born to show that nature is no stepmother to that sex, how much soever some men (sharp-witted only in evil speaking) have sought to disgrace them. The elder is named Pamela, by many men not deemed inferior to her sister: for my part, when I marked them both, methought there was (if at least such perfections may receive the word of more) more sweetness in Philoclea but more majesty in Pamela: methought love played in Philoclea's eyes, and threatened in Pamela's; methought Philoclea's beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded as all hearts must yield, Pamela's beauty used violence, and such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is between their minds: Philoclea so bashful, as though her excellencies had stolen into her before she was aware, so humble, that she will put all pride out of countenance; in sum, such proceeding as will stir hope but teach hope good manners. Pamela of high thoughts who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride; her mother's wisdom, greatness, nobility, but (if I can guess aright) knit with a more constant temper. Now then, our Basilius being so publicly happy as to be a prince, and so happy in that happiness as to be a beloved prince; and so in his private estate blessed as to have so excellent a wife and so over-excellent children, hath of late taken a course which yet makes him more spoken of than all these blessings. For having made a journey to Delphos, and safely returned, within short space, he brake up his court, and retired himself, his wife and children, into a certain forest hereby which he called his desert; wherein (besides an house appointed for stables and lodgings for certain persons of mean calling who do all household services) he hath builded two fine lodges: in the one of them himself remains with his younger daughter Philoclea (which was the cause they three were matched together in this picture) without having any other creature living in that lodge with him.

“Which though it be strange, yet not strange as the course he hath taken with the princess Pamela whom he hath placed in the other lodge but how think you accompanied? Truly with none other but one Dametas, the most arrant doltish clown that I think ever was without the privilege of a bauble, with his wife Miso and daughter Mopsa, in whom no wit can devise anything wherein they may pleasure her but to exercise her patience and to serve for a foil of her perfections. This loutish clown is such that you never saw so ill-favoured a vizor; his behaviour such that he is beyond the degree of ridiculous; and for his apparel, even as I would with him Miso his wife so handsome a beldam, that only her face and her splay-foot have made her accused for a witch, only one good point she hath, that she observes decorum, having a forward mind in a wretched body. Between these two personages (who never agreed in any humour, but in disagreeing) is issued forth mistress Mopsa, a fit woman to participate of both their perfections but because a pleasant fellow of my acquaintance set forth her praises in verse, I will only repeat them, and spare mine own tongue, since she goes for a woman. The verses are these, which I have so often caused to be sung, that I have them without book.

What length of verse can serve, brave Mopsa's good to show?
When virtues strange, and beauties such, as no man them may
know:

Thus shrewdly burden'd then, how can my muse escape?
The Gods must help, and precious things must serve, to shew her
shape,

Like great God Saturn fair, and like fair Venus chaste:
As smooth as Pan, as Juno mild, like Goddess Iris fac't,
With Cupid she forsees, and goes God Vulcan's pace:
And for a taste of all these gifts, she steals God Momus' grace.
Her forehead, Jacinth-like, her cheeks of Opal hue,
Her twinkling eyes bedeck'd with Pearl, her lips a Sapphire blue:
Her hair like Crapal stone, her mouth O heav'nly wide!
Her skin like burnished gold, her hands like silver ore untry'd.
As for her parts unknown, which hidden sure are best
Happy be they which will believe, and never seek the rest.

[*Pyrocles is the son of Euarchus, king of Macedon, and Musidorus is his cousin. They are sworn brothers in chivalric friendship and before their shipwreck have already achieved heroic adventures. Pyrocles falls in love with Philoclea, and Musidorus with Pamela, and in the long romance which follows are difficulties, dangers, disguisings, and much philosophizing before the heroes win their ladies fair. During their adventures they encounter a variety of persons, whose stories are often added to or interwoven with the main theme. One of these is the blind king of Paphlagonia, whose pitiful story was used by Shakespeare as the source of the minor plot of KING LEAR.*]

"It was in the kingdom of Galatia, the season being, as in the depth of winter, very cold and as then suddenly grown to so extreme and foul a storm, that never any winter, I think, brought forth a fouler child: so that the princes were even compelled by the hail, that the pride of the wind blew into their faces, to seek some shrouding place, which a certain hollow rock offering unto them, they made it their shield against the tempest's fury. And so staying there, till the violence thereof was passed, they heard the speech of a couple, who not perceiving them, being hid within that rude canopy, held a strange and pitiful disputation, which made them step out, yet in such sort as they might see unseen. There they perceived an aged man, and a young, scarcely come to the age of a man, both poorly arrayed, extremely weather-beaten; the old man blind, and the young man leading him; and yet through all those miseries, in both there seemed to appear a kind of nobleness, not suitable to that affliction. But the first words they heard, were those of the old man. 'Well Leonatus,' said he, 'since I cannot persuade thee to lead me to that which should end my grief, and my trouble, let me now entreat thee to leave me: fear not, my misery cannot be greater than it is, and nothing doth become me but misery. fear not the danger of my blind steps, I cannot fall worse than I am: and do not I pray thee, do not obstinately continue to infect thee with my wretchedness: but fly, fly from this region only worthy of me.' 'Dear father,' answered he, 'do not take away from me the only remnant of my happiness: while I have power to do you service, I am not wholly miserable.' 'Ah my son,' said he, and

with that he groaned, as if sorrow strove to break his heart, 'how evil fits it me to have such a son? and how much doth thy kindness upbraid my wickedness?' Those doleful speeches, and some others to like purpose, well showing they had not been born to the fortune they were in, moved the princes to go out unto them, and ask the younger what they were? 'Sirs,' answered he with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certain noble kind of piteousness, 'I see well you are strangers that know not our misery, so well here known that no man dare know but that we must be miserable. Indeed our state is such, as though nothing is so needful unto us as pity, yet nothing is more dangerous unto us than to make ourselves so known as may stir pity: but your presence promiseth that cruelty shall not over-run hate, and if it did, in truth our state is sunk below the degree of fear.

" 'This old man, whom I lead, was lately rightful prince of this country of Paphlagonia, by the hard-hearted ungratefulness of a son of his, deprived not only of his kingdom, whereof no foreign forces were ever able to spoil him, but of his sight, the riches which nature grants to the poorest creatures: whereby and by other his unnatural dealings, he hath been driven to such griefs, as even now he would have had me to have led him to the top of this rock, thence to cast himself headlong to death, and so would have had me, who received my life of him, to be the worker of his destruction. But noble gentlemen,' said he, 'if either of you have a father, and feel what dutiful affection is ingrafted in a son's heart, let me entreat you to convey this afflicted prince to some place of rest and security: amongst your worthy acts it shall be none of the least, that a king of such might and fame, and so unjustly oppressed, is in any sort by you relieved.'

"But before they could make him answer, his father began to speak. 'Ah my son,' said he, 'how evil an historian are you that leave out the chief knot of all the discourse? my wickedness, my wickedness! and if thou dost it to spare my ears, the only sense now left me proper for knowledge, assure thyself thou dost mistake me: and I take witness of that sun which you see,' with that he cast up his blind eyes as if he would hunt for light, 'and wish myself in worse case than I do wish myself, which is as evil as may be, if I speak untruly, that nothing is so welcome to my

thoughts as the publishing of my shame. Therefore know, you gentlemen (to whom from my heart I wish that it may not prove some ominous foretoken of misfortune to have met with such a miser as I am) that whatsoever my son, O God, that truth binds me to reproach him with the name of my son, hath said is true. But besides those truths, this also is true, that having had, in lawful marriage, of a mother fit to bear royal children, this son, such a one as partly you see, and better shall know by my short declaration, and so enjoyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was grown to justify their expectations, so as I needed envy no farther for the chief comfort of mortality, to leave another one's-self after me, I was carried by a bastard son of mine, if at least I be bound to believe the words of that base woman my concubine, his mother, first to dislike, then to hate, lastly to destroy, or to do my best to destroy this son, I think you think, undeserving destruction. What ways she used to bring me to it, if I should tell you, I should tediously trouble you with as much poisonous hypocrisy, desperate fraud, smooth malice, hidden ambition, and smiling envy, as in any living person could be harboured: but I list it not; no remembrance of naughtiness delights me but mine own; and methinks, the accusing his traps might in some manner excuse my fault, which certainly I loath to do. But the conclusion is, that I gave order to some servants of mine, whom I thought as apt for such charities as myself, to lead him out into a forest, and there to kill him.

“But those thieves, better natured to my son than myself, spared his life, letting him go to learn to live poorly which he did, giving himself to be a private soldier in a country hereby: but as he was ready to be greatly advanced for some noble pieces of service which he did, he heard news of me, who drunk in my affection to that unlawful and unnatural son of mine, suffered myself to be governed by him, that all favours and punishments passed by him, all offices and places of importance distributed to his favourites; so that, ere I was aware, I had left myself nothing but the name of a king, which he shortly weary of too, with many indignities if anything may be called an indignity which was laid upon me, threw me out of my seat, and put out my eyes, and then, proud in his tyranny, let me go, neither imprisoning, nor killing me, but rather delighting to make me feel my

misery; misery indeed, if ever there were any; full of wretchedness, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltiness. And as he came to the crown by so unjust means, as unjustly he kept it, by force of stronger soldiers in citadels, the nests of tyranny and murderers of liberty; disarming all his own countrymen, that no man durst show himself a well willer of mine. to say the truth, I think, few of them being so, considering my cruel folly to my good son, and foolish kindness to my unkind bastard. but if there were any who felt a pity of so great a fall, and had yet any sparks of unslain duty left in them towards me, yet durst they not show it, scarcely with giving me alms at their doors, which yet was the only sustenance of my distressed life, nobody daring to show so much charity as to lend me a hand to guide my dark steps, till this son of mine, God knows, worthy of a more virtuous, and more fortunate father, forgetting my abominable wrongs, not reckoning danger, and neglecting the present good way he was in of doing himself good, came hither to do this kind office you see him perform towards me, to my unspeakable grief; not only because his kindness is a glass even to my blind eyes of my naughtiness, but that above all griefs, it grieves me he should desperately adventure the loss of his well deserving life for mine that yet owe more to fortune for my deserts, as if he would carry mud in a chest of crystal. For well I know, he that now reigneth, how much soever, and with good reason, he despiseth me, of all men despised; yet he will not let slip any advantage to make away with him, whose just title, ennobled by courage and goodness, may one day shake the seat of a never secure tyranny. And for this cause I craved of him to lead me to the top of this rock, indeed I must confess, with meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion, as I am. But he finding what I purposed, only therein since he was born, showed himself disobedient unto me. And now gentlemen, you have the true story, which I pray you publish to the world, that my mischievous proceedings may be the glory of his filial piety, the only reward now left for so great a merit. And if it may be, let me obtain that of you, which my son denies me: for never was there more pity in saving any than in ending me, both because therein my agony shall end, and so you shall perceive this excellent young man, who else wilfully follows his own ruin.' "

THOMAS NASHE (1567-1601)

THOMAS NASHE, primarily a satirist and pamphleteer, is distinguished in English literature also as the author of the first picaresque novel (or rogue story) in the language, *The Unfortunate Traveller, or The Life of Jack Wilton*. The book was published twice during the year 1594. *The Unfortunate Traveller* is, however, not exactly a typical specimen of the form, but shows other features of the novel than those of the rogue stories of Spain from which it was derived. It has of course the main characteristics of the picaresque novel—autobiographical method of narration, episodic structure, questionable morals—but it has besides other qualities of great importance in the history of English fiction. Like other English examples of the rogue story it lacks something of the carefree quality that continental rogue stories have, although moral purpose in *Jack Wilton* is at a low ebb. It has some of the fundamental traits of the historical novel, and in the repentance of its hero it anticipates later genuine biographical novels. The outline of the plot shows this.

Jack Wilton begins his career as a sort of servitor or page in the court of Henry VIII at the time of the siege of Tournay. The story is thus set in the past and not the present. About the court and camp Wilton plays pranks, lives by his wits, and, particularly, cheats a rascally old sutler out of his wares. Wilton goes to Munster and witnesses the hanging of the Anabaptist John of Leyden. Since Nashe always hated Puritans, he gives an unsympathetic account of the execution. Wilton is taken as page to Italy by no less a person than Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. There they meet Erasmus, Sir Thomas More, and the satirist and comedy writer Pietro Aretino. Later he hears Luther dispute at Wittenberg and

gives a description of the famous university there. In Italy he passes himself off as his master and runs away with a courtesan. He gives a description of a tourney in Florence in which Surrey gallantly defeats all comers. He is at Rome during a great plague. Wilton then repents of his errors and marries his courtesan. Finally, he is present at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Whereas the typical rogue story was usually a satirical protest against the romances of chivalry (such as those ridiculed by Cervantes), *Jack Wilton* was written largely for entertainment and has both romantic and serious aspects. At the end of the book is the story of the vengeance and punishment of Cutwolfe, which is reproduced below.

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From THE UNFORTUNATE TRAVELLER,
OR THE LIFE OF JACK WILTON

(Picaresque Novel)

Who should it be but one Cutwolfe, a wearish, dwarfish, writhen-faced cobbler, brother to Bartoll the Italian, that was confederate with Esdras of Granada, and at that time stole away my courtesan, when he ravished Heraclide? It is not so natural for me to epitomize his impiety, as to hear him in his own person speak upon the wheel where he was to suffer.

Prepare your ears and your tears, for never till this, thrust I any tragical matter upon you. Strange and wonderful are God's judgments; here shine they in their glory. Chaste Heraclide, thy blood is laid up in heaven's treasury, not one drop of it was lost, but lent out to usury; water poured forth sinks down quietly into the earth, but blood spilt on the ground sprinkles up to the firmament. Murder is wide-mouthed and will not let God rest till he grant revenge. Not only the blood of the slaughtered innocent, but the soul, ascendeth to his throne, and there cries out and exclaims for justice and recompense. Guiltless souls that live every hour subject to violence, and with your despairing fears do much impair God's providence, fasten your eyes on this spectacle that will add to your faith. Refer all your oppressions, afflictions, and injuries to the even-balanced eye of the Almighty; He it is, that when your patience sleepeth, will be most exceeding mindful of you.

This is but a gloss upon the text; thus Cutwolfe begins his insulting oration: "Men and people that have made holy day to behold my pained flesh toil on the wheel, expect not of me a whining, penitent slave, that shall do nothing but cry and say his prayers, and so be crushed in pieces. My body is little, but my mind is as great as a giant's; the soul which is in me is the very soul of Julius Caesar by reversion. My name is Cutwolfe, neither better nor worse by occupation than a poor cobbler

of Verona, cobblers are men, and kings are no more. The occasion of my coming hither at this present is to have a few of my bones broken (as we are all born to die) for being the death of the Emperor of homicides, Esdras of Granada. About two years since, in the streets of Rome, he slew the only and eldest brother I had, named Bartoll, in quarrelling about a courtesan. The news brought to me as I was sitting in my shop under a stall—knocking in of tacks, I think—I raised up my bristles, sold prick-awl, sponge, blacking-tub and punching-iron, bought me rapier and pistol, and to go I went. Twenty months together I pursued him: from Rome to Naples, from Naples to Gaeta, passing over the river; from Gaeta to Siena, from Siena to Florence, from Florence to Parma, from Parma to Pavia, from Pavia to Sion, from Sion to Geneva, from Geneva back again towards Rome; where in the way it was my chance to meet him in the nick here at Bologna, as I will tell you how. I saw a great fray in the streets as I passed along, and many swords walking; whereupon drawing nearer and inquiring who they were, answer was returned me it was that notable bandetto, Esdras of Granada. Oh, so I was tickled in the spleen with that word, my heart hopped and danced, my elbows itched, my fingers frisked; I wist not what should become of my feet, nor knew what I did for joy. The fray parted, I thought it not convenient to single him out, being a sturdy knave, in the street, but to stay till I had got him at more advanage. To his lodging I dogged him, lay at the door all night where he entered, for fear he should give me the slip any way. Betimes in the morning I rung the bell and craved to speak with him; now to his chamber door I was brought, where knocking, he rose in his shirt and let me in, and when I was entered, bade me lock the door and declare my errand, and so he slipped to bed again.

“‘Marry, this,’ quoth I, ‘is my errand. Thy name is Esdras of Granada, is it not? Most treacherously thou slewest my brother Bartoll about two years ago in the streets of Rome; his death am I come to revenge. In quest of thee ever since, above three thousand miles have I travelled. I have begged to maintain me the better part of the way, only because I would intermit no time from my pursuit in going back for money. Now have I got thee naked in my power; die thou shalt, though my mother and my

grandmother dying did entreat for thee. I have promised the devil thy soul within this hour, break my word I will not; in thy breast I intend to bury a bullet. Stir not, quench not, make no noise; for if thou dost it will be worse for thee.'

"Quoth Esdras, 'Whatever thou beest, at whose mercy I lie, spare me, and I will give thee as much gold as thou wilt ask. Put me to any pains, my life reserved, and I willingly will sustain them; cut off my arms and legs, and leave me as a leazar¹ to some loathsome spittle, where I may but live a year to pray and repent me. For thy brother's death, the despair of mind that hath ever since haunted me, the guilty, gnawing worm of conscience I feel may be sufficient penance. Thou canst not send me to such a hell as already there is in my heart. To dispatch me presently is no revenge, it will soon be forgotten, let me die a lingering death, it will be remembered a great deal longer. A lingering death may avail my soul, but it is the illest of ills that can befortune my body. For my soul's health, I beg my body's torment, be thou not a devil to torment my soul and send me to eternal damnation. Thy overhanging sword hides heaven from my sight, I dare not look up, lest I embrace my death's-wound unawares. I cannot pray to God and plead to thee both at once. Ay me, already I see my life buried in the wrinkles of thy brows; say but I shall live, though thou meanest to kill me. Nothing confounds like to sudden terror, it thrusts every sense out of office. Poison wrapped up in sugared pills is but half a poison; the fear of Death's looks are more terrible than his stroke. The whilst I view death, my faith is deaded, where a man's fear is, there his heart is. Fear never engenders hope; how can I hope that heaven's Father will save me from the hell everlasting, when He gives me over to the hell of thy fury?

"Heraclide, now think I on thy tears sown in the dust, thy tears, that my bloody mind made barren. In revenge of thee, God hardens this man's heart against me; yet I did not slaughter thee, though hundreds else my hand hath brought to the shambles. Gentle sir, learn of me what it is to clog your conscience with murder, to have your dreams, your sleeps, your solitary walks troubled and disquieted with murder; your shadow by day will affright you, you will not see a weapon unsheathed but immedi-

¹ *leazar*, leper.

ately you will imagine it is predestinate for your destruction. This murder is a house divided within itself: it suborns a man's own soul to inform against him; his soul, being his accuser, brings forth his two eyes as witnesses against him, and the least eye witness is unrefutable. Pluck out my eyes if thou wilt, and deprive my traitorous soul of her two best witnesses. Dig out my blasphemous tongue with thy dagger; both tongue and eyes will I gladly forego, to have a little more time to think on my journey to heaven.

"Defer a while thy resolution. I am not at peace with the world, for even but yesterday I fought, and in my fury threatened further vengeance; had I a face to ask forgiveness, I should think half my sins were forgiven. A hundred devils haunt me daily for my horrible murders; the devils when I die will be loath to go to hell with me, for they desired of Christ he would not send them to hell before their time; if they go not to hell, into thee they will go, and hideously vex thee for turning them out of their habitation. Wounds I contemn, life I prize light; it is another world's tranquility which makes me so timorous: everlasting damnation, everlasting howling and lamentation. It is not from death I request thee to deliver me, but from this terror of torment's eternity. Thy brother's body only, I pierced unadvisedly, his soul meant I no harm to at all; my body and soul both shalt thou cast away quite, if thou doest at this instant what thou mayest. Spare me, spare me, I beseech thee; by thy own soul's salvation I desire thee, seek not my soul's utter perdition; in destroying me, thou destroyest thyself and me.'

"Eagerly I replied after this long suppliant oration: 'Though I knew God would never have mercy upon me except I had mercy on thee, yet of thee no mercy would I have. Revenge in our tragedies is continually raised from hell; of hell do I esteem better than heaven, if it afford me revenge. There is no heaven but revenge. I tell thee, I would not have undertook so much toil to gain heaven as I have done in pursuing thee for revenge. Divine revenge, of which (as of the joys above) there is no fullness or satiety. Look how my feet are blistered with following thee from place to place. I have riven my throat with overstraining it to curse thee. I have ground my teeth to powder with grating and grinding them together for anger when any hath

named thee. My tongue with vain threats is bolne,¹ and waxen too big for my mouth; my eyes have broken their strings with staring and looking ghastly, as I stood devising how to frame or set my countenance when I met thee. I have near spent my strength, in imaginary acting, on stone walls what I determined to execute on thee. Entreat not, a miracle may not reprieve thee; villain, thus march I with my blade into thy bowels.'

• " 'Stay, stay,' exclaimed Esdras, 'and hear me but one word further. Though neither for God nor man thou carest, but placest thy whole felicity in murder, yet of thy felicity learn how to make a greater felicity. Respite me a little from thy sword's point, and set me about some execrable enterprise, that may subvert the whole state of Christendom and make all men's ears tingle that hear of it. Command me to cut all my kindred's throats, to burn men, women and children in their beds in millions by firing their cities at midnight. Be it Pope, Emperor, or Turk that displeaseth thee, he shall not breathe on the earth. For thy sake will I swear and forswear, renounce my baptism, and all the interest I have in any other sacrament. Only let me live how miserable soever, be it in a dungeon amongst toads, serpents and adders, or set up to the neck in dung. No pains I will refuse, however prorogued,² to have a little respite to purify my spirit. Oh, hear me, hear me, and thou canst not be hardened against me.'

"At this, his importunity, I paused a little, not as retiring from my wreakful resolution, but going back to gather more forces of vengeance. With myself I devised how to plague him double for his base mind; my thoughts travelled in quest of some notable new Italianism, whose murderous platform might not only extend on his body but his soul also. The groundwork of it was this: that whereas he had promised for my sake to swear and forswear, and commit Julian-like violence on the highest seals of religion, if he would but this far satisfy me, he should be dismissed from my fury. First and foremost, he should renounce God and His laws, and utterly disclaim the whole title or interest he had in any covenant of salvation. Next, he should curse Him to His face, as Job was willed by his wife, and write an absolute firm

¹ *bolne*, swelled.

² *prorogued*, deferred, postponed.

obligation of his soul to the devil, without condition or exception. Thirdly and lastly, having done this, he should pray to God fervently never to have mercy upon him or pardon him.

"Scarce had I propounded these articles unto him, but he was beginning his blasphemous abjurations. I wonder the earth opened not and swallowed us both, hearing the bold terms he blasted forth in contempt of Christianity; heaven hath thundered when half less contumelies against it have been uttered. Able they were to raise saints and martyrs from their graves, and pluck Christ himself from the right hand of His Father. My joints trembled and quaked with attending them, my hair stood upright, and my heart was turned wholly to fire. So affectionately and zealously did he give himself over to infidelity, as if Satan had gotten the upper hand of our High Maker. The vein in his left hand that is derived from the heart, with no faint blow he pierced, and with the full blood that flowed from it, writ a full obligation of his soul to the devil; yea, he more earnestly prayed unto God never to forgive his soul than many Christians do to save their souls. These fearful ceremonies brought to an end, I bade him open his mouth and gape wide. He did so (as what will not slaves do for fear²); therewith made I no more ado, but shot him full into the throat with my pistol. No more spake he after; so did I shoot him that he might never speak after or repent him. His body being dead looked as black as a toad; the devil presently branded it for his own. This is the fault that hath called me hither; no true Italian but will honor me for it. Revenge is the glory of arms and the highest performance of valor, revenge is whatsoever we call law or justice. The farther we wade in revenge, the nearer come we to the throne of the Almighty. To His sceptre it is properly ascribed, His sceptre he lends unto man, when He lets one man scourge another. All true Italians imitate me in revenging constantly and dying valiantly. Hangman, to thy task, for I am ready for the utmost of thy rigor." Herewith all the people, outrageously incensed, with one conjoined outcry yelled mainly, "Away with him, away with him. Executioner, torture him, tear him, or we will tear thee in pieces if thou spare him."

The executioner needed no exhortation hereunto, for of his own nature was he hackster good enough; old excellent he was at a

bone-ache. At the first chop with his wood-knife would he fish for a man's heart, and fetch it out as easily as a plum from the bottom of a porridge pot. He would crack necks as fast as a cook cracks eggs; a fiddler cannot turn his pin so soon as he would turn a man off the ladder. Bravely did he drum on this Cutwolfe's bones, not breaking them outright, but, like a saddler knocking in of tacks, jarring on them quaveringly with his hammer a great while together. No joint about him but, with a hatchet he had for the nonce, he disjoined half, and then with boiling lead soldered up the wounds from bleeding; his tongue he pulled out, lest he should blaspheme in his torrent; venomous, stinging worms he thrust into his ears, to keep his head ravingly occupied; with cankers scrused¹ to pieces he rubbed his mouth and his gums; no limb of his but was lingeringly splintered in shivers. In this horror left they him on the wheel as in hell, where, yet living, he might behold his flesh legacied amongst the fowls of the air. Unsearchable is the book of our destinies. One murder begetteth another, was never yet bloodshed barren from the beginning of the world to this day. Mortifiedly abjected and daunted was I with this truculent tragedy of Cutwolfe and Esdras. To such straight life did it thenceforward incite me that ere I went out of Bologna I married my courtesan, performed many almsdeeds, and hasted so fast out of the Sodom of Italy that within forty days I arrived at the king of England's camp twixt Ardes and Guînes in France, where he with great triumphs met and entertained the Emperor and the French king, and feasted many days. And so as my story began with the king at Tournay and Turin, I think meet here to end it with the king at Ardes and Guînes. All the conclusive epilogue I will make is this: that if herein I have pleased any, it shall animate me to more pains in this kind. Otherwise I will swear upon an English chronicle never to be outlandish chronicler more while I live. Farewell as many as wish me well.

¹ *scrused*, squeezed.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688)

JOHN BUNYAN was born at Elstow, a town a little more than a mile from Bedford. His father was a brazier or tinker, and Bunyan learned his father's trade. The neighborhood of Elstow is full of traditions about Bunyan. It is said, for example, that a county fair was once held there and that from it Bunyan got his suggestion for Vanity Fair in *Pilgrim's Progress*. In a great detached bell-tower are the bells Bunyan in his unregenerate days took too much delight in ringing. At Ampthill, eight or ten miles on the way to London, are the ruins of Houghton Towers, former home of the Countess of Pembroke, which are thought to have suggested Bunyan's Palace Beautiful. Bunyan had little schooling, insufficient, he implies, to teach him to read and write. In 1644 he was drafted into the Parliamentary army, in which he served until 1647.

About 1648 he married a pious woman, whose name he does not tell us. He says, however, that she was "as poor as might be" and that they did not have "so much household stuff as a spoon or a dish between them." He goes on to say that she possessed two books which they read together, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven* (1601) by Arthur Dent and *The Practice of Piety* (1612). His marriage seems to have worked in him some sort of reformation, for about this time he began to read his Bible. From the Bible he may be said to have acquired not only his style of writing but almost his entire education. Of his struggle for salvation he gives a vivid account in his autobiographical work, *Grace Abounding* (1666). As a result of prayer and repentance he was converted and joined a puritanical church in Bedford in 1653. Before long Bunyan began to preach the Word and by 1656 had published a doctrinal book directed against the Quakers.

By the time of the Restoration in 1660 Bunyan had written other books and had become locally a notable preacher. In November, 1660 he was arrested under the Conventicle Act of 1593 for unlicensed preaching and sent to prison. He refused to abstain and began his long confinement in Bedford jail, from which he was not set free until the declaration of royal indulgence in 1672. During this weary period Bunyan supported himself as best he could by making "many hundred gross of long tagged laces." He was held prisoner with varying degrees of strictness, so that he was able to do a good deal of preaching inside the prison and out and to write some ten books. The greatest of these is *Grace Abounding*, an autobiography of religious experience of great exaltation and compelling sincerity. All of Bunyan's books are written in simple, one might say biblical language and are from the point of view of composition within the bounds of Scripture. Every word and every idea must have in his conscience scriptural warrant.

After his release Bunyan resumed his preaching, and, when the declaration of indulgence was withdrawn, was again arrested and imprisoned under the Conventicle Act of 1664. This time he was confined for six months in the Town Gaol on Bedford bridge, and during that period of incarceration he wrote *The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to come*, first published in 1678. After his release from his second imprisonment he grew in honor and was relatively unmolested in his ministerial work. Of the books that Bunyan wrote after *Pilgrim's Progress* three stand out as notable, although they are outshone by his masterpiece. In 1680 he published *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, a work which represents Bunyan's furthest advance toward the typical form of the novel, since, allegory though it is, it resembles the rogue story. Nowhere, save perhaps in Fielding's *Jonathan Wild*, is the completely objective tone better sustained. In 1682 came *The Holy War*, a spirited allegory of Emmanuel's siege and ultimate capture of the City of Mansoul, which had

been craftily captured and was cruelly held by Diabolus. The Second Part of *Pilgrim's Progress* describing "the manner of setting out of Christian's Wife and Children, their Dangerous Journey, And Safe Arrival at the Desired Country" came out in 1684. This second part, which is always published with the first, contains the heroical exploits of Great-heart against the Giant Despair and other monsters, and, as sequels go, is certainly a very great success.

Perhaps there is no greater allegory in all literature, not even *Everyman*, than *Pilgrim's Progress*. In it Bunyan provides a perfect reality in his impersonations, and reality in impersonation is a necessary feature of successful allegory. Bunyan's abstractions may be said to be presented absolutely in terms of the concrete.

The book was immediately popular, selling, it is said, one hundred thousand copies during the author's lifetime. At first it won its way with the common people only; later with the learned and literary classes and with the anti-puritan elements of the English nation. It was translated into language after language until it spread throughout the whole world. It occupies a ground so perfectly non-sectarian that it has been a bond uniting not only all branches of Christianity but all religions.

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From THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS FROM THIS WORLD
TO THAT WHICH IS TO COME
DELIVERED UNDER THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM
(*Allegorical Narrative*)

[*Christian has been spending a short time in rest and preparation in the Palace Beautiful. He is about to enter the Valley of Humiliation.*]

Then he began to go forward; but Discretion, Piety, Charity, and Prudence, would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. So they went on together, reiterating their former discourses, till they came to go down the hill. Then, said Christian, as it was difficult coming up, so, so far as I can see, it is dangerous going down. Yes, said Prudence, so it is, for it is a hard matter for a man to go down into the Valley of Humiliations, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore, said they, are we come out to accompany thee down the hill. So he began to go down, but very warily; yet he caught a slip or two.

Then I saw in my dream that these good companions, when Christian was gone to the bottom of the hill, gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins; and then he went on his way.

But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way, before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armour for his back; and, therefore, thought that to turn the back to him might give him the greater advantage, with ease to pierce him with his darts. Therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground; for, thought he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, it would be the best way to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold, he was clothed with scales, like a fish (and they are his pride), he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him.

APOLLYON. Whence come you[?] and whither are you bound[?]

CHRISTIAN. I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion.

APOLLYON. By this I perceive thou art one of my subjects, for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it, then, that thou hast run away from thy king[?] Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now, at one blow, to the ground.

CHRISTIAN. I was born, indeed, in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on, "for the wages of sin is death"; therefore, when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do, look out, if, perhaps, I might mend myself.

APOLLYON. There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee; but since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back; what our country will afford, I do here promise to give thee.

CHRISTIAN. But I have let myself to another, even to the King of princes; and how can I, with fairness, go back with thee?

APOLLYON. Thou hast done in this according to the proverb, "Changed a bad for a worse"; but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after a while to give him the slip, and return again to me. Do thou so too, and all shall be well.

CHRISTIAN. I have given him my faith, and sworn my allegiance to him; how, then, can I go back from this, and not be hanged as a traitor[?]

APOLLYON. Thou didst the same to me, and yet I am willing to pass by all, if now thou wilt yet turn again and go back.

CHRISTIAN. What I promised thee was in my nonage; and, besides, I count the Prince under whose banner now I stand is able to absolve me; yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee; and besides, O thou destroying Apollyon! to speak truth, I like his service, his wages, his servants, his gov-

ernment, his company, and country, better than thine; and, therefore, leave off to persuade me further; I am his servant, and I will follow him.

APOLLYON. Consider again, when thou art in cool blood, what thou art like to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that, for the most part, his servants come to an ill end, because they are transgressors against me and my ways. How many of them have been put to shameful deaths! and, besides, thou countest his service better than mine, whereas he never came yet from the place where he is to deliver any that served him out of their hands; but as for me, how many times, as all the world very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me, from him and his, though taken by them; and so I will deliver thee.

CHRISTIAN. His forbearing at present to deliver them is on purpose to try their love, whether they will cleave to him to the end; and as for the ill end thou sayest they come to, that is most glorious in their account; for, for present deliverance, they do not much expect it, for they stay for their glory, and then they shall have it, when their Prince comes in his and the glory of the angels.

APOLLYON. Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to him; and how dost thou think to receive wages of him?

CHRISTIAN. Wherein, O Apollyon! have I been unfaithful to him?

APOLLYON. Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the Gulf of Despond; thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden, whereas thou shouldest have stayed till thy Prince had taken it off; thou didst sinfully sleep, and lose thy choice thing; thou wast, also, almost persuaded to go back, at the sight of the lions; and when thou talkest of thy journey, and of what thou hast heard and seen, thou art inwardly desirous of vain-glory in all that thou sayest or doest.

CHRISTIAN. All this is true, and much more which thou hast left out; but the Prince, whom I serve and honour, is merciful, and ready to forgive; but, besides, these infirmities possessed me in thy country, for there I sucked them in; and I have groaned under them, been sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince.

APOLLYON. Then Apollyon broke out into a grievous rage, saying, I am an enemy to this Prince; I hate his person, his laws, and people; I am come out on purpose to withstand thee.

CHRISTIAN. Apollyon, beware what you do; for I am in the king's highway, the way of holiness; therefore take heed to yourself.

APOLLYON. Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter: prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul.

And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast; but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw; for he saw it was time to bestir him: and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back; Apollyon, therefore, followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent; for you must know, that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that, Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, I am sure of thee now. And with that he had almost pressed him to death; so that Christian began to despair of life: but as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly stretched out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise"; and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us." And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian for a season saw him no more.

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight—he spake like a dragon; and, on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then, indeed, he did smile, and look upward; but it was the dreadfulest sight that ever I saw.

So when the battle was over, Christian said, "I will here give thanks to him that delivered me out of the mouth of the lion, to him that did help me against Apollyon." And so he did, saying—

Great Beelzebub, the captain of this fiend,
Design'd my ruin; therefore to this end
He sent him harness'd out; and he with rage,
That hellish was, did fiercely me engage.
But blessed Michael helped me, and I,
By dint of sword, did quickly make him fly.
Therefore to him let me give lasting praise,
And thank and bless his holy name always.

Then there came to him a hand, with some of the leaves of the tree of life, the which Christian took, and applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given him a little before; so being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey, with his sword drawn in his hand; for he said, I know not but some other enemy may be at hand. But he met with no other affront from Apollyon quite through this valley . . .

[After leaving the valley Christian joins Faithful and the two approach the town of Vanity.]

Then I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair: it is kept all the year long; it beareth the

name of Vanity Fair, because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. As is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is vanity."

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing; I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago, there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City as these two honest persons are: and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long: therefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honours, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures, and delights of all sorts, as wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And, moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen juggling, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false swearers, and that of a blood-red colour.

And as in other fairs of less moment, there are the several rows and streets, under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended; so here likewise you have the proper places, rows, streets (*viz.* countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found. Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But, as in other fairs, some one commodity is as the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair; only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

Now, as I said, the way to the Celestial City lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the City, and yet not go through this town, must needs "go out of the world." The Prince of princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair day

too; yea, and as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities; yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town. Yea, because he was such a person of honour, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure the Blessed One to cheapen¹ and buy some of his vanities; but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair. Now these Pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did; but, behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself as it were in a hubbub about them; and that for several reasons; for—

First, The pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people, therefore, of the fair, made a great gazing upon them: some said they were fools, some they were bedlams,² and some they are outlandish men.

Secondly, And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech; for few could understand what they said; they naturally spoke the language of Canaan, but they that kept the fair were the men of this world; so that, from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other.

Thirdly, But that which did not a little amuse the merchants was, that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares; they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity," and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffic was in heaven.

One chanced mockingly, beholding the carriage of the men, to say unto them, What will ye buy? But they, looking gravely upon him, answered "We buy the truth." At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more: some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last things came to a hubbub, and

¹ *cheapen*, bargain.

² *bedlams*, lunatics.

great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair, who quickly came down, and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take these men into examination, about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them, asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual garb? The men told them, that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem; and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let¹ them in their journey, except it was, for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. There, therefore, they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge, the great one of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing, and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair that were more observing, and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men; they, therefore, in angry manner, let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The other replied, that for aught they could see, the men were quiet, and sober, and intended nobody any harm; and that there were many that traded in their fair, that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides, the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them, they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these

¹ let, hinder.

two poor men brought before their examiners again, and there charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and a terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them, with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side, though but few in comparison of the rest, several of the men in the fair. This put the other party yet into greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened, that the cage nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die, for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here, therefore, they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings, by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best of it; therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment: but committing themselves to the all-wise disposal of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

Then a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their trial, in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies and arraigned. The Judge's name was Lord Hate-good. Their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form, the contents whereof were this:—

“That they were enemies to, and disturbers of their trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince.”

Then Faithful began to answer, that he had only set himself against that which had set itself against Him that is higher than

the highest. And, said he, as for disturbance, I make none, being myself a man of peace; the parties that were won to us, were won by beholding our truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better. And as to the king you talk of, since he is Beelzebub, the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels.

Then proclamation was made, that they that had aught to say for their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar, should forthwith appear and give in their evidence. So there came in three witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank. They were then asked if they knew the prisoner at the bar; and what they had to say for their Lord the king against him.

Then stood forth Envy, and said to this effect: My Lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath before this honourable bench, that he is—

JUDGE. Hold. Give him his oath. (So they swear him.) Then he said—

ENVY. My Lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country. He neither regardeth prince nor people, law nor custom; but doth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in the general calls principles of faith and holiness. And, in particular, I heard him once myself affirm, that Christianity and the customs of our town of Vanity, were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled. By which saying, my Lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them.

JUDGE. Then did the Judge say to him, Hast thou any more to say?

ENVY. My Lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court. Yet, if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will despatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him. So he was bid stand by.

Then they called Superstition, and bid him look upon the prisoner. They also asked, what he could say for their lord the king against him. Then they swear him; so he began.

SUPERSTITION. My Lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him; how-

ever, this I know, that he is a very pestilent fellow, from some discourse that, the other day, I had with him in this town; for then talking with him, I heard him say, that our religion was naught, and such by which a man could by no means please God. Which sayings of his, my Lord, your Lordship very well knows, what necessarily thence will follow, to wit, that we do still worship in vain, are yet in our sins, and finally shall be damned; and this is that which I have to say.

Then was Pickthank sworn, and bid say what he knew, in behalf of their lord the king, against the prisoner at the bar.

PICKTHANK. My Lord, and you gentlemen all, This fellow I have known of a long time, and have heard him speak things that ought not to be spoke; for he hath railed on our noble prince Beelzebub, and hath spoken contemptibly of his honourable friends, whose names are the Lord Old Man, the Lord Carnal Delight, the Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire of Vain Glory, my old Lord Lechery, Sir Having Greedy, with all the rest of our nobility; and he hath said, moreover, That if all men were of his mind, if possible, there is not one of these noblemen should have any longer a being in this town. Besides, he hath not been afraid to rail on you, my Lord, who are now appointed to be his judge, calling you an ungodly villain, with many other such like vilifying terms, with which he hath bespattered most of the gentry of our town.

When this Pickthank had told his tale, the Judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, Thou runagate, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee?

FAITHFUL. May I speak a few words in my own defence?

JUDGE. Sirrah! Sirrah! thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet, that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us hear what thou, vile runagate, hast to say.

FAITHFUL. 1. I say, then, in answer to what Mr. Envy hath spoken, I never said aught but this, That what rule, or laws, or custom, or people, were flat against the Word of God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity. If I have said amiss in this, convince me of my error, and I am ready here before you to make my recantation.

2. As to the second, to wit, Mr. Superstition, and his charge against me, I said only thus, That in the worship of God there is required a Divine faith; but there can be no Divine faith without a Divine revelation of the will of God. Therefore, whatever is thrust into the worship of God that is not agreeable to Divine revelation, cannot be done but by a human faith, which faith will not be profitable to eternal life.

3. As to what Mr. Pickthank hath said, I say (avoiding terms, as that I am said to rail, and the like), that the prince of this town, with all the rabblement, his attendants, by this gentleman named, are more fit for a being in hell, than in this town and country: and so, the Lord have mercy upon me!

Then the Judge called to the jury (who all this while stood by, to hear and observe); Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town. You have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him. Also you have heard his reply and confession. It lieth now in your breasts to hang him, or save his life; but yet I think meet to instruct you into our law.

There was an Act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that lest those of a contrary religion should multiply, and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river. There was also an Act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whosoever would not fall down and worship his golden image, should be thrown into a fiery furnace. There was also an Act made in the days of Darius, that whoso, for some time, called upon any God but him, should be cast into the lions' den. Now the substance of these laws this rebel has broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne) but also in word and deed; which must therefore needs be intolerable.

For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition, to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent; but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third, you see he disputeth against our religion; and for the treason he hath confessed, he deserveth to die the death.

Then went the jury out, whose names were, Mr. Blind-man, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr.

Hate-light, and Mr. Implacable; who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the Judge. And first, among themselves, Mr. Blind-man, the foreman, said, I see clearly that this man is a heretic. Then said Mr. No-good, Away with such a fellow from the earth. Ay, said Mr. Malice, for I hate the very looks of him. Then said Mr. Love-lust, I could never endure him. Nor I, said Mr. Live-loose, for he would always be condemning my way. Hang him, hang him, said Mr. Heady. A sorry scrub, said Mr. High-mind. My heart riseth against him, said Mr. Enmity. He is a rogue, said Mr. Liar. Hanging is too good for him, said Mr. Cruelty. Let us despatch him out of the way, said Mr. Hate-light. Then said Mr. Implacable, Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore, let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death. And so they did; therefore he was presently condemned, to be had from the place where he was, to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

They, therefore, brought him out, to do with him according to their law, and, first, they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that, they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords; and, last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end.

Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude, a chariot and a couple of horses, waiting for Faithful, who (so soon as his adversaries had despatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the Celestial Gate.

But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison. So he there remained for a space; but he that overrules all things, having the power of their rage in his own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time escaped them, and went his way.

DANIEL DEFOE (1659?-1731)

DANIEL DEFOE belonged to quite respectable lower middle-class people. He was the son of a butcher named James Foe in St. Giles, London, and was educated at a dissenting college at Stoke Newington. He was proud of his education, which is supposed to have included knowledge of Greek and Latin (we may suppose in fairly moderate quantities), French, German, Italian, and Spanish. It must have included practical subjects, such as accountancy, and probably history and geography, for Defoe had a masterly knowledge of these subjects. He was in Monmouth's rebellion, but escaped the clutches of Jeffreys. In 1688 he joined the army of William of Orange and became a loyal supporter of that monarch. About this time Defoe seems to have had some commercial position in the hosiery trade in Spain and is thought to have traveled in Italy, France, and Germany. He somehow acquired an accurate knowledge of provincial England and Scotland; but in Defoe's case it is impossible to tell when one has to do with personal observation or with knowledge derived from books, for to his imagination the results in vividness and accuracy are pretty much the same. In 1692 Defoe went bankrupt in the hosiery trade, but recovered his prosperity and repaid his creditors.

He had already produced by this time many pamphlets, and had prepared his original work, *An Essay on Projects*, in 1692, although it was not published until 1698. In 1701 Defoe won the favor of King William with his vigorous poem, *The True-Born Englishman*, written in defense of that monarch; but in 1702 he met with his second great misfortune on the publication of *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*, a satire in which, by recommending the murder of all dissenters, he

sought to reduce ecclesiastical intolerance to absurdity. Defoe was a genius at impersonation, and the pamphlet was taken seriously. He was fined heavily, condemned to stand in the pillory, and to be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure. He did stand in the pillory, but showed his indomitable spirit by writing his *Hymn to the Pillory* and gaining popular sympathy for his sufferings. He was released from prison through the agency of the Queen's minister Harley, and from that time onwards he was first Harley's secret agent and then the secret agent of other ministers of state. He is reproved for the crookedness he was obliged to exercise, especially since, as the editor of *The Review of the Affairs of France* (1704-1713), he posed as a moderate and honest leader of public opinion and a genuine friend of the people. Later, while he was a whig spy, he actually posed as a tory journalist. He had acquired the steady, simple, conservative prose of the later seventeenth century and had a genius for deception and disguise, so that his manner did not always agree with his true purpose. He was a sensational journalist with a factual, simple, responsible air, who often put aside his true principles. Perhaps the experience in the pillory had made him anxious not only to save his own skin but to play the game on the side of the winners. He showed little spleen or rancor, was always humane, was fond of his family, and, when not moved to intentional deceit, was strongly on the side of the poor and the oppressed and of home-life and simple living.

There was much fiction in his pamphlets and still more in his newspaper writing, but it was not out-and-out fiction. It was fact carefully dressed up in appropriate detail. He had an unbounded enthusiasm for fact, was a master of realistic writing, and a past-master in the use of carefully elaborated details for the purpose of securing credibility. An early and convincing example of this transitional literature between fact and fiction and a conspicuous example of Defoe's use of details to secure verisimilitude is *A True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next Day after her Death, to*

one *Mrs. Bargrave at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705*, which was published in the *Review* in 1706. This ghost story was not made up, as was long thought, out of whole cloth, and was not intended to promote the sale of Peter Drélin-court's *Christian's Defence against the Fear of Death*. It was the retelling of a story commonly known and well attested, but, being bare of detail, not credible, because it lacked verisimilitude.

Defoe was nearly sixty when he published on April 25, 1719, his first novel, *The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner*. *Robinson Crusoe* retells the story of one Alexander Selcraig or Selkirk, an actual person who had spent four and one-half years on the island of San Fernando off the coast of Chili. Selkirk had quarreled with his captain at sea and had voluntarily suffered himself to be put ashore to fend for himself rather than to go further in a leaky vessel with a captain whom he disliked. Selkirk was rescued by Captain Woodes Rogers, commander of "The Duke," in February 1709, and in 1712 Rogers published the story of Selkirk in the story of his own travels. Richard Steele repeated the tale in *The Englishman* in December 1713. As will appear to anyone who reads these original accounts, the story of Robinson Crusoe is present in miniature. Rogers speaks of "a man clothed in goats' skins, who looked wilder than the first owners of them." Selkirk had had left with him, according to Rogers, "his clothes and bedding, with a firelock, some powder, bullets, and tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, some practical pieces, and his mathematical instruments and books." Selkirk told Rogers that "for the first eight months he had much ado to bear up against melancholy," but "he came at last to conquer all the inconveniences of his solitude, and to be very easy." "He was a better Christian in this solitude than ever he was before." Steele dwells on the different revolutions of his mind in that "solitude," "the painful absence of company," and especially

how his "heart yearned within him" when he saw the vessel put off. Steele also tells how Selkirk grew reconciled to his condition by the use of reason and by the reading of the Bible. He introduces a note of the romantic reflections of the age when he says, "This plain man's story is a memorable example that he is happiest who confines his want to natural necessities." Both accounts tell about the bower, the goats (with the taming of the kid), the rats and cats, and the edible turtles. The thing that happened is that Defoe's imagination took fire from the plain narrative of Selkirk's experiences and that the accidental situation on a desert island restrained his wanderings and enabled him to achieve a unity and concentration almost unparalleled. His talent was for detail and this situation magnifies and unifies detail. Plenty of other writers have used the same device in a vast "desert island" literature, but Defoe did not learn from others the secret of the thing he did.

His subsequent works, incredible in quantity and some of them showing great ability, do not achieve the intensity of *Robinson Crusoe*. Defoe followed his market in two sequels within the year—*Farther Adventures of Robinson Crusoe* and *Serious Reflections*. He published other factual fiction quickly—*The History of the Life and Adventures of Mr. Duncan Campbell* (1720), *The Memoirs of a Cavalier* (1720), *The Life, Adventures and Piracies of the Famous Captain Singleton* (1720), *The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders* (1722), *A Journal of the Plague Year* (1722), and *The History and Remarkable Life of the truly Honourable Colonel Jacque* (1722). In *The Fortunate Mistress* (1724), better known as "Roxana", Defoe makes his greatest advance toward plot construction and the novel as it was to be written by Richardson and Fielding. But this is only a small part of Defoe's later activity. He published many other books, historical, economic, sociological, geographical, biographical, and occult. *The Complete English Tradesman* is a book of simple and delightful style and of great practical wisdom.

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A TRUE RELATION *of the* APPARITION OF ONE MRS.
VEAL THE NEXT DAY AFTER HER DEATH *to one*
MRS. BARGRAVE *at* CANTERBURY,
THE 8TH OF SEPTEMBER 1705
(*Fiction Presented as Documentary Fact*)

THE PREFACE

This relation is matter of fact, and attended with such circumstances as may induce any reasonable man to believe it. It was sent by a gentleman, a justice of peace at Maidstone, in Kent, and a very intelligent person, to his friend in London, as it is here worded; which discourse is attested by a very sober and understanding gentlewoman and kinswoman of the said gentleman's, who lives in Canterbury, within a few doors of the house in which the within-named Mrs. Bargrave lives; who believes his kinswoman to be of so discerning a spirit as not to be put upon by any fallacy, and who positively assured him that the whole matter as it is here related and laid down is what is really true, and what she herself had in the same words, as near as may be, from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth, who, she knows, had no reason to invent and publish such a story, nor any design to forge and tell a lie, being a woman of much honesty and virtue, and her whole life a course, as it were, of piety. The use which we ought to make of it is to consider that there is a life to come after this, and a just God who will retribute to every one according to the deeds done in the body, and therefore to reflect upon our past course of life we have led in the world; that our time is short and uncertain; and that if we would escape the punishment of the ungodly and receive the reward of the righteous, which is the laying hold of eternal life, we ought, for the time to come, to return to God by a speedy repentance, ceasing to do evil and learning to do well, to seek after God early, if haply He may be found of us, and lead such lives for the future as may be well pleasing in His sight.

A RELATION OF THE APPARITION OF MRS. VEAL

This thing is so rare in all its circumstances, and on so good authority, that my reading and conversation has not given me anything like it. It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious inquirer. Mrs. Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs. Veal appeared after her death; she is my intimate friend, and I can avouch for her reputation for these last fifteen or sixteen years, on my own knowledge; and I can confirm the good character she had from her youth to the time of my acquaintance; though since this relation she is calumniated by some people that are friends to the brother of Mrs. Veal who appeared, who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavour what they can to blast Mrs. Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the story out of countenance. But by the circumstances thereof, and the cheerful disposition of Mrs. Bargrave, notwithstanding the unheard-of ill-usage of a very wicked husband, there is not the least sign of dejection in her face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring expression; nay, not when actually under her husband's barbarity, which I have been witness to, and several other persons of undoubted reputation.

Now you must know Mrs. Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years last past had been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on her by her going off from her discourse very abruptly to some impertinence. She was maintained by an only brother, and kept his house in Dover. She was a very pious woman, and her brother a very sober man, to all appearance; but now he does all he can to mull or quash the story. Mrs. Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs. Veal's circumstances were then mean; her father did not take care of his children as he ought, so that they were exposed to hardships; and Mrs. Bargrave in those days had as unkind a father, though she wanted neither for food nor clothing, whilst Mrs. Veal wanted for both; so that it was in the power of Mrs. Bargrave to be very much her friend in several instances, which mightily endeared Mrs. Veal; insomuch that she would often say, "Mrs. Bargrave, you are not only the best, but the only friend I have in the world: and no circumstance in life shall ever dissolve my

friendship." They would often condole each other's adverse fortune, and read together "Drelincourt upon Death," and other good books; and so, like two Christian friends, they comforted each other under their sorrow.

Some time after, Mr. Veal's friends got him a place in the Custom House at Dover, which occasioned Mrs. Veal, by little and little, to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs. Bargrave, though there was never any such thing as a quarrel; but an indifferency came on by degrees, till at last Mrs. Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a half; though above a twelve-month of the time Mrs. Bargrave had been absent from Dover, and this last half-year had been in Canterbury about two months of the time, dwelling in a house of her own.

In this house, on the 8th of September last, viz., 1705, she was sitting alone, in the forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate life, and arguing herself into a due resignation to Providence, though her condition seemed hard. "And," said she, "I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still; and am well satisfied that my afflictions shall end when it is most fit for me"; and then took up her sewing-work which she had no sooner done but she hears a knocking at the door. She went to see who it was there, and this proved to be Mrs. Veal, her old friend, who was in a riding-habit: at that moment of time the clock struck twelve at noon.

"Madam," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am surprised to see you, you have been so long a stranger"; but told her she was glad to see her, and offered to salute her, which Mrs. Veal complied with, till their lips almost touched; and then Mrs. Veal drew her hand across her own eyes and said, "I am not very well," and so waived it. She told Mrs. Bargrave she was going a journey, and had a great mind to see her first. "But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "how came you to take a journey alone? I am amazed at it, because I know you have so fond a brother." "Oh," says Mrs. Veal, "I gave my brother the slip, and came away, because I had so great a desire to see you before I took my journey." So Mrs. Bargrave went in with her into another room within the first, and Mrs. Veal set her down in an elbow-chair, in which Mrs. Bargrave was sitting when she heard Mrs. Veal knock. Then says Mrs. Veal, "My dear friend, I am come to renew our old friendship

again, and beg your pardon for my breach of it; and if you can forgive me, you are one of the best of women." "Oh," says Mrs. Bargrave, "don't mention such a thing; I have not had an uneasy thought about it; I can easily forgive it." "What did you think of me?" said Mrs. Veal. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I thought you were like the rest of the world, and that prosperity had made you forget yourself and me." Then Mrs. Veal reminded Mrs. Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did in her former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the time of their adversity; what books they read, and what comfort in particular they received from Drelincourt's "Book of Death," which was the best, she said, on that subject ever wrote. She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock, and two Dutch books which were translated, wrote upon death, and several others; but Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death and of the future state of any who had handled that subject. Then she asked Mrs. Bargrave whether she had Drelincourt. She said "Yes." Says Mrs. Veal, "Fetch it." And so Mrs. Bargrave goes upstairs and brings it down. Says Mrs. Veal, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we should see numbers of angels about us for our guard. The notions we have of heaven now are nothing like what it is, as Drelincourt says. Therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you, and that your afflictions are marks of God's favour; and when they have done the business they are sent for, they shall be removed from you. And believe me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, one minute of future happiness will infinitely reward you for all your sufferings; for I can never believe" (and claps her hand upon her knee with great earnestness, which indeed ran through most of her discourse) "that ever God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted state; but be assured that your afflictions shall leave you, or you them, in a short time." She spake in that pathetical and heavenly manner, that Mrs. Bargrave wept several times, she was so deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs. Veal mentioned Dr. Horneck's "Ascetick," at the end of which he gives an account of the lives of the primitive Christians. Their pattern she recommended to our imitation, and

said their conversation was not like this of our age; "for now," says she, "there is nothing but frothy, vain discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification, and to build one another up in faith, so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were; but," said she, "we might do as they did. There was a hearty friendship among them; but where is it now to be found?" Says Mrs. Bargrave, "'Tis hard indeed to find a true friend in these days." Says Mrs. Veal, "Mr. Norris has a fine copy of verses, called 'Friendship in Perfection,' which I wonderfully admire. Have you seen the book?" says Mrs. Veal. "No," says Mrs. Bargrave, "but I have the verses of my own writing out." "Have you?" says Mrs. Veal; "then fetch them." Which she did from above-stairs, and offered them to Mrs. Veal to read, who refused, and waived the thing, saying, holding down her head would make it ache; and then desired Mrs. Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As they were admiring "Friendship" Mrs. Veal said, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I shall love you for ever." In the verses there is twice used the word Elysian. "Ah!" says Mrs. Veal, "these poets have such names for heaven!" She would often draw her hand across her own eyes and say, "Mrs. Bargrave, don't you think I am mightily impaired by my fits?" "No," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I think you look as well as ever I knew you."

After all this discourse, which the apparition put in words much finer than Mrs. Bargrave said she could pretend to, and was much more than she can remember (for it cannot be thought that an hour and three-quarters' conversation could all be retained, though the main of it she thinks she does), she said to Mrs. Bargrave she would have her write a letter to her brother, and tell him she would have him give rings to such and such, and that there was a purse of gold in her cabinet, and that she would have two broad pieces given to her cousin Watson.

Talking at this rate, Mrs. Bargrave thought that a fit was coming upon her, and so placed herself in a chair just before her knees, to keep her from falling to the ground, if her fits should occasion it (for the elbow-chair, she thought, would keep her from falling on either side); and to divert Mrs. Veal, as she thought, she took hold of her gown-sleeve several times and commended it. Mrs. Veal told her it was a scoured silk, and newly

made up. But for all this, Mrs. Veal persisted in her request, and told Mrs. Bargrave she must not deny her; and she would have her tell her brother all their conversation when she had an opportunity. "Dear Mrs. Veal," and Mrs. Bargrave, "this seems so impertinent that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying story will our conversation be to a young gentleman!" "Well," says Mrs. Veal, "I must not be denied." "Why," says Mrs. Bargrave, "'tis much better, methinks, to do it yourself." "No," says Mrs. Veal, "though it seems impertinent to you now, you will see more reason for it hereafter." Mrs. Bargrave then, to satisfy her importunity, was going to fetch a pen and ink; but Mrs. Veal said, "Let it alone now, and do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it"; which was one of the last things she enjoined her at parting; and so she promised her.

Then Mrs. Veal asked for Mrs. Bargrave's daughter. She said she was not at home, "but if you have a mind to see her," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll send for her." "Do," says Mrs. Veal. On which she left her, and went to a neighbour's to send for her; and by the time Mrs. Bargrave was returning, Mrs. Veal was got without the door in the street, in the face of the beast-market, on a Saturday (which is market-day), and stood ready to part as soon as Mrs. Bargrave came to her. She asked her why she was in such haste. She said she must be going, though perhaps she might not go her journey until Monday; and told Mrs. Bargrave she hoped she should see her again at her cousin Watson's before she went whither she was a-going. Then she said she would take her leave of her, and walked from Mrs. Bargrave in her view, till a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three-quarters after one in the afternoon.

Mrs. Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon, of her fits, and had not above four hours' senses before death, in which time she received the sacrament. The next day after Mrs. Veal's appearing, being Sunday, Mrs. Bargrave was mightily indisposed with a cold and a sore throat, that she could not go out that day; but on Monday morning she sends a person to Captain Watson's to know if Mrs. Veal were there. They wondered at Mrs. Bargrave's inquiry, and sent her word that she was not there, nor was expected. At this answer, Mrs. Bargrave

told the maid she had certainly mistook the name, or made some blunder. And though she was ill, she put on her hood, and went herself to Captain Watson's, though she knew none of the family, to see if Mrs. Veal was there or not. They said they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in town; they were sure, if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours." They said it was impossible; for they must have seen her, if she had. In comes Captain Watson while they are in dispute, and said that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead, and her escutcheons were making. This strangely surprised Mrs. Bargrave, who went to the person immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole story to Captain Watson's family, and what gown she had on, and how striped, and that Mrs. Veal told her it was scoured. Then Mrs. Watson cried out, "You have seen her indeed, for none knew but Mrs. Veal and myself that the gown was scoured." And Mrs. Watson owned that she described the gown exactly; "for," said she, "I helped her to make it up." This Mrs. Watson blazed all about the town, and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs. Bargrave's seeing Mrs. Veal's apparition; and Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's house to hear the relation from her own mouth. And then it spread so fast that gentlemen and persons of quality, the judicious and sceptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, which at last became such a task that she was forced to go out of the way; for they were in general extremely satisfied of the truth of the thing, and plainly saw that Mrs. Bargrave was no hypochondriac, for she always appears with such a cheerful air and pleasing mien, that she has gained the favour and esteem of all the gentry, and 'tis thought a great favour if they can but get the relation from her own mouth. I should have told you before that Mrs. Veal told Mrs. Bargrave that her sister and brother-in-law were just come down from London to see her. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "How came you to order matters so strangely?" "It could not be helped," says Mrs. Veal. And her sister and brother did come to see her, and entered the town of Dover just as Mrs. Veal was expiring. Mrs. Bargrave asked her whether she would drink some tea. Says Mrs. Veal, "I do not care if I do; but I'll warrant

this mad fellow" (meaning Mrs. Bargrave's husband) "has broke all your trinkets." "But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll get something to drink in for all that." But Mrs. Veal waived it, and said, "It is no matter; let it alone"; and so it passed.

All the time I sat with Mrs. Bargrave, which was some hours, she recollected fresh sayings of Mrs. Veal. And one material thing more she told Mrs. Bargrave—that old Mr. Breton allowed Mrs. Veal ten pounds a year, which was a secret, and unknown to Mrs. Bargrave till Mrs. Veal told it her. Mrs. Bargrave never varies in her story, which puzzles those who doubt of the truth, or are unwilling to believe it. A servant in a neighbour's yard adjoining to Mrs. Bargrave's house heard her talking to somebody an hour of the time Mrs. Veal was with her. Mrs. Bargrave went out to her next neighbour's the very moment she parted with Mrs. Veal, and told what ravishing conversation she had with an old friend, and told the whole of it. Drelincourt's "Book of Death" is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be observed that, notwithstanding all this trouble and fatigue Mrs. Bargrave has undergone upon this account, she never took the value of a farthing, nor suffered her daughter to take anything of anybody, and therefore can have no interest in telling the story.

But Mr. Veal does what he can to stifle the matter, and said he would see Mrs. Bargrave; but yet it is certain matter of fact that he has been at Captain Watson's since the death of his sister, and yet never went near Mrs. Bargrave; and some of his friends report her to be a great liar, and that she knew of Mr. Breton's ten pounds a year. But the person who pretends to say so has the reputation of a notorious liar among persons whom I know to be of undoubted repute. Now, Mr. Veal is more a gentleman than to say she lies, but says a bad husband has crazed her; but she needs only to present herself, and it will effectually confute that pretence. Mr. Veal says he asked his sister on her death-bed whether she had a mind to dispose of anything, and she said no. Now, the things which Mrs. Veal's apparition would have disposed of were so trifling, and nothing of justice aimed at in their disposal, that the design of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs. Bargrave so to demonstrate the truth of her appearance, as to satisfy the world of the reality thereof as

to what she had seen and heard, and to secure her reputation among the reasonable and understanding part of mankind. And then again, Mr. Veal owns that there was a purse of gold; but it was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb-box. This looks improbable; for that Mrs. Watson owned that Mrs. Veal was so very careful of the key of her cabinet, that she would trust nobody with it; and if so, no doubt she would not trust her gold out of it. And Mrs. Veal's often drawing her hand over her eyes, and asking Mrs. Bargrave whether her fits had not impaired her, looks to me as if she did it on purpose to remind Mrs. Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it strange that she should put her upon writing to her brother to dispose of rings and gold, which looked so much like a dying person's request; and it took accordingly with Mrs. Bargrave, as the effects of her fits coming upon her; and was one of the many instances of her wonderful love to her, and care of her, that she should not be affrighted, which indeed appears in her whole management, particularly in her coming to her in the daytime, waiving the salutation, and when she was alone; and then the manner of her parting, to prevent a second attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr. Veal should think this relation a reflection (as 'tis plain he does by his endeavouring to stifle it) I can't imagine, because the generality believe her to be a good spirit, her discourse was so heavenly. Her two great errands were to comfort Mrs. Bargrave in her affliction, and to ask her forgiveness for her breach of friendship, and with a pious discourse to encourage her. So that, after all, to suppose that Mrs. Bargrave could hatch such an invention as this from Friday noon till Saturday noon (supposing that she knew of Mrs. Veal's death the very first moment), without jumbling circumstances, and without any interest too, she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked too, than any indifferent person, I dare say, will allow. I asked Mrs. Bargrave several times if she was sure she felt the gown. She answered modestly, "If my senses be to be relied on, I am sure of it." I asked her if she heard a sound when she clapped her hand upon her knee. She said she did not remember she did; and she said, "She appeared to be as much a substance as I did, who talked with her; and I may," said she, "be as soon persuaded that your apparition is talking to me now as that I did not really see

her; for I was under no manner of fear; I received her as a friend, and parted with her as such. I would not," says she, "give one farthing to make any one believe it; I have no interest in it. Nothing but trouble is entailed upon me for a long time, for aught I know; and had it not come to light by accident, it would never have been made public." But now she says she will make her own private use of it, and keep herself out of the way as much as she can; and so she has done since. She says she had a gentleman who came thirty miles to her to hear the relation, and that she had told it to a room full of people at a time. Several particular gentlemen have had the story from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth.

This thing has very much affected me, and I am as well satisfied as I am of the best grounded matter of fact. And why we should dispute matter of fact because we cannot solve things of which we have no certain or demonstrative notions, seems strange to me. Mrs. Bargrave's authority and sincerity alone would have been undoubted in any other case.

THE LIFE AND STRANGE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE, OF YORK, MARINER

(*Novel of Realistic Adventure*)

CHAPTER XV

A voyage of discovery . . .

I cannot say that after this, for five years, any extraordinary thing happened to me; but I lived on in the same course, in the same posture and place, just as before. The chief things I was employed in, besides my yearly labour of planting my barley and rice, and curing my raisins, of both which I always kept up just enough to have sufficient stock of one year's provisions beforehand—I say, besides this yearly labour, and my daily labour of going out with my gun, I had one labour, to make me a canoe, which at last I finished; so that by digging a canal to it of six feet wide, and four feet deep, I brought it into the creek, almost half a mile. As for the first, which was so vastly big, as I made it without considering beforehand, as I ought to do, how I should be able to launch it; so, never being able to bring it to the water, or bring the water to it, I was obliged to let it lie where it was, as a memorandum to teach me to be wiser next time. Indeed, the next time, though I could not get a tree proper for it, and in a place where I could not get the water to it at any less distance than, as I have said, near half a mile, yet as I saw it was practicable at last, I never gave it over; and though I was near two years about it, yet I never grudged my labour, in hopes of having a boat to go off to sea at last.

However, though my little *periagua* was finished, yet the size of it was not at all answerable to the design which I had in view when I made the first; I mean, of venturing over to the *terra firma*, where it was above forty miles broad. Accordingly, the smallness of my boat assisted to put an end to that design, and now I thought no more of it. But as I had a boat, my next design

was to make a tour round the island, for as I had been on the other side in one place, crossing, as I have already described it, over the land, so the discoveries I made in that little journey made me very eager to see other parts of the coast, and now I had a boat, I thought of nothing but sailing round the island.

For this purpose, that I might do everything with discretion and consideration, I fitted up a little mast to my boat, and made a sail to it out of some of the pieces of the ship's sail, which lay in store, and of which I had a great stock by me.

Having fitted my mast and sail, and tried the boat, I found she would sail very well. Then I made little lockers, or boxes, at either end of my boat, to put provisions, necessaries, and ammunition, &c., into, to be kept dry, either from rain or the spray of the sea; and a little long hollow place I cut in the inside of the boat, where I could lay my gun, making a flap to hang down over it to keep it dry.

I fixed my umbrella also in a step at the stern, like a mast, to stand over my head, and keep the heat of the sun off of me, like an awning; and thus I every now and then took a little voyage upon the sea, but never went far out, nor far from the little creek. But at last, being eager to view the circumference of my little kingdom, I resolved upon my tour; and accordingly I victualled my ship for the voyage, putting in two dozen of my loaves (cakes I should rather call them) of barley bread, an earthen pot full of parched rice, a food I eat a great deal of, a little bottle of rum, half a goat, and powder and shot for killing more, and two large watch-coats, of those which, as I mentioned before, I had saved out of the seamen's chests; these I took, one to lie upon, and the other to cover me in the night.

It was the 6th of November, in the sixth year of my reign, or my captivity, which you please, that I set out on this voyage, and I found it much longer than I expected; for though the island itself was not very large, yet when I came to the east side of it, I found a great ledge of rocks lie out above two leagues into the sea, some above water, some under it, and beyond that a shoal of sand, lying dry half a league more, so that I was obliged to go a great way out to sea to double the point.

When first I discovered them, I was going to give over my enterprise, and come back again, not knowing how far it might

oblige me to go out to sea, and above all, doubting how I should get back again, so I came to an anchor; for I had made me a kind of an anchor with a piece of a broken grappling which I got out of the ship.

Having secured my boat, I took my gun and went on shore, climbing up upon a hill, which seemed to overlook that point, where I saw the full extent of it, and resolved to venture.

In my viewing the sea from that hill, where I stood, I perceived a strong, and indeed a most furious current, which run to the east, and even came close to the point; and I took the more notice of it, because I saw there might be some danger that when I came into it I might be carried out to sea by the strength of it, and not be able to make the island again. And indeed, had I not gotten first up upon this hill, I believe it would have been so; for there was the same current on the other side the island, only that it set off at a farther distance; and I saw there was a strong eddy under the shore; so I had nothing to do but to get in out of the first current, and I should presently be in an eddy.

I lay here, however, two days; because the wind, blowing pretty fresh at E.S.E., and that being just contrary to the said current, made a great breach of the sea upon the point; so that it was not safe for me to keep too close to the shore for the breach, nor to go too far off because of the stream.

The third day, in the morning, the wind having abated overnight, the sea was calm, and I ventured. But I am a warning piece again to all rash and ignorant pilots; for no sooner was I come to the point, when even I was not my boat's length from the shore, but I found myself in a great depth of water, and a current like the sluice of a mill. It carried my boat along with it with such violence, that all I could do could not keep her so much as on the edge of it, but I found it hurried me farther and farther out from the eddy, which was on my left hand. There was no wind stirring to help me, and all I could do with my paddlers signified nothing. And now I began to give myself over for lost; for, as the current was on both sides the island, I knew in a few leagues distance they must join again, and then I was irrecoverably gone. Nor did I see any possibility of avoiding it; so that I had no prospect before me but of perishing; not by the sea, for

that was calm enough, but of starving for hunger. I had indeed found a tortoise on the shore, as big almost as I could lift, and had tossed it into the boat; and I had a great jar of fresh water, that is to say, one of my earthen pots; but what was all this to being driven into the vast ocean, where, to be sure, there was no shore, no mainland or island, for a thousand leagues at least.

And now I saw how easy it was for the providence of God to make the most miserable condition mankind could be in worse. Now I looked back upon my desolate solitary island as the most pleasant place in the world, and all the happiness my heart could wish for was to be but there again. I stretched out my hands to it, with eager wishes. "O happy desert!" said I, "I shall never see thee more. O miserable creature," said I, "whither am I going?" Then I reproached myself with my unthankful temper, and how I had repined at my solitary condition; and now what would I give to be on shore there again. Thus we never see the true state of our condition till it is illustrated to us by its contraries; nor know how to value what we enjoy, but by the want of it. It is scarce possible to imagine the consternation I was now in, being driven from my beloved island (for so it appeared to me now to be) into the wide ocean, almost two leagues, and in the utmost despair of ever recovering it again. However, I worked hard, till indeed my strength was almost exhausted, and kept my boat as much to the northward, that is, toward the side of the current which the eddy lay on, as possibly I could; when about noon, as the sun passed the meridian, I thought I felt a little breeze of wind in my face, springing up from the S.S.E. This cheered my heart a little, and especially when, in about half-an-hour more, it blew a pretty small gentle gale. By this time I was gotten at a frightful distance from the island; and had the least cloud or hazy weather intervened, I had been undone another way too; for I had no compass on board, and should never have known how to have steered towards the island if I had but once lost sight of it. But the weather continuing clear, I applied myself to get up my mast again, and spread my sail, standing away to the north as much as possible, to get out of the current.

Just as I had set my mast and sail, and the boat began to stretch away, I saw even by the clearness of the water some

alteration of the current was near; for where the current was so strong, the water was foul. But perceiving the water clear, I found the current abate, and presently I found to the east, at about half a mile, a breach of the sea upon some rocks. These rocks I found caused the current to part again; and as the main stress of it ran away more southerly, leaving the rocks to the north-east, so the other returned by the repulse of the rocks, and made a strong eddy, which ran back again to the north-west with a very sharp stream.

They who know what it is to have a reprieve brought to them upon the ladder, or to be rescued from thieves just going to murder them, or who have been in such like extremities, may guess what my present surprise of joy was, and how gladly I put my boat into the stream of this eddy; and the wind also freshening, how gladly I spread my sail to it, running cheerfully before the wind, and with a strong tide or eddy under foot.

This eddy carried me about a league in my way back again, directly towards the island, but about two leagues more to the northward than the current which carried me away at first; so that when I came near the island, I found myself open to the northern shore of it, that is to say, the other end of the island, opposite to that which I went out from.

When I had made something more than a league of way by the help of this current or eddy, I found it was spent, and served me no farther. However, I found that being between the two great currents, viz., that on the south side, which had hurried me away, and that on the north, which lay about a league on the other side; I say, between these two, in the wake of the island, I found the water at least still, and running no way; and having still a breeze of wind fair for me, I kept on steering directly for the island, though not making such fresh way as I did before.

About four o'clock in the evening, being then within about a league of the island, I found the point of the rocks which occasioned this disaster stretching out, as is described before, to the southward, and casting off the current more southwardly had, of course, made another eddy to the north, and this I found very strong, but not directly setting the way my course lay, which was due west, but almost full north. However, having a fresh

gale, I stretched across this eddy, slanting north-west; and in about an hour came within about a mile of the shore, where, it being smooth water, I soon got to land.

When I was on shore, I fell on my knees, and gave God thanks for my deliverance, resolving to lay aside all thoughts of my deliverance by my boat; and refreshing myself with such things as I had, I brought my boat close to the shore, in a little cove that I had spied under some trees, and laid me down to sleep, being quite spent with the labour and fatigue of the voyage.

I was now at a great loss which way to get home with my boat. I had run so much hazard, and knew too much the case, to think of attempting it by the way I went out; and what might be at the other side (I mean the west side) I knew not, nor had I any mind to run any more ventures. So I only resolved in the morning to make my way westward along the shore, and to see if there was no creek where I might lay up my frigate in safety, so as to have her again if I wanted her. In about three miles, or thereabouts, coasting the shore, I came to a very good inlet or bay, about a mile over, which narrowed till it came to a very little rivulet or brook, where I found a very convenient harbour for my boat, and where she lay as if she had been in a little dock made on purpose for her. Here I put it, and having stowed my boat very safe, I went on shore to look about me, and see where I was.

I soon found I had but a little passed by the place where I had been before, when I travelled on foot to that shore; so taking nothing out of my boat but my gun and my umbrella, for it was exceedingly hot, I began my march. The way was comfortable enough after such a voyage as I had been upon, and I reached my old bower in the evening, where I found everything standing as I left it; for I always kept it in good order, being, as I said before, my country house.

I got over the fence, and laid me down in the shade to rest my limbs, for I was very weary, and fell asleep. But judge you, if you can, that read my story, what a surprise I must be in, when I was waked out of my sleep by a voice calling me by my name several times, "Robin, Robin, Robin Crusoe, poor Robin Crusoe! Where are you, Robin Crusoe? Where are you? Where have you been?"

I was so dead asleep at first, being fatigued with rowing, or paddling, as it is called, the first part of the day, and with walking the latter part, that I did not wake thoroughly; but dozing between sleeping and waking, thought I dreamed that somebody spoke to me. But as the voice continued to repeat "Robin Crusoe, Robin Crusoe," at last I began to wake more perfectly, and was at first dreadfully frightened, and started up in the utmost consternation. But no sooner were my eyes open, but I saw my Poll sitting on the top of the hedge, and immediately knew that it was he that spoke to me; for just in such bemoaning language I had used to talk to him, and teach him; and he had learned it so perfectly, that he would sit upon my finger, and lay his bill close to my face, and cry, "Poor Robin Crusoe! Where are you? Where have you been? How come you here?" and such things as I had taught him.

However, even though I knew it was the parrot, and that indeed it could be nobody else, it was a good while before I could compose myself. First, I was amazed how the creature got thither, and then, how he should just keep about the place, and nowhere else. But as I was well satisfied it could be nobody but honest Poll, I got it over; and holding out my hand, and calling him by his name, Poll, the sociable creature came to me, and sat upon my thumb, as he used to do, and continued talking to me, "Poor Robin Crusoe! and how did I come here? and where had I been?" just as if he had been overjoyed to see me again; and so I carried him home along with me.

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745)

IT IS ORDINARILY THOUGHT that *Gulliver's Travels* grew out of the plans for satirical literature of the Scriblerus Club in 1713-1714, while Swift was in London, the plans which are thought ultimately to have given rise to *The Dunciad* by Pope and *The History of John Bull* by Arbuthnot. Swift's was the moving genius, and it is proper enough also to associate Gay's *The Beggar's Opera* with the others, since it grew out of Swift's suggestion that Gay write a "Newgate pastoral." *Gulliver's Travels* was published in 1726. It took rank at once as one of the greatest of children's books and one of the greatest of satires—both generally on human nature and specifically on current English politics. The gravity of the narrative (probably suggested by *Robinson Crusoe*), Swift's childlike delight in the marvelous, the simplicity of the basal conception of little people and big people, and the wonderfully consistent application of the formulae chosen are the features which endeared *Gulliver's Travels* not only to children but to most adults. Swift avoids the revolting exaggerations of Lucian's *True Story* or, let us say, of the narratives about Paul Bunyan. Swift is moderate and consistent. There is also in *Gulliver's Travels* an allegorical element which, like that in *Pilgrim's Progress*, operates with the widest possible range of view as to human nature and thus gives sense and reason to Swift's fiction. The suggestion in the voyages is always that a being of superior quality is looking down upon the world of men.

In the first two voyages, which are best known and are the the universal favorites, *The Voyage to Lilliput* and *The Voyage to Brobdingnag*, Swift devotes himself in his satire mainly to society, to politics, religion, and social life. *The Voyage to*

Laputa, &c., which is the third, takes up the vagaries of learning, and in *A Voyage to the Country of the Houyhnhnms* Swift swings out into the widest possible satire against man as man. He directs his shafts against man's manner of living, his crude, irrational, cruel, lustful, filthy conduct. Swift himself was a man of scrupulous moral cleanness and of the most refined taste in matters of behavior and personal delicacy. His criticism, which expresses his revolt against vulgar human conduct, rises at times almost to fury. He rarely, however, loses his sense of proportion or completely abandons his playfulness, and the opening of the book is an excellent example of the *voyage imaginaire*.

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From GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

(Imaginary Voyage)

PART IV

A Voyage to the Country of the Houyhnhnms

CHAPTER I

The author sets out as Captain of a ship. His men conspire against him, confine him a long time to his cabin, set him on shore in an unknown land. He travels up in the country. The Yahoos, a strange sort of animal, described. The Author meets two Houyhnhnms.

I continued at home with my wife and children about five months in a very happy condition, if I could have learned the lesson of knowing when I was well. I left my poor wife big with child, and accepted an advantageous offer made me to be Captain of the *Adventure*, a stout merchantman of 350 tons: for I understood navigation well, and being grown weary of a surgeon's employment at sea, which however I could exercise upon occasion, I took a skilful young man of that calling, one Robert Purefoy, into my ship. We set sail from Portsmouth upon the seventh day of August, 1710; on the fourteenth we met with Captain Pocock of Bristol, at Teneriffe, who was going to the bay of Campechy, to cut logwood. On the sixteenth he was parted from us by a storm; I heard since my return that his ship foundered, and none escaped but one cabin boy. He was an honest man, and a good sailor, but a little too positive in his own opinions, which was the cause of his destruction, as it hath been of several others. For if he had followed my advice, he might have been safe at home with his family at this time, as well as myself.

I had several men died in my ship of calentures, so that I was forced to get recruits out of Barbadoes, and the Leeward Islands,

where I touched by the direction of the merchants who employed me, which I had soon too much cause to repent: for I found afterwards that most of them had been buccaneers. I had fifty hands on board, and my orders were that I should trade with the Indians in the South Sea, and make what discoveries I could. These rogues whom I had picked up debauched my other men, and they all formed a conspiracy to seize the ship and secure me; which they did one morning, rushing into my cabin, and binding me hand and foot, threatening to throw me overboard, if I offered to stir. I told them I was their prisoner and would submit. This they made me swear to do, and then they unbound me, only fastening one of my legs with a chain near my bed, and placed a sentry at my door with his piece charged, who was commanded to shoot me dead, if I attempted my liberty. They sent me down victuals and drink, and took the government of the ship to themselves. Their design was to turn pirates, and plunder the Spaniards, which they could not do, till they got more men. But first they resolved to sell the goods in the ship, and then go to Madagascar for recruits, several among them having died since my confinement. They sailed many weeks, and traded with the Indians, but I knew not what course they took, being kept a close prisoner in my cabin, and expecting nothing less than to be murdered, as they often threatened me.

Upon the ninth day of May, 1711, one James Welch came down to my cabin; and said he had orders from the Captain to set me ashore. I expostulated with him but in vain; neither would he so much as tell me who their new Captain was. They forced me into the long-boat, letting me put on my best suit of clothes, which were as good as new, and a small bundle of linen, but no arms except my hanger; and they were so civil as not to search my pockets, into which I conveyed what money I had, with some other little necessaries. They rowed about a league, and then set me down on a strand. I desired them to tell me what country it was. They all swore they knew no more than myself, but said that the Captain (as they called him) was resolved, after they had sold the lading, to get rid of me in the first place where they could discover land. They pushed off immediately, advising me to make haste, for fear of being overtaken by the tide, and so bade me farewell.

In this desolate condition I advanced forward, and soon got upon firm ground, where I sat down on a bank to rest myself, and consider what I had best to do. When I was a little refreshed I went up into the country, resolving to deliver myself to the first savages I should meet, and purchase my life from them by some bracelets, glass rings, and other toys which sailors usually provide themselves with in those voyages, and whereof I had some about me. The land was divided by long rows of trees, not regularly planted, but naturally growing, there was great plenty of grass, and several fields of oats. I walked very circumspectly for fear of being surprised, or suddenly shot with an arrow from behind or on either side. I fell into a beaten road, where I saw many tracks of human feet, and some of cows, but most of horses. At last I beheld several animals in a field, and one or two of the same kind sitting in trees. Their shape was very singular and deformed, which a little discomposed me, so that I lay down behind a thicket to observe them better. Some of them coming forward near the place where I lay, gave me an opportunity of distinctly marking their form. Their heads and breasts were covered with a thick hair, some frizzled and others lank; they had beards like goats, and a long ridge of hair down their backs and the fore-parts of their legs and feet, but the rest of their bodies were bare, so that I might see their skins, which were of a brown buff colour. They had no tails . . . they sat on the ground; for this posture they used, as well as lying down, and often stood on their hind feet. They climbed high trees, as nimbly as a squirrel, for they had strong extended claws before and behind, terminating in sharp points, and hooked. They would often spring and bound and leap with prodigious agility. The females were not so large as the males; they had long lank hair on their heads, but none on their faces, nor any thing more than a sort of down on the rest of their bodies . . . The hair of both sexes was of several colours, brown, red, black, and yellow. Upon the whole, I never beheld in all my travels so disagreeable an animal, nor one against which I naturally conceived so strong an antipathy. So that thinking I had seen enough, full of contempt and aversion, I got up and pursued the beaten road, hoping it might direct me to the cabin of some Indian. I had not got far when I met one of these creatures full in my way, and

coming up directly to me. The ugly monster, when he saw me, distorted several ways every feature of his visage, and stared as at an object he had never seen before; then approaching nearer, lifted up his fore-paw, whether out of curiosity or mischief, I could not tell. But I drew my hanger, and gave him a good blow with the flat side of it, for I durst not strike him with the edge, fearing the inhabitants might be provoked against me, if they should come to know that I had killed or maimed any of their cattle. When the beast felt the smart, he drew back, and roared so loud that a herd of at least forty came flocking about me from the next field, howling and making odious faces; but I ran to the body of a tree, and leaning my back against it, kept them off by waving my hanger. . .

In the midst of this distress, I observed them all to run away on a sudden as fast as they could, at which I ventured to leave the tree, and pursue the road, wondering what it was that could put them into this fright. But looking on my left hand, I saw a horse walking softly in the field; which my persecutors having sooner discovered, was the cause of their flight. The horse started a little when he came near me, but soon recovering himself, looked full in my face with manifest tokens of wonder; he viewed my hands and feet, walking round me several times. I would have pursued my journey, but he placed himself directly in the way, yet looking with a very mild aspect, never offering the least violence. We stood gazing at each other for some time; at last I took the boldness to reach my hand towards his neck, with a design to stroke it, using the common style and whistle of jockeys when they are going to handle a strange horse. But this animal seeming to receive my civilities with disdain, shook his head, and bent his brows, softly raising up his right fore-foot to remove my hand. Then he neighed three or four times, but in so different a cadence, that I almost began to think he was speaking to himself in some language of his own.

While he and I were thus employed, another horse came up; who applying himself to the first in a very formal manner, they gently struck each other's right hoof before, neighing several times by turns, and varying the sound, which seemed to be almost articulate. They went some paces off, as if it were to confer together, walking side by side, backward and forward, like per-

sons deliberating upon some affair of weight, but often turning their eyes towards me, as it were to watch that I might not escape. I was amazed to see such actions and behaviour in brute beasts, and concluded with myself, that if the inhabitants of this country were endued with a proportionable degree of reason, they must needs be the wisest people upon earth. This thought gave me so much comfort, that I resolved to go forward until I could discover some house or village, or meet with any of the natives, leaving the two horses to discourse together as they pleased. But the first, who was a dapple grey, observing me to steal off, neighed after me in so expressive a tone, that I fancied myself to understand what he meant; whereupon I turned back, and came near him, to expect his farther commands, but concealing my fear as much as I could, for I began to be in some pain, how this adventure might terminate; and the reader will easily believe I did not much like my present situation.

The two horses came up close to me, looking with great earnestness upon my face and hands. The gray steed rubbed my hat all round with his right fore-hoof, and discomposed it so much that I was forced to adjust it better, by taking it off, and settling it again; whereat both he and his companion (who was a brown bay) appeared to be much surprised, the latter felt the lappet of my coat, and finding it to hang loose about me, they both looked with new signs of wonder. He stroked my right hand, seeming to admire the softness and colour; but he squeezed it so hard between his hoof and his pastern, that I was forced to roar; after which they both touched me with all possible tenderness. They were under great perplexity about my shoes and stockings, which they felt very often, neighing to each other, and using various gestures, not unlike those of a philosopher, when he would attempt to solve some new and difficult phenomenon.

Upon the whole, the behaviour of these animals was so orderly and rational, so acute and judicious, that I at last concluded they must needs be magicians, who had thus metamorphosed themselves upon some design, and seeing a stranger in the way, were resolved to divert themselves with him; or perhaps were really amazed at the sight of a man so very different in habit, feature, and complexion from those who might probably live in so remote

a climate. Upon the strength of this reasoning, I ventured to address them in the following manner: Gentlemen, if you be conjurers, as I have good cause to believe, you can understand any language; therefore I make bold to let your worships know that I am a poor distressed Englishman, driven by his misfortunes upon your coast, and I entreat one of you, to let me ride upon his back, as if he were a real horse, to some house or village where I can be relieved. In return of which favour I will make you a present of this knife and bracelet (taking them out of my pocket). The two creatures stood silent while I spoke, seeming to listen with great attention, and when I had ended, they neighed frequently towards each other, as if they were engaged in serious conversation. I plainly observed, that their language expressed the passions very well, and the words might with little pains be resolved into an alphabet more easily than the Chinese.

I could frequently distinguish the word *Yahoo*, which was repeated by each of them several times; and although it was impossible for me to conjecture what it meant, yet while the two horses were busy in conversation, I endeavoured to practise this word upon my tongue; and as soon as they were silent, I boldly pronounced *Yahoo* in a loud voice, imitating, at the same time, as near as I could, the neighing of a horse; at which they were both visibly surprised, and the gray repeated the same word twice, as if he meant to teach me the right accent, wherein I spoke after him as well as I could, and found myself perceivably to improve every time, though very far from any degree of perfection. Then the bay tried me with a second word, much harder to be pronounced, but reducing it to the English orthography, may be spelt thus, *Houyhnhnm*. I did not succeed in this so well as the former, but after two or three farther trials, I had better fortune; and they both appeared amazed at my capacity.

After some further discourse, which I then conjectured might relate to me, the two friends took their leaves, with the same compliment of striking each other's hoof; and the gray made me signs that I should walk before him, wherein I thought it prudent to comply, till I could find a better director. When I offered to slacken my pace, he would cry *Hhunn Hhunn*; I guessed his meaning, and gave him to understand as well as I could, that I

was weary, and not able to walk faster; upon which he would stand a while to let me rest.

CHAPTER II

The Author conducted by a Houyhnhnm to his house. The house described. The Author's reception. The food of the Houyhnhnms. The Author in distress for want of meat, is at last relieved. His manner of feeding in this country.

Having travelled about three miles, we came to a long kind of building, made of timber stuck in the ground, and wattled across; the roof was low, and covered with straw. I now began to be a little comforted, and took out some toys, which travellers usually carry for presents to the savage Indians of America and other parts, in hopes the people of the house would be thereby encouraged to receive me kindly. The horse made me a sign to go in first; it was a large room with a smooth clay floor, and a rack and manger extending the whole length on one side. There were three nags, and two mares, not eating, but some of them sitting down upon their hams, which I very much wondered at; but wondered more to see the rest employed in domestic business. These seemed but ordinary cattle, however, this confirmed my first opinion, that a people who could so far civilize brute animals, must needs excel in wisdom all the nations of the world. The gray came in just after, and thereby prevented any ill treatment which the others might have given me. He neighed to them several times in a style of authority, and received answers.

Beyond this room there were three others, reaching the length of the house, to which you passed through three doors, opposite to each other, in the manner of a vista; we went through the second room towards the third; here the gray walked in first, beckoning me to attend: I waited in the second room, and got ready my presents for the master and mistress of the house: they were two knives, three bracelets of false pearl, a small looking-glass, and a bead necklace. The horse neighed three or four times, and I waited to hear some answers in a human voice, but I heard no other returns than in the same dialect, only one or two a little shriller than his. I began to think that this house must

belong to some person of great note among them, because there appeared so much ceremony before I could gain admittance. But, that a man of quality should be served all by horses, was beyond my comprehension. I feared my brain was disturbed by my sufferings and misfortunes: I roused myself, and looked about me in the room where I was left alone; this was furnished like the first, only after a more elegant manner. I rubbed my eyes often, but the same objects still occurred. I pinched my arms and sides to awake myself, hoping I might be in a dream. I then absolutely concluded, that all these appearances could be nothing else but necromancy and magic. But I had no time to pursue these reflections; for the gray horse came to the door, and made me a sign to follow him into the third room, where I saw a very comely mare, together with a colt and foal, sitting on their haunches, upon mats of straw, not unartfully made, and perfectly neat and clean.

The mare soon after my entrance, rose from her mat, and coming up close, after having nicely observed my hands and face, gave me a most contemptuous look; then turning to the horse, I heard the word *Yahoo* often repeated betwixt them; the meaning of which word I could not then comprehend, although it were the first I had learned to pronounce; but I was soon better informed, to my everlasting mortification: for the horse beckoning to me with his head, and repeating the word *Hhuum, Hhuum*, as he did upon the road, which I understood was to attend him, led me out into a kind of court, where was another building at some distance from the house. Here we entered, and I saw three of these detestable creatures, whom I first met after my landing, feeding upon roots, and the flesh of some animals, which I afterwards found to be that of asses and dogs, and now and then a cow dead by accident or disease. They were all tied by the neck with strong withes, fastened to a beam; they held their food between the claws of their fore-feet, and tore it with their teeth.

The master horse ordered a sorrel nag, one of his servants, to untie the largest of these animals, and take him into the yard. The beast and I were brought close together, and our countenances diligently compared, both by master and servant, who thereupon repeated several times the word *Yahoo*. My horror and

astonishment are not to be described, when I observed in this abominable animal a perfect human figure: the face of it indeed was flat and broad, the nose depressed, the lips large, and the mouth wide. But these differences are common to all savage nations, where the lineaments of the countenance are distorted by the natives suffering their infants to lie grovelling on the earth, or by carrying them on their backs, nuzzling with their face against the mother's shoulders. The fore-feet of the Yahoo differed from my hands in nothing else but the length of the nails, the coarseness and brownness of the palms, and the hairiness on the backs. There was the same resemblance between our feet, with the same differences, which I knew very well, though the horses did not, because of my shoes and stockings; the same in every part of our bodies, except as to hairiness and colour, which I have already described.

The great difficulty that seemed to stick with the two horses, was to see the rest of my body so very different from that of a Yahoo, for which I was obliged to my clothes, whereof they had no conception. The sorrel nag offered me a root, which he held (after their manner, as we shall describe in its proper place) between his hoof and pastern; I took it in my hand, and having smelt it, returned it to him again as civilly as I could. He brought out of the Yahoo's kennel a piece of ass's flesh, but it smelt so offensively that I turned from it with loathing: he then threw it to the Yahoo, by whom it was greedily devoured. He afterwards showed me a wisp of hay, and a fetlock full of oats; but I shook my head, to signify that neither of these were food for me. And indeed, I now apprehended that I must absolutely starve, if I did not get to some of my own species; for as to those filthy Yahoos, although there were few greater lovers of mankind, at that time, than myself, yet I confess I never saw any sensitive being so detestable on all accounts; and the more I came near them, the more hateful they grew, while I stayed in that country. This the master horse observed by my behaviour, and therefore sent the Yahoo back to his kennel. He then put his fore-hoof to his mouth, at which I was much surprised, although he did it with ease, and with a motion that appeared perfectly natural, and made other signs to know what I would eat; but I

could not return him such an answer as he was able to apprehend; and if he had understood me, I did not see how it was possible to contrive any way for finding myself nourishment. While we were thus engaged, I observed a cow passing by, whereupon I pointed to her, and expressed a desire to let me go and milk her. This had its effect; for he led me back into the house, and ordered a mare-servant to open a room, where a good store of milk lay in earthen and wooden vessels, after a very orderly and cleanly manner. She gave me a large bowl full, of which I drank very heartily, and found myself well refreshed.

About noon I saw coming towards the house a kind of vehicle, drawn like a sledge by four Yahoos. There was in it an old steed, who seemed to be of quality; he alighted with his hind-feet forward, having by accident got a hurt in his left fore-foot. He came to dine with our horse, who received him with great civility. They dined in the best room, and had oats boiled in milk for the second course, which the old horse ate warm, but the rest cold. Their mangers were placed circular in the middle of the room, and divided into several partitions, round which they sat on their haunches upon bosses of straw. In the middle was a large rack with angles answering to every partition of the manger; so that each horse and mare ate their own hay, and their own mash of oats and milk, with much decency and regularity. The behaviour of the young colt and foal appeared very modest, and that of the master and mistress extremely cheerful and complaisant to their guest. The gray ordered me to stand by him, and much discourse passed between him and his friend concerning me, as I found by the stranger's often looking on me, and the frequent repetition of the word *Yahoo*.

I happened to wear my gloves, which the master gray observing, seemed perplexed, discovering signs of wonder what I had done to my fore-feet; he put his hoof three or four times to them, as if he would signify that I should reduce them to their former shape, which I presently did, pulling off both my gloves, and putting them into my pocket. This occasioned farther talk, and I saw the company was pleased with my behaviour, whereof I soon found the good effects. I was ordered to speak the few words I understood, and while they were at dinner the master

taught me the names for oats, milk, fire, water, and some others; which I could readily pronounce after him, having from my youth a great facility in learning languages.

When dinner was done the master horse took me aside, and by signs and words made me understand the concern that he was in, that I had nothing to eat. Oats in their tongue are called *blunnh*. This word I pronounced two or three times; for although I had refused them at first, yet upon second thoughts I considered that I could contrive to make of them a kind of bread, which might be sufficient with milk to keep me alive, till I could make my escape to some other country and to creatures of my own species. The horse immediately ordered a white mare-servant of his family to bring me a good quantity of oats in a sort of wooden tray. These I heated before the fire as well as I could, and rubbed them till the husks came off, which I made a shift to winnow from the grain; I ground and beat them between two stones, then took water, and made them into a paste or cake, which I toasted at the fire, and ate warm with milk. It was at first a very insipid diet, though common enough in many parts of Europe, but grew tolerable by time; and having been often reduced to hard fare in my life, this was not the first experiment I had made how easily nature is satisfied. And I cannot but observe, that I never had one hour's sickness while I stayed in this island. 'Tis true, I sometimes made a shift to catch a rabbit or bird by springes made of Yahoos' hairs, and I often gathered wholesome herbs, which I boiled, or ate as salad with my bread, and now and then, for a rarity, I made a little butter, and drank the whey. I was at first at a great loss for salt; but custom soon reconciled the want of it; and I am confident that the frequent use of salt among us is an effect of luxury, and was first introduced only as a provocative to drink; except where it is necessary for preserving of flesh in long voyages, or in places remote from great markets. For we observe no animal to be fond of it but man: and as to myself, when I left this country, it was a great while before I could endure the taste of it in anything that I ate.

This is enough to say upon the subject of my diet, wherewith other travellers fill their books, as if the readers were personally concerned whether we fared well or ill. However, it was neces-

sary to mention this matter, lest the world should think it impossible that I could find sustenance for three years in such a country, and among such inhabitants.

When it grew towards evening, the master horse ordered a place for me to lodge in; it was but six yards from the house, and separated from the stable of the Yahoos. Here I got some straw, and covering myself with my own clothes, slept very sound. But I was in a short time better accommodated, as the reader shall know hereafter, when I come to treat more particularly about my way of living.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON (1689-1761)

SAMUEL RICHARDSON was born in Devonshire, though his family, his rearing, and his outlook on life were of London—middle-class, mercantile London. His education was inferior, but his trade, that of a printer, and his zeal for self-improvement remedied the defects of his education as much as they needed to be remedied. His absorbing passion was for letter-writing, and he was the inventor of the somewhat cumbersome form of the epistolary novel. He did well in his business and apparently in private life was the soul of prudence, piety, and rectitude. He loved the society of women, won their confidence, and understood them sympathetically. He was typically a woman's man. Eighteenth century men with their quarreling, hard-drinking, fox-hunting habits, were too rough and crude to suit his tastes, and it is on record that he not only never forgave his stalwart contemporay Henry Fielding for travestyng *Pamela* but thought of him as a boor and a man of wrath.

On account of Richardson's reputation as a letter-writer he was asked by two friends of his in the printing trade to prepare one of the numerous guides to the epistolary art in the form of a volume of specimen letters in which learners and poorly educated persons might find models to suit their usual needs as correspondents. He wrote models for customary family and business letters, but threw himself into the difficulties of each letter-writer with such enthusiasm that a good many of the letters and series of letters in the book are suggestive of the characters and situations of fiction. Richardson's intense moral feeling caused him to go beyond mere formula-instruction and to give his readers directions "how to think and act justly and prudently in the common Con-

cerns of Human Life." So says the title-page of *Letters written to and for particular Friends, on the most important Occasions*, which duly appeared in 1741 and contained "One Hundred and Seventy-three Letters, None of which were ever before Published." But by that time Richardson was on the road to fame as the author of *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded. In a Series of familiar Letters from a beautiful Young Damsel to her Parents* (1740), a work which had grown spontaneously, as an accident of genius, out of the prosaic task of preparing a popular letter-writer, a task of which Richardson in his fame was ashamed. He spoke of it rather snobbishly as "intended for the lower classes of people."

He related in a letter to his friend Aaron Hill a story which he had probably had from some early correspondent, a story which moved him profoundly. It told of a lady of known grace and benevolence who had as a serving-maid in her youth been subjected to an attempt at seduction by her master. She had withstood his assaults and thus won his respect and love, so that finally she received honorable proposals of matrimony and became the wife of the nobleman who had sought to wrong her. She had further demonstrated her worthiness by the admirable way in which she discharged the responsibilities of her exalted station. Richardson, in spite of his sympathy for the lower-classes, looked up to the nobility and gentry with such adulation that he was unconscious of the higher morality which would have made marriage with a man who had sought to corrupt his innocent and virtuous serving-maid as anything but a "reward." To Richardson the case of the lady and the case of Pamela, who was drawn in her image, are cases of a genuine reward of virtue. He is so honest, however, that he lets us see that the girl herself is angling for just the fish her superior chastity enabled her to land.

As a diversion from merely formal letters Richardson decided to introduce into his complete letter-writer some letters dealing with more particular situations and demands. One of

these is a group of letters designed for the guidance of serving-maids who might be subjected to the temptations above described. In the handling of this situation his pen ran away with him. The story he had intended to use merely for illustration was completely told in letters and journals, and *Pamela*, the first English novel, was the result. The book made an immediate hit with the reading public. Richardson's circle of admiring lady friends exalted him to greater dignity, and he began to think of himself as a strong moral force, as to be sure he was. He followed *Pamela* with a long and tiresome sequel called *Pamela's Conduct in High Life* (1741). *Pamela*, originally in two volumes, had been swollen to six.

Richardson followed this with his masterpiece, *Clarissa, or the History of a Young Lady, comprehending the most important Concerns of Private Life, and particularly shewing the Distresses that may attend the Misconduct both of Parents and Children in relation to Marriage* (1748), in seven volumes. Last of all, Richardson produced *The History of Sir Charles Grandison* (1753), also in seven volumes. This he did because he wished to do fuller justice to the male sex by showing the possibilities of perfect masculine virtue. He had introduced the erring Mr. B— in *Pamela* and the notorious villain Lovelace in *Clarissa*, so that he and his admirers felt that reparation was due to mere man. The great Sir Charles is a monster of perfection, although it is only fair to say that he is less of a prig than he sounds, since Richardson presented him with a stately bombast which belongs no less to Grandison than to the eighteenth century. The women of the book are, as usual, lifelike figures.

The length of Richardson's books will suggest his quality. He is in no hurry. His stories move with the greatest slowness. They are not written for plot, but for character, sentiment, and reflection. No detail is too tiny, too unimportant or incidental to be included. The letter-form which he uses invites this circumstantial particularity, and Richardson's critics have amused themselves by showing that in the cir-

cumstances of the plot many of them simply could not have been written at all if one calculates the sheer extent of time which would have been required to perform the prodigious feats of penmanship he lays upon his characters. But this is not the point. There are many impossible things which must be accepted as conventions in fiction, and, when confronted by Richardson's printed page, one need not inquire and is not disposed to inquire whether the letters could have been penned or not.

The epistolary form gives to Richardson's novels another quite valuable thing. It enables him to present his issues from varying points of view, to discuss them, to reflect upon them, and gradually to build them into living things. Thus in a painstaking, cumulative way he makes his readers know his characters and become interested in them as readers know and are interested in their own most intimate friends and their dearest enemies. Slow, patient plodding, with stroke after stroke of the brush, makes Richardson's people live and makes their actions and interests real and personal. One need not say that this is the method of Flaubert, Balzac, Zola, Howells, James, and of all the realists down to Katharine Mansfield.

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From PAMELA, OR VIRTUE REWARDED

(Analytical Realism)

[After the death of her kind mistress, Pamela, with misgivings for her safety both on her own part and on those of her parents, remains in the service of the young heir, Mr. B——. He soon alarms her with his amorous attentions, which she resists, resolving to return to her parents. Mr. B——, however, though pretending to comply with her wishes, has her carried off to his seat in Lincolnshire and there held prisoner in charge of the vulgar and unprincipled Mrs. Jewkes. Pamela hopes to escape from her captivity through the agency of the curate of the parish, Mr. Williams.]

Friday, Saturday.

I have just now told you a trick of mine; now I'll tell you a trick of this wicked woman's. She comes up to me: Says she, I have a bill I cannot change till tomorrow; and a tradesman wants his money most sadly: and I don't love to turn poor trades-folks away without their money: Have you any about you? I have a little, replied I: how much will do? Oh! said she, I want eight pounds. Alack! said I, I have but between five and six. Lend me that, said she, till tomorrow. I did so; and she went down stairs: and when she came up, she laughed, and said, Well, I have paid the tradesman. Said I, I hope you'll give it me again tomorrow. At that, the assurance, laughing loud, said, Why, what occasion have you for money? To tell you the truth, lambkin, I didn't want it. I only feared you might make a bad use of it; and *now* I can trust Nan with you a little oftener, especially as I have got the key of your portmanteau; so that you can neither corrupt her with money, nor fine things. Never did anybody look more silly than I.—Oh how I fretted, to be so

foolishly outwitted!—And the more, as I had hinted to Mr. Williams, that I would put some in his hands to defray the charges of my sending to you. I cried for vexation.—And now I have not five shillings left to support me, if I *can* get away.—Was ever such a fool as I! I must be priding myself in my contrivances, indeed! said I. Was this your instructions, wolfkin? (for she called me lambkin). Jezebel, you mean, child! said she.—Well, I now forgive you heartily; let's buss and be friends.—Out upon you! said I; I cannot bear you!—But I durst not call her names again; for I dread her huge paw most sadly. The more I think of this thing, the more do I regret it, and blame myself.

This night the man from the post-house brought a letter for Mrs. Jewkes, in which was one enclosed to me: She brought it me up. Said she, Well, my good master don't forget us. He has sent you a letter; and see what he writes to me. So she read, That he hoped her fair charge was well, happy, and contented. Ay, to be sure, said I, I can't choose!—That he did not doubt her care and kindness to me; that I was very dear to him, and she could not use me too well; and the like. There's a master for you! said she: sure you will love and pray for him. I desired her to read the rest. No, no, said she, but I won't. Said I, Are there any orders for taking my shoes away, and for beating me? No, said she, nor about Jezebel neither. Well, returned I, I cry truce; for I have no mind to be beat again. I thought, said she, we had forgiven one another.

My letter is as follows:

“My dear Pamela,—I begin to repent already, that I have bound myself, by promise, not to see you till you give me leave; for I think the time very tedious. Can you place so much confidence in me, as to *invite* me down? Assure yourself, that your generosity shall not be thrown away upon me. I the rather would press this, as I am uneasy for your uneasiness; for Mrs. Jewkes acquaints me, that you take your restraint very heavily; and neither eat, drink, nor rest well; and I have too great an interest in your health, not to wish to shorten the time of this trial; which will be the consequence of my coming down to you. John, too, has intimated to me your concern, with a grief that hardly gave him leave for utterance; a grief that a little alarmed my tenderness

for you. Not that I fear anything, but that your disregard to me, which yet my proud heart will hardly permit me to own, may throw you upon some rashness, that might encourage a daring hope: But how poorly do I descend, to be anxious about such a menial as he!—I will only say one thing, that if you will give me leave to attend you at the Hall (consider *who* it is that requests this from you as a *favour*), I solemnly declare, that you shall have cause to be pleased with this obliging mark of your confidence in me, and consideration for me; and if I find Mrs. Jewkes has not behaved to you with the respect due to one I so dearly love, I will put it entirely into your power to discharge her the house, if you think proper; and Mrs. Jervis, or who else you please, shall attend you in her place. This I say on a hint John gave me, as if you resented something from that quarter. Dearest Pamela, answer favourably this earnest request of one that cannot live without you, and on whose honour to you, you may absolutely depend; and so much the more, as you place a confidence in it.—I am, and assuredly ever will be,

Your faithful and affectionate, &c.

“You will be glad, I know, to hear your father and mother are well, and easy upon your last letter. That gave me a pleasure that I am resolved you shall not repent. Mrs. Jewkes will convey to me your answer.”

I but slightly read this letter for the present, to give way to one I had hopes of finding by this time from Mr. Williams. I took an evening turn, as I called it, in Mrs. Jewkes’ company; and walking by the place, I said, Do you think, Mrs. Jewkes, any of my beans can have struck since yesterday? She laughed, and said, You are a poor gardener; but I love to see you divert yourself. She passing on, I found my good friend had provided for me; and, slipping it in my bosom (for her back was towards me), Here, said I (having a bean in my hand), is one of them; but it has not stirred. No, to be sure, said she, and turned upon me a most wicked jest, unbecoming the mouth of a woman, about planting, &c. When I came in, I hied to my closet, and read as follows:

"I am sorry to tell you, that I have had a repulse from Lady Jones. She is concerned at your case, she says; but don't care to make herself enemies. I applied to Lady Darnford, and told her in the most pathetic manner I could your sad story, and showed her your more pathetic letter. I found her well disposed; but she would advise with Sir Simon, who by the by is not a man of an extraordinary character for virtue; but he said to his lady in my presence, Why, what is all this, my dear, but that our neighbour has a mind to his mother's waiting-maid! And if he takes care she wants for nothing, I don't see any great injury will be done her. He hurts no *family* by this:" (So, my dear father and mother, it seems that poor people's honesty is to go for nothing): "And I think, Mr. Williams, you, of all men, should not engage in this affair, against your friend and patron. He spoke this in so determined a manner, that the lady had done; and I had only to beg no notice should be taken of the matter as from *me*."

"I have hinted your case to Mr. Peters, the minister of this parish; but I am concerned to say, that he imputed selfish views to me, as if I would make an interest in your affections by my zeal. And when I represented the duties of our function, and the like, and protested my disinterestedness, he coldly said, I was very good; but was a young man, and knew little of the world. And though it was a thing to be lamented, yet when he and I should set about to reform mankind in this respect, we should have enough upon our hands; for, he said, it was too common and fashionable a case to be withstood by a private clergyman or two: and then he uttered some reflections upon the conduct of the present fathers of the church, in regard to the first personages of the realm, as a justification of his coldness on this score."

"I represented the different circumstances of your affair; that other women lived evilly by their own consent, but to serve you, was to save an innocence that had but few examples; and then I showed him your letter."

"He said it was prettily written; and he was sorry for you; and that your good intentions ought to be encouraged: But what, said he, would you have *me* do, Mr. Williams? Why suppose, sir, said I, you give her shelter in your house, with your spouse

and niece, till she can get to her friends.—What! and embroil myself with a man of Mr. B——’s power and fortune! No, not I, I’ll assure you!—And I would have you consider what you are about. Besides, she owns, continued he, that he promises to do honourably by her; and her shyness will procure her good terms enough; for he is no covetous nor wicked gentleman, except in this case; and ’tis what all young gentlemen will do.

“I am greatly concerned for him, I assure you; but I am not discouraged by this ill success, let what will come of it, if I can serve you.

“I don’t hear, as yet, that Mr. B is coming. I am glad of your hint as to that unhappy fellow John Arnold. Something, perhaps, will strike out from that, which may be useful. As to your packets, if you seal them up, and lay them in the usual place, if you find it not suspected, I will watch an opportunity to convey them; but if they are large, you had best be very cautious. This evil woman, I find, mistrusts me much.

“I just hear, that the gentleman is dying, whose living Mr. B has promised me. I have almost a scruple to take it, as I am acting so contrary to his desires; but I hope he will one day thank me for it. As to money, don’t think of it at present. Be assured you may command all in my power to do for you without reserve.

“I believe, when we hear he is coming, it will be best to make use of the key, which I shall soon procure you; and I can borrow a horse for you, I believe, to wait within half a mile of the back-door, over the pasture, and will contrive, by myself, or somebody, to have you conducted some miles distant, to one of the villages thereabouts; so don’t be discomfited, I beseech you.—I am, excellent Mrs. Pamela,

Your faithful friend, &c.”

I made a thousand sad reflections upon the former part of this honest gentleman’s kind letter; and but for the hope he gave me at last, should have given up my case as quite desperate. I then wrote to thank him most gratefully for his kind endeavours; to lament the little concern the gentry had for my deplorable case; the wickedness of the world, first to give way to such iniquitous fashions, and then plead the frequency of them, against the attempt

to amend them; and how unaffected people were with the distresses of others. I recalled my former hint as to writing to Lady Davers, which I feared, I said, would only serve to apprise her brother, that she knew his wicked scheme, and more harden him in it, and make him come down the sooner, and to be the more determined on my ruin; besides that it might make Mr. Williams guessed at, as a means of conveying my letter: And being very fearful, that if that good lady *would* interest herself in my behalf (which was a doubt, because she both loved and feared her brother), it would have no effect upon him; and that therefore I would wait the happy event I might hope for from his kind assistance in the key, and the horse. I intimated my master's letter, begging to be permitted to come down: was fearful it might be sudden; and that I was of opinion no time was to be lost; for we might let slip all our opportunities; telling him the money trick of this vile woman, &c.

I had not time to take a copy of this letter, I was so watched. And when I had it ready in my bosom, I was easy. And so I went to seek out Mrs. Jewkes, and told her, I would have her advice upon the letter I had received from my master; which point of confidence in her pleased her not a little. Ay, said she, now this is something like: and we'll take a turn in the garden, or where you please. I pretended it was indifferent to me; and so we walked into the garden. I began to talk to her of the letter; but was far from acquainting her with all the contents; only that he wanted my consent to come down, and hoped she used me kindly, and the like. And I said, Now, Mrs. Jewkes, let me have your advice as to this. Why then, said she, I will give it you freely; E'en send to him to come down. It will highly oblige him, and I daresay you'll fare the better for it. How the *better*? said I.—I daresay, you think yourself, that he intends my ruin.—I hate, said she, that foolish word, your *ruin*! Why, ne'er a lady in the land may live happier than you if you will, or be more honourably used.

Well, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, I shall not, at this time, dispute with you about the words *ruin* and *honourable*: for I find we have quite different notions of both: But now I will speak plainer than ever I did. Do you think he intends to make proposals to me as to a kept mistress, or kept slave rather, or do you not?—Why,

lambkin, said she, what dost thou think thyself?—I fear, said I, he does. Well, said she, but if he does (for I know nothing of the matter, I assure you), you may have your own terms—I see that; for you may do anything with him.

I could not bear this to be spoken, though it was all I feared of a long time; and began to exclaim most sadly. Nay, said she, he may marry you, as far as I know.—No, no, said I, that cannot be.—I neither desire nor expect it. His condition don't permit me to have such a thought; and that, and the whole series of his conduct, convinces me of the contrary; and you would have me invite him to come down, would you? Is not this to invite my ruin?

'Tis what *I* would do, said she, in your place; and if it was to be as you *think*, I should rather be out of my pain, than live in continual frights and apprehensions, as you do. No, replied I, an *hour* of innocence is worth an *age* of guilt; and were my life to be made ever so miserable by it, I should never forgive myself, if I were not to lengthen out to the longest minute my happy time of honesty. Who knows what Providence may do for me!

Why, may be, said she, as he loves you so well, you may prevail upon him by your prayers and tears; and for that reason, I should think, you'd better let him come down. Well, said I, I will write him a letter, because he expects an answer, or may be he will make a pretence to come down. How can it go?

I'll take care of that, said she; it is in my instructions.—Ay, thought I, so I doubt, by the hint Mr. Williams gave me about the post-house.

The gardener coming by, I said, Mr. Jacob, I have planted a few beans, and I call the place my garden. It is just by the door out yonder: I'll show it you; pray don't dig them up. So I went on with him; and when we had turned the alley, out of her sight, and were near the place, said I, Pray step to Mrs. Jewkes, and ask her if she has any more beans for me to plant? He smiled, I suppose at my foolishness; and I popped the letter under the mould, and stepped back, as if waiting for his return; which, being near, was immediate; and she followed him. What should *I* do with beans? said she,—and sadly scared me; for she whispered me, I am afraid of some fetch! You don't use to send on such simple errands.—What fetch? said I: It is hard I can neither stir,

nor speak, but I must be suspected.—Why, said she, my master writes, that I must have all my eyes about me; for though you are as innocent as a dove, yet you are as cunning as a serpent. But I'll forgive you, if you cheat *me*.

Then I thought of my money, and could have called her names, had I dared: And I said, Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, now you talk of forgiving me, if I cheat you, be so kind as to pay me my money; for though I have no occasion for it, yet I know you was but in jest, and intended to give it me again. You shall have it in a proper time, said she; but, indeed, I was in earnest to get it out of your hands, for fear you should make an ill use of it. And so we cavilled upon this subject, as we walked in, and I went up to write my letter to my master; and, as I intended to show it her, I resolved to write accordingly as to her part of it; for I made little account of his offer of Mrs. Jervis to me, instead of this wicked woman (though the most agreeable thing that could have befallen me, except my escape from hence), nor indeed anything he said. For to be honourable, in the just sense of the word, he need not have caused me to be run away with, and confined as I am. I wrote as follows:

“Honoured Sir,—When I consider how easily you might make me happy, since all I desire is to be permitted to go to my poor father and mother; when I reflect upon your former proposal to me, in relation to a certain person, not one word of which is now mentioned; and upon my being in that strange manner run away with, and still kept here a miserable prisoner; do you think, sir (pardon your poor servant's freedom; my fears make me bold; do you think, I say), that your general assurances of honour to me, can have the effect upon me, that, were it not for these things, all your words ought to have?—Oh, good sir! I too much apprehend, that *your* notions of honour and *mine* are very different from one another: and I have no other hopes but in your continued absence. If you have any proposals to make me, that are consistent with your honourable professions, in my *humble* sense of the word, a few lines will communicate them to me, and I will return such an answer as befits me. But, oh! what proposals can one in your high station have to make to one in my low one! I know what belongs to your degree too well, to

imagine, that anything can be expected but sad temptations, and utter distress, if you come down; and you know not, sir, when I am made desperate, what the wretched *Pamela dares to do!*

“Whatever rashness you may impute to me, I cannot help it; but I wish I may not be forced upon any, that otherwise would never enter into my thoughts. Forgive me, sir, my plainness; I should be loath to behave to my master unbecomingly; but I must needs say, sir, my innocence is so dear to me, that all other considerations are, and, I hope, shall ever be, treated by me as niceties, that ought, for that, to be dispensed with. If you mean honourably, why, sir, should you not let me know it plainly? Why is it necessary to imprison me, to convince me of it? And why must I be close watched, and attended, hindered from stirring out, from speaking to anybody, from going so much as to church to pray for you, who have been, till of late, so generous a benefactor to me? Why, sir, I humbly ask, why all this, if you mean honourably?—It is not for me to expostulate so freely, but in a case so near to me, with you, sir, so greatly my superior. Pardon me, I hope you will; but as to *seeing you*, I cannot bear the dreadful apprehension. Whatever you have to propose, whatever you intend by me, let my assent be that of a free person, mean as I am, and not of a sordid slave, who is to be threatened and frightened into a compliance with measures, which your conduct to her seems to imply would be otherwise abhorred by her.—My restraint is indeed hard upon me: I am very uneasy under it. Shorten it, I beseech you, or—but I will not dare to say more, than that I am

Your greatly oppressed unhappy servant.”

After I had taken a copy of this, I folded it up; and Mrs. Jewkes, coming just as I had done, sat down by me; and said, when she saw me direct it, I wish you would tell me if you have taken my advice, and consented to my master’s coming down. If it will oblige you, said I, I will read it to you. That’s good, said she; then I’ll love you dearly.—Said I, Then you must not offer to alter one word. I won’t, replied she. So I read it to her, and she praised me much for my wording it; but said she thought I pushed the matter very close; and it would better bear *talking* of, than *writing* about. She wanted an explanation or two, as

about the proposal to a *certain person*; but I said, she must take it as she heard it. Well, well, said she, I make no doubt you understand one another, and will do so more and more. I sealed up the letter, and she undertook to convey it.

[*Mr. B—— comes to Lincolnshire, and, in order to make Pamela his mistress, exposes her, with the aid of Mrs. Jewkes, to usage which may be described as nefarious. She defends herself as best she can and pleads her cause so well that Mr. B—— begins to love her in earnest. She, still fearful, rebuffs him, and in a rage he sends her out of the house on her way home. A little later, however, the lovelorn man sends a pleading letter after her, and she returns precipitously.*]

Tuesday morning.

Getting up pretty early, I have written thus far, while Mrs. Jewkes lies snoring in bed, fetching up her last night's disturbance. I long for her rising, to know how my poor master does. 'Tis well for *her* she can sleep so purely. No love, but for herself, will ever break her rest, I am sure. I am deadly sore all over, as if I had been soundly beaten. I did not think I could have lived under such fatigue.

Mrs. Jewkes, as soon as she got up, went to know how my master did, and he had had a good night; and, having drank plentifully of sack whey, had sweated much; so that his fever had abated considerably. She said to him, that he must not be surprised, and she would tell him news. He asked, What? And she said, I was come. He raised himself up in bed; Can it be? said he—What, already!—She told him I came last night. Monsieur Colbrand coming to inquire of his health, he ordered him to draw near him, and was highly pleased with the account he gave him of the journey, my readiness to come back, and my willingness to reach home that night. And he said, Why, these tender fair ones, I think, bear fatigue better than us men. But she is very good, to give me such an instance of her readiness to oblige me. Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, said he, take great care of her health! and let her lie a-bed all day. She told him I had been up these two hours. Ask her, said he, if she will be so good as to make

me a visit: If she won't, I'll rise, and go to her. Indeed, sir, said she, you must be still; and I'll go to her. But don't urge her too much, said he, if she be unwilling.

She came to me, and told me all the above; and I said, I would most willingly wait upon him, for, indeed, I longed to see him, and was much grieved he was so ill.—So I went down with her. Will she come? said he, as I entered the room. Yes, sir, said we; and she said, at the first word, Most willingly.—Sweet excellence! said he.

As soon as he saw me, he said, Oh, my beloved Pamela! you have made me quite well. I'm concerned to return my acknowledgments to you in so unfit a place and manner; but will you give me your hand? I did, and he kissed it with great eagerness. Sir, said I, you do me too much honour!—I am sorry you are so ill.—I can't be ill, said he, while you are with me. I am very well already.

Well, said he, and kissed my hand again, you shall not repent this goodness. My heart is too full of it to express myself as I ought. But I am sorry you have had such a fatiguing time of it.—Life is no life without you! If you had refused me, and yet I had hardly hopes you would oblige me, I should have had a severe fit of it, I believe; for I was taken very oddly, and knew what to make of myself: but now I shall be well instantly. You need not, Mrs. Jewkes, added he, send for the doctor from Stamford, as we talked yesterday; for this lovely creature is my doctor, as her absence was my disease.

He begged me to sit down by his bed-side, and asked me, if I had obliged him with sending for my former packet? I said I had, and hoped it would be brought. He said it was doubly kind.

I would not stay long because of disturbing him. And he got up in the afternoon, and desired my company; and seemed quite pleased, easy, and much better. He said, Mrs. Jewkes, after this instance of my good Pamela's obligingness in her return, I am sure we ought to leave her entirely at her own liberty; and pray, if she pleases to take a turn in our chariot, or in the garden, or to the town, or wherever she will, let her be left at liberty, and asked no questions; and do you do all in your power to oblige her. She said she would be sure.

He took my hand, and said, One thing I will tell you, Pamela,

because I know you will be glad to hear it, and yet not care to ask me: I had, before you went, taken Williams's bond for the money, for how the poor man had behaved I can't tell, but he could get no bail; and if I have no fresh reason given me, perhaps I shall not exact the payment; and he has been some time at liberty, and now follows his school; but, methinks, I could wish you would not see him at present.

Sir, said I, I will not do anything to disoblige you wilfully; and I am glad he is at liberty, because I was the occasion of his misfortunes. I durst say no more, though I wanted to plead for the poor gentleman; which, in gratitude, I thought I ought, when I could do him service. I said, I am sorry, sir, Lady Davers, who loves you so well, should have incurred your displeasure, and that there should be any variance between your honour and her, I hope it was not on my account. He took out of his waistcoat pocket, as he sat in his gown, his letter-case, and said, Here, Pamela, read *that* when you go upstairs, and let me have your thoughts upon it; and that will let you into the affair.

He said he was very heavy of a sudden, and would lie down, and indulge for that day; and if he was better in the morning, would take an airing in the chariot. And so I took my leave for the present, and went up to my closet, and read the letter he was pleased to put into my hands; which is as follows.—

“Brother,—I am very uneasy at what I hear of you; and must write, whether it please you or not, my *full* mind. I have had some people with me, desiring me to interpose with you; and they have a greater regard for your honour, than, I am sorry to say it, you have yourself. Could I think, that a brother of mine would so meanly run away with my late dear mother's waiting-maid, and keep her a prisoner from all her friends, and to the disgrace of your own? But I thought, when you would not let the wench come to me on my mother's death, that you meant no good.—I blush for you, I'll assure you. The girl was an innocent, good girl; but I suppose that's over with her now, or soon will. What can you mean by this, let me ask you? Either you will have her for a kept mistress, or for a wife. If the former, there are enough to be had without ruining a poor wench that my mother loved, and who really was a very good girl: and of

this you may be ashamed. As to the *other*, I daresay you don't think of it; but if you *should*, you would be utterly inexcusable. Consider, brother, that ours is no upstart family; but is as ancient as the best in the kingdom! and, for several hundreds of years, it has never been known, that the heirs of it have disgraced themselves by unequal matches: And you know you have been sought to by some of the best families in the nation, for your alliance. It might be well enough, if you were descended of a family of yesterday, or but a remove or two from the dirt you seem so fond of. But, let me tell you, that I, and all mine, will renounce you for ever, if you can descend so meanly; and I shall be ashamed to be called your sister. A handsome man, as you are, in your person; so happy in the gifts of your mind, that everybody courts your company; and possessed of such a noble and clear estate; and very rich in money besides, left you by the best of fathers and mothers, with such ancient blood in your veins, untainted! for *you* to throw away yourself thus, is intolerable; and it would be very wicked in you to ruin the wench too. So that I beg you will restore her to her parents, and give her 100*l.* or so, to make her happy in some honest fellow of her own degree; and that will be doing something, and will also oblige and pacify

Your much grieved sister.

"If I have written too sharply, consider it is my love to you, and the shame you are bringing upon yourself; and I wish this may have the effect upon you, intended by your very loving sister."

This is a sad letter, my dear father and mother; and one may see how poor people are despised by the proud and the rich! and yet we were all on a foot originally: And many of these gentry, that brag of their ancient blood, would be glad to have it as wholesome, and as *really* untainted as ours!—Surely these proud people never think what a short stage life is; and that, with all their vanity, a time is coming, when they shall be obliged to submit to be on a level with us: And true said the philosopher, when he looked upon the skull of a king, and that of a poor man, that he saw no difference between them. Besides, do they not know, that the richest of princes, and the poorest of beggars, are to have one great and tremendous Judge, at the last day;

who will not distinguish between them, according to their circumstances in life?—But, on the contrary, may make their condemnations the greater, as their neglected opportunities were the greater? Poor souls! how do I pity their pride!—Oh keep me, Heaven! from *their* high condition, if my mind shall ever be tainted with *their* vice! or polluted with so cruel and inconsiderate a contempt of the humble estate which they behold with so much scorn.

But, besides, how do these gentry know, that, supposing they could trace back their ancestry for one, two, three, or even five hundred years, that then the original stems of these poor families, though they have not kept such elaborate records of their good-for-nothingness, as it often proves, were not still deeper rooted?—And how can they be assured, that one hundred years hence, or two, some of those now despised upstart families may not revel in their estates, while their descendants may be reduced to the others' dunghills!—And, perhaps, such is the vanity, as well as changeableness, of human estates, in *their* turns set up for pride of family, and despise the others!

These reflections occurred to my thoughts, made serious by my master's indisposition, and this proud letter of the *lowly* Lady Davers, against the *high-minded* Pamela. *Lowly*, I say, because she could *stoop* to such vain *pride*; and *high-minded* I, because I hope I am too *proud* ever to do the like!—But, after all, poor wretches that we be! we scarce know what we *are*, much less what we *shall be*!—But, once more pray I to be kept from the sinful pride of a high estate.

On this occasion I recall the following lines, which I have read; where the poet argues in a much better manner:—

“—————Wise Providence
Does various parts for various minds dispense:
The *meanest slaves*, or those who *hedge and ditch*,
Are useful, by their sweat, to feed the *rich*.
The *rich*, in due return, impart their store;
Which comfortably feeds the lab'ring *poor*.
Nor let the *rich* the *lowest slave* disdain:
He's *equally* a *link* of Nature's *chain*:
Labours to the *same end*, joins in *one view*:

And *both alike* the *will divine* pursue;
And, at the last, are levell'd, *king* and *slave*,
Without distinction, in the silent grave."

Wednesday morning.

My master sent me a message just now, that he was so much better, that he would take a turn, after breakfast, in the chariot, and would have me give him my company. I hope I shall know how to be humble, and comport myself as I should do, under all these favours.

Mrs. Jewkes is one of the most obliging creatures in the world; and I have such respects shown me by every one, as if I was as great as Lady Davers.—But now, if this should all end in the sham marriage!—It cannot be, I hope. Yet the pride of greatness and ancestry, and suchlike, is so strongly set out in Lady Davers's letter, that I cannot flatter myself to be so happy as all these desirable appearances make for me. Should I be now deceived, I should be worse off than ever. But I shall see what light this new honour will procure me!—So I'll get ready. But I won't, I think, change my garb. Should I do it, it would look as if I would be nearer on a level with him: and yet, should I not, it might be thought a disgrace to him: but I will, I think, open the portmanteau, and, for the first time since I came hither, put on my best silk night-gown. But then that will be making myself a sort of right to the clothes I had renounced; and I am not yet quite sure I shall have no other crosses to encounter. So I will go as I am; for, though ordinary, I am as clean as a penny, though I say it. So I'll e'en go as I am, except he orders otherwise. Yet Mrs. Jewkes says, I ought to dress as fine as I can.—But I say, I think not. As my master is up, and at breakfast, I will venture down to ask him how he will have me be.

Well, he is kinder and kinder, and, thank God, purely recovered!—How charmingly he looks, to what he did yesterday! Blessed be God for it!

He arose, and came to me, and took me by the hand, and would set me down by him; and he said, My charming girl seemed going to speak. What would you say?—Sir, said I (a little ashamed),

I think it is too great an honour to go into the chariot with you. No, my dear Pamela, said he; the *pleasure* of your company will be greater than the *honour* of mine; and so say no more on that head.

But, sir, said I, I shall disgrace you to go thus. You would grace a prince, my fair one, said the good, kind, kind gentleman! in that dress, or any you shall choose: And you look so pretty, that, if you shall not catch cold in that round-eared cap, you shall go just as you are. But, sir, said I, then you'll be pleased to go a bye-way, that it mayn't be seen you do so much honour to your servant. Oh, my good girl! said he, I doubt you are afraid of yourself being talked of, more than me: for I hope by degrees to take off the world's wonder, and teach them to expect what is to follow, as a due to my Pamela.

Oh the dear good man! There's for you, my dear father and mother!—Did I not do well now to come back?—Oh could I get rid of my fears of this sham marriage (for all this is not yet inconsistent with that frightful scheme), I should be too happy!

So I came up, with great pleasure, for my gloves; and now wait his kind commands. Dear, dear sir! said I to myself, as if I was speaking to him, for God's sake let me have no more trials and reverses, for I could not bear it now, I verily think!

As last the welcome message came, that my master was ready; and so I went down as fast as I could; and he, before all the servants, handed me in, as if I was a lady; and then came in himself. Mrs. Jewkes begged he would take care he did not catch cold, as he had been ill. And I had the pride to hear his new coachman say, to one of his fellow-servants, There are a charming pair, I am sure! 'tis pity they should be parted!—Oh, my dear father and mother! I fear your girl will grow as proud as anything! And, especially, you will think I have reason to guard against it, when you read the kind particulars I am going to relate.

He ordered dinner to be ready by two; and Abraham, who succeeds John, went behind the coach. He bid Robin drive gently, and told me, he wanted to talk to me about his sister Davers, and other matters. Indeed, at first setting out he kissed me a little too often, that he did; and I was afraid of Robin's looking

back, through the fore-glass, and people seeing us, as they passed; but he was exceedingly kind to me, in his words, as well. At last, he said,

You have, I doubt not, read, over and over, my sister's saucy letter; and find, as I told you, that you are no more obliged to her than I am. You see she intimates, that some people had been with her; and who should they be, but the officious Mrs. Jervis, and Mr. Longman, and Jonathan! and so that has made me take the measures I did in dismissing them my service.—I see, said he, you are going to speak on their behalfs; but your time is not come to do that, if ever I shall permit it.

My sister, says he, I have been beforehand with; for I have renounced her. I am sure I have been a kind brother to her; and gave her to the value of 3000*l.* more than her share came to by my father's will, when I entered upon my estate. And the woman, surely, was beside herself with passion and insolence, when she wrote me such a letter; for well she knew I would not bear it. But you must know, Pamela, that she is much incensed, that I will give no ear to a proposal of hers of a daughter of my Lord , who, said he, neither in person, or mind, or acquirements, even with all her opportunities, is to be named in a day with my Pamela. But yet you see the plea, my girl, which I made to you before, of the pride of condition, and the world's censure, which, I own, sticks a little too close with me still: for a woman shines not forth to the public as man; and the world sees not your excellences and perfections: If it did, I should entirely stand acquitted by the severest censures. But it will be taken in the lump; that here is Mr. B , with such and such an estate, has married his mother's waiting-maid: not considering there is not a lady in the kingdom that can out-do her, or better support the condition to which she will be raised, if I should marry her. And, said he, putting his arm round me, and again kissing me, I pity my dear girl too, for *her* part in this censure; for, here will she have to combat the pride and slights of the neighbouring gentry all around us. Sister Davers, you see, will never be reconciled to you. The other ladies will not visit you; and you will, with a merit superior to them all, be treated as if unworthy their notice. Should I now marry my Pamela, how will my girl relish all this? Won't these be cutting things to my fair one?

For, as to me, I shall have nothing to do, but, with a good estate in possession, to brazen out the matter of my former pleasantry on this subject, with my companions of the chase, the green, and the assemblée; stand their rude jests for once or twice, and my fortune will create me always respect enough, I warrant you. But, I say, what will my poor girl do, as to *her* part, with her own sex? For some company you must keep. My station will not admit it to be with my servants; and the ladies will fly your acquaintance; and still, though my wife, will treat you as my mother's waiting-maid.—What says my girl to this?

You may well guess, my dear father and mother, how transporting these kind, these generous and condescending sentiments were to me!—I thought I had the harmony of the spheres all around me; and every word that dropped from his lips was as sweet as the honey of Hybla to me.—Oh! sir, said I, how inexpressibly kind and good is all this! Your poor servant has a much greater struggle than this to go through, a more knotty difficulty to overcome.

What is that? said he, a little impatiently I will not forgive your doubts now.—No, sir, said I, I cannot doubt; but it is, how I shall *support*, how I shall *deserve* your goodness to me.—Dear girl! said he, and hugged me to his breast, I was afraid you would have made me angry again; but that I would not be, because I see you have a grateful heart; and this your kind and cheerful return, after such cruel usage as you had experienced in my house, enough to make you detest the place, has made me resolve to bear anything in you, but doubts of my honour, at a time when I am pouring out my soul, with a true and affectionate ardour, before you.

But, good sir, said I, my greatest concern will be for the rude jests you will have yourself to encounter with, for thus stooping beneath yourself. For, as to *me*, considering my lowly estate, and little merit, even the slights and reflections of the ladies will be an honour to me: and I shall have the pride to place more than half their ill will to their envy at my happiness. And if I can, by the most cheerful duty, and resigned obedience, have the pleasure to be agreeable to you, I shall think myself but too happy, let the world say what it will.

He said, You are very good, my dearest girl! But how will you

bestow your time, when you will have no visits to receive or pay? No parties of pleasure to join in? No card-tables to employ your winter evenings; and even, as the taste is, half the day, summer and winter? And you have often played with my mother too, and so know how to perform a part there, as well as in the other diversions. and I'll assure you, my girl, I shall not desire you to live without such amusements, as *my wife* might expect, were I to marry a lady of the first quality.

Oh, sir, said I, you are all goodness! How shall I bear it?— But do you think, sir, in such a family as yours, a person whom you shall honour with the name of mistress of it, will not find useful employments for her time, without looking abroad for any others?

In the first place, sir, if you will give me leave, I will myself look into such parts of the family economy, as may not be beneath the rank to which I shall have the honour of being exalted, if any such there can be; and this, I hope, without incurring the ill will of any *honest* servant.

Then, sir, I will ease you of as much of your family accounts, as I possibly can, when I have convinced you, that I am to be trusted with them; and you know, sir, my late good lady made me her treasurer, her almoner, and everything.

Then, sir, if I must needs be visiting or visited, and the ladies won't honour me so much, or even if they *would* now and then, I will visit, if your goodness will allow me so to do, the sick poor in the neighbourhood around you; and administer to their wants and necessities, in such matters as may not be hurtful to your estate, but comfortable to them, and entail upon you their blessings, and their prayers for your dear health and welfare.

Then I will assist your housekeeper, as I used to do, in the making jellies, comfits, sweetmeats, marmalades, cordials; and to pot, and candy, and preserve for the uses of the family; and to make, myself, all the fine linen of it for yourself and me.

Then, sir, if you will sometimes indulge me with your company, I will take an airing in your chariot now and then: and when you shall return home from your diversions on the green, or from the chase, or where you shall please to go, I shall have the pleasure of receiving you with duty, and a cheerful delight; and, in your absence, count the moments till you return; and you

will, maybe, fill up some part of my time, the sweetest by far! with your agreeable conversation, for an hour or two now and then; and be indulgent to the impertinent overflowings of my grateful heart, for all your goodness to me.

The breakfasting-time, the preparations for dinner, and sometimes to entertain your chosen friends, and the company you shall bring home with you, *gentlemen*, if not *ladies*, and the suppers, will fill up a great part of the day in a very necessary manner.

And, maybe, sir, now and then a good-humoured lady will drop in; and, I hope, if they do, I shall so behave myself, as not to *add* to the disgrace you will have brought upon yourself: for, indeed, I will be very circumspect, and try to be as discreet as I can; and as humble too, as shall be consistent with your honour.

Cards, 'tis true, I can play at, in all the usual games that our sex delight in; but this I am not fond of, nor shall ever desire to play, unless to induce such ladies, as you may wish to see, not to abandon your house for want of an amusement they are accustomed to.

Music, which our good lady taught me, will fill up some intervals, if I should have any.

And then, sir, you know, I love reading and scribbling; and though all the latter will be employed in the family accounts, between the servants and me, and me and your good self: yet reading, at proper times, will be a pleasure to me, which I shall be unwilling to give up, for the best company in the world, except yours. And oh, sir! that will help to polish my mind, and make me worthier of your company and conversation; and, with the explanations you will give me, of what I shall not understand, will be a sweet employment, and improvement too.

But one thing, sir, I ought not to forget, because it is the chief: My duty to God will, I hope, always employ some good portion of my time, with thanks for His superlative goodness to me; and to pray for *you* and *myself*: for *you*, sir, for a blessing on you, for your great goodness to such an unworthy creature: for *myself*, that I may be enabled to discharge my duty to you, and be found grateful for all the blessings I shall receive at the hands of Providence, by means of your generosity and condescension.

With all this, sir, said I, can you think I shall be at a loss to

pass my time? But, as I know, that every slight to me, if I come to be so happy, will be, in some measure, a slight to you, I will beg of you, sir, not to let me go very fine in dress; but appear only so, as that you may not be ashamed of it after the honour I shall have of being called by your worthy name: for well I know, sir, that nothing so much excites the envy of my own sex, as seeing a person above them in appearance, and in dress. And that would bring down upon me an hundred *saucy things*, and *low-born brats*, and I can't tell what!

There I stopped; for I had prattled a great deal too much so early: and he said, clasping me to him, Why stops my dear Pamela?—Why does she not proceed? I could dwell upon your words all the day long; and you shall be the directress of your own pleasures, and your own time, so sweetly do you choose to employ it: and thus shall I find some of my own bad actions atoned for by your exemplary goodness, and God will bless *me* for *your* sake.

Oh, said he, what pleasure you give me in this sweet foretaste of *my* happiness! I will now defy the saucy, busy censurers of the world; and bid them know *your* excellence, and *my* happiness, before they, with unhallowed lips, presume to judge of *my* actions, and *your* merit!—And let me tell you, my Pamela, that I can add my hopes of a still more pleasing amusement, and what your bashful modesty would not permit you to hint; and which I will no otherwise touch upon, lest it should seem, to your nicety, to detract from the present purity of my good intentions, than to say, I hope to have superadded to all these, such an employment, as will give me a view of perpetuating my happy prospects, and my family at the same time; of which I am almost the only male.

I blushed, I believe; yet could not be displeased at the decent and charming manner with which he insinuated this distant hope: And, oh! judge for me, how my heart was affected with all these things!

HENRY FIELDING (1707-1754)

FIELDING established the form of the English novel which has been most commonly practised since his day, and the work which achieved this result is *The History and Adventures of Joseph Andrews and his Friend Mr. Abraham Adams*, published in 1742. It cannot be asserted that Fielding in his first intention knew what he was about to do, but it can be said that, when he had finished his work, he recognized very clearly exactly the thing he had done. The story as ordinarily told is this. He had been engaged for a dozen years or more in writing for the stage, producing comedies, farces, burlesques, and satires, and he had finally run aground. He had written in the decadent style of the Restoration comedy, beginning with *Love in Several Masques* in 1728. He had adapted the great French comic writer Molière in *The Mock Doctor* (1732) and *The Miser* (1733). He had written the great burlesque on contemporary playwrights, *The Tragedy of Tragedies; or the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great* (1731), and the social satire, *Don Quixote in England* (1734), a play which shows not only Fielding's lifetime devotion to Cervantes but his unfortunate interest in political satire. In 1736 he took the "Little Theatre" in Haymarket and launched his attack on Sir Robert Walpole and his government with *Pasquin*. This he followed in the next year with the really brilliant political satire, *The Historical Register for 1736*. The result of this play was the Licensing Act of 1737 which put a censorship of plays into the hands of the Lord Chamberlain.

Fielding thus had to give up playwriting. He entered the Middle Temple as a law student, and for the next three years, until he was admitted to the bar, earned perhaps the major

portion of his living by writing for the *Champion* and perhaps by a good deal of other hack-work. He was disgusted with affectation and dishonesty. He was angry at Colley Cibber, whose *Apology* (1740) had offended him. He was disgruntled with society. He had acquired a slashing style and a habit of satire, and it was the latter that led him to become a novelist. Richardson had published *Pamela* in 1740, and that work had become the rage. Fielding disliked its sentimentality and effeminacy, so that he began to write a book which would punish the hardened Cibber and the innocent Richardson. *Pamela*, the serving-maid in Richardson's novel, is applauded by all the world and married to her master, who was her tempter, because she adheres to her chastity. Fielding takes a hearty natural youth named Joseph Andrews, supposed to be a brother of *Pamela*'s, and has him subjected to an attack on his virtue by his lewd mistress. Joseph also stands firm, and for his pains he gets fired. Such Fielding would say is the actual difference in the world's standards of chastity for men and women. When Joseph gets discharged and goes on the open road, the real adventures begin. His companion, protector, and monitor is the famous Parson Adams, one of the great characters of fiction, a simple, honest, pious, guileless, and withal manly man. Parson Adams is the prototype of the Vicar of Wakefield in Goldsmith's novel of that name, of my Uncle Toby in Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, of Colonel Newcome in Thackeray's *The Newcomes*, and of many other characters who demonstrate to worldly man the fact that in simplicity and honesty there lies after all the greatest power. Fielding undoubtedly had in mind Don Quixote. Both the Don and the Parson get into many farcical and absurd situations in the course of their adventures, but their authors preserve the dignity of their characters and win for them the sympathy of the reader.

Fielding realized what he had done and set it down quite plainly in the "Author's Preface" to *Joseph Andrews*. If the current of his own genius had swept Fielding off his legs and

carried him, "half against his will, on the shore of originality," he had such power of style and such clarity of conception that he laid a shaping hand on English fiction which his successors have never ceased to feel. He had the confidence and strength to establish his form, which was something broader than the merely biographical. Fielding thought of his novels as epics of ordinary life. *Joseph Andrews* was followed by the much greater novel *Tom Jones* (1749) and by the not unimportant novel of tender human sympathy *Amelia* (1751), and these novels taught the world the lesson he presented by both precept and example in the earlier work.

He describes *Joseph Andrews* as a "comic epic poem in prose," "writ in the manner of Cervantes." It is easy to see what he meant by the second statement. *Joseph Andrews* follows the episodic and chronological method of *Don Quixote*, and, unencumbered by the epistolary style Richardson had used in *Pamela*, the author, like Cervantes and Homer, tells his tale from the point of view of omniscience. As to what he means by a "comic epic in prose," he says in his "Author's Preface" that an epic may be comic as well as tragic and that verse is not essential. If an author embodies the "fable, action, characters, sentiments, and diction of the epic," he may disregard poetry in his style. "A comic romance is a comic epic in prose," he says. In one kind of narrative one has the grave and solemn; in the other, the light and ridiculous. The "comic" epic may introduce persons of inferior rank and may admit a certain burlesque or drollery in style which would be out of place in the more serious narrative. But, and this is the compelling thought that Fielding gave to English novelists, the burlesque must be in language only, not in sentiments and characters. The writer of this so-called comic epic in prose must not deviate from nature and must not descend to caricature. Fielding compares the end and purpose of his art with Hogarth's. The form is to be comic, and its field is ridicule; but affectation, he says, is the source of the true ridiculous, and affectation proceeds from vanity and from hypocrisy. It

is therefore of two kinds, the one silly, the other base. Fielding's mood, however, is broad-minded, and his manner is usually kind. Affectation, he says, does not imply the complete negation of the qualities affected. He lays down the principle: ugliness, deformity, or poverty are not subject to ridicule. This seems simple, and yet English fiction has not yet learned it. "We detest great vices, we pity small faults."

Fielding thus distinguishes *Joseph Andrews* from romance on the one side, and from burlesque on the other. He says that he drew it from the book of nature acquired by his own experience, and perhaps the greatest of English novels are just that.

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From THE ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH ANDREWS
AND HIS FRIEND MR. ABRAHAM ADAMS

(*Humane Realism Blended with Gusto and Humor*)

[*Parson Adams has become separated from Joseph because of his uncertainty about roads and his absorption in the reading of Æschylus. Joseph's sweetheart, Fanny, who has heard that Joseph was ill at an inn, has started out to find him. She is attacked by a ruffian, and Adams rescues her. The police carry Adams and Fanny, instead of the villain, before the magistrate. The magistrate finally sets them free, not because they are innocent, but because somebody in the company says that Adams is a gentleman.*]

BOOK II, CHAPTER XII

A very delightful adventure, as well to the persons concerned as to the good-natured reader

Adams, Fanny, and the guide, set out together about one in the morning, the moon being then just risen. They had not gone above a mile before a most violent storm of rain obliged them to take shelter in an inn, or rather alehouse, where Adams immediately procured himself a good fire, a toast and ale, and a pipe, and began to smoke with great content, utterly forgetting everything that had happened.

Fanny sat likewise down by the fire; but was much more impatient at the storm. She presently engaged the eyes of the host, his wife, the maid of the house, and the young fellow who was their guide; they all conceived they had never seen anything half so handsome; and indeed, reader, if thou art of an amorous hue, I advise thee to skip over the next paragraph; which, to render our history perfect, we are obliged to set down, humbly hoping that we may escape the fate of Pygmalion; for if it should happen

to us, or to thee, to be struck with this picture, we should be perhaps in as helpless a condition as Narcissus, and might say to ourselves, *Quod petis est nusquam*. Or, if the finest features in it should set Lady ——'s image before our eyes, we should be still in as bad a situation, and might say to our desires, *Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia*.

Fanny was now in the nineteenth year of her age; she was tall and delicately shaped; but not one of those slender young women who seem rather intended to hang up in the hall of an anatomist than for any other purpose. On the contrary, she was so plump that she seemed bursting through her tight stays, especially in the part which confined her swelling breasts. Nor did her hips want the assistance of a hoop to extend them. The exact shape of her arms denoted the form of those limbs which she concealed; and though they were a little reddened by her labour, yet, if her sleeve slipped above her elbow, or her handkerchief discovered any part of her neck, a whiteness appeared which the finest Italian paint would be unable to reach. Her hair was of a chestnut brown, and nature had been extremely lavish to her of it, which she had cut, and on Sundays used to curl down her neck, in the modern fashion. Her forehead was high, her eyebrows arched, and rather full than otherwise. Her eyes black and sparkling; her nose just inclining to the Roman; her lips red and moist, and her underlip, according to the opinion of the ladies, too pouting. Her teeth were white, but not exactly even. The small-pox had left one only mark on her chin, which was so large, it might have been mistaken for a dimple, had not her left cheek produced one so near a neighbour to it, that the former served only for a foil to the latter. Her complexion was fair, a little injured by the sun, but overspread with such a bloom that the finest ladies would have exchanged all their white for it: add to these a countenance in which, though she was extremely bashful, a sensibility appeared almost incredible; and a sweetness, whenever she smiled, beyond either imitation or description. To conclude all, she had a natural gentility, superior to the acquisition of art, and which surprized all who beheld her.

This lovely creature was sitting by the fire with Adams, when her attention was suddenly engaged by a voice from an inner room, which sung the following song:—

THE SONG

Say, Chloe, where must the swain stray
Who is by thy beauties undone?
To wash their remembrance away,
To what distant Lethe must run?
The wretch who is sentenced to die
May escape, and leave justice behind;
From his country perhaps he may fly,
But oh! can he fly from his mind?

O rapture! unthought of before,
To be thus of Chloe possess'd;
Nor she, nor no tyrant's hard power,
Her image can tear from my breast.
But felt not Narcissus more joy,
With his eyes he beheld his loved charms?
Yet what he beheld the fond boy
More eagerly wish'd in his arms.

How can it thy dear image be
Which fills thus my bosom with woe?
Can aught bear resemblance to thee
Which grief and not joy can bestow?
This counterfeit snatch from my heart,
Ye pow'rs, tho' with torment I rave,
Tho' mortal will prove the fell smart:
I then shall find rest in my grave.

Ah, see the dear nymph o'er the plain
Come smiling and tripping along!
A thousand Loves dance in her train,
The Graces around her all throng.
To meet her soft Zephyrus flies,
And wafts all the sweets from the flowers,
Ah, rogue! whilst he kisses her eyes,
More sweets from her breath he devours.

My soul, whilst I gaze, is on fire:
But her looks were so tender and kind,
My hope almost reach'd my desire,
And left lame despair far behind.
Transported with madness, I flew,
And eagerly seized on my bliss;
Her bosom but half she withdrew,
But half she refused my fond kiss.

Advances like these made me bold;
I whisper'd her—Love, we're alone.—
The rest let immortals unfold;
No language can tell but their own.
Ah, Chloe, expiring, I cried,
How long I thy cruelty bore!
Ah, Strephon, she blushing replied,
You ne'er was so pressing before.

Adams had been ruminating all this time on a passage in Æschylus, without attending in the least to the voice, though one of the most melodious that ever was heard, when, casting his eyes on Fanny, he cried out, "Bless us, you look extremely pale!"—"Pale! Mr. Adams," says she; "O Jesus!" and fell backwards in her chair. Adams jumped up, flung his Æschylus into the fire, and fell a-roaring to the people of the house for help. He soon summoned every one into the room, and the songster among the rest; but, O reader! when this nightingale, who was no other than Joseph Andrews himself, saw his beloved Fanny in the situation we have described her, canst thou conceive the agitations of his mind? If thou canst not, waive that meditation to behold his happiness, when, clasping her in his arms, he found life and blood returning into her cheeks: when he saw her open her beloved eyes, and heard her with the softest accent whisper, "Are you Joseph Andrews?"—"Art thou my Fanny?" he answered eagerly: and, pulling her to his heart, he imprinted numberless kisses on her lips, without considering who were present.

If prudes are offended at the lusciousness of this picture, they

may take their eyes off from it, and survey parson Adams dancing about the room in a rapture of joy. Some philosophers may perhaps doubt whether he was not the happiest of the three: for the goodness of his heart enjoyed the blessings which were exulting in the breasts of both the other two, together with his own. But we shall leave such disquisitions, as too deep for us, to those who are building some favourite hypothesis, which they will refuse no metaphysical rubbish to erect and support: for our part, we give it clearly on the side of Joseph, whose happiness was not only greater than the parson's, but of longer duration: for as soon as the first tumults of Adams's rapture were over he cast his eyes towards the fire, where Æschylus lay expiring; and immediately rescued the poor remains, to wit, the sheepskin covering, of his dear friend, which was the work of his own hands, and had been his inseparable companion for upwards of thirty years.

Fanny had no sooner perfectly recovered herself than she began to restrain the impetuosity of her transports; and, reflecting on what she had done and suffered in the presence of so many, she was immediately covered with confusion; and, pushing Joseph gently from her, she begged him to be quiet, nor would admit of either kiss or embrace any longer. Then, seeing Mrs. Slipslop, she curtsied, and offered to advance to her; but that high woman would not return her curtsies; but, casting her eyes another way, immediately withdrew into another room, muttering, as she went, she wondered who the creature was.

CHAPTER XIII

A dissertation concerning high people and low people, with Mrs. Slipslop's departure in no very good temper of mind, and the evil plight in which she left Adams and his company

It will doubtless seem extremely odd to many readers, that Mrs. Slipslop, who had lived several years in the same house with Fanny, should, in a short separation, utterly forget her. And indeed the truth is, that she remembered her very well. As we would not willingly, therefore, that anything should appear unnatural in this our history, we will endeavour to explain the

reasons of her conduct; nor do we doubt being able to satisfy the most curious reader that Mrs. Slipslop did not in the least deviate from the common road in this behaviour; and, indeed, had she done otherwise, she must have descended below herself, and would have very justly been liable to censure.

Be it known then, that the human species are divided into two sorts of people, to wit, high people and low people. As by high people I would not be understood to mean persons literally born higher in their dimensions than the rest of the species, nor metaphorically those of exalted characters or abilities; so by low people I cannot be construed to intend the reverse. High people signify no other than people of fashion, and low people those of no fashion. Now, this word fashion hath by long use lost its original meaning; from which at present it gives us a very different idea; for I am deceived if by persons of fashion we do not generally include a conception of birth and accomplishments superior to the herd of mankind; whereas, in reality, nothing more was originally meant by a person of fashion than a person who drest himself in the fashion of the times; and the word really and truly signifies no more at this day. Now, the world being thus divided into people of fashion and people of no fashion, a fierce contention arose between them; nor would those of one party, to avoid suspicion, be seen publicly to speak to those of the other, though they often held a very good correspondence in private. In this contention it is difficult to say which party succeeded; for, whilst the people of fashion seized several places to their own use, such as courts, assemblies, operas, balls, &c., the people of no fashion, besides one royal place, called his Majesty's Bear-garden, have been in constant possession of all hops, fairs, revels, &c. Two places have been agreed to be divided between them, namely, the church and the playhouse, where they segregate themselves from each other in a remarkable manner; for, as the people of fashion exalt themselves at church over the heads of the people of no fashion, so in the playhouse they abase themselves in the same degree under their feet. This distinction I have never met with any one able to account for: it is sufficient that, so far from looking on each other as brethren in the Christian language, they seem scarce to regard each other as of the same species. This, the terms "strange persons, people

one does not know, the creature, wretches, beasts, brutes," and many other appellations evidently demonstrate, which Mrs. Slipslop, having often heard her mistress use, thought she had also a right to use in her turn; and perhaps she was not mistaken; for these two parties, especially those bordering nearly on each other, to wit, the lowest of the high, and the highest of the low, often change their parties according to place and time; for those who are people of fashion in one place are often people of no fashion in another. And with regard to time, it may not be unpleasant to survey the picture of dependance like a kind of ladder; as, for instance; early in the morning arises the postillion, or some other boy, which great families, no more than great ships, are without, and falls to brushing the clothes and cleaning the shoes of John the footman; who, being drest himself, applies his hands to the same labours for Mr. Second-hand, the squire's gentleman; the gentleman in the like manner, a little later in the day, attends the squire; the squire is no sooner equipped than he attends the levee of my lord; which is no sooner over than my lord himself is seen at the levee of the favourite, who, after the hour of homage is at an end, appears himself to pay homage to the levee of his sovereign. Nor is there, perhaps, in this whole ladder of dependance, any one step at a greater distance from the other than the first from the second; so that to a philosopher the question might only seem, whether you would chuse to be a great man at six in the morning, or at two in the afternoon. And yet there are scarce two of these who do not think the least familiarity with the persons below them a condescension, and, if they were to go one step farther, a degradation.

And now, reader, I hope thou wilt pardon this long digression, which seemed to me necessary to vindicate the great character of Mrs. Slipslop from what low people, who have never seen high people, might think an absurdity, but we who know them must have daily found very high persons know us in one place and not in another, today and not tomorrow; all which it is difficult to account for otherwise than I have here endeavoured; and perhaps, if the gods, according to the opinion of some, made men only to laugh at them, there is no part of our behaviour which answers the end of our creation better than this.

But to return to our history: Adams, who knew no more of

this than the cat which sat on the table, imagining Mrs. Slipslop's memory had been much worse than it really was, followed her into the next room, crying out, "Madam Slipslop, here is one of your old acquaintance; do but see what a fine woman she is grown since she left Lady Booby's service."—"I think I reflect something of her," answered she, with great dignity, "but I can't remember all the inferior servants in our family." She then proceeded to satisfy Adams's curiosity, by telling him, "When she arrived at the inn, she found a chaise ready for her; that, her lady being expected very shortly in the country, she was obliged to make the utmost haste; and, in commensuration of Joseph's lameness, she had taken him with her"; and lastly, "that the excessive virulence of the storm had driven them into the house where he found them." After which, she acquainted Adams with his having left his horse, and exprest some wonder at his having strayed so far out of his way, and at meeting him, as she said, "in the company of that wench, who she feared was no better than she should be."

The horse was no sooner put into Adams's head but he was immediately driven out by this reflection on the character of Fanny. He protested, "He believed there was not a chaster damsel in the universe. I heartily wish, I heartily wish," cried he (snapping his fingers), "that all her betters were as good." He then proceeded to inform her of the accident of their meeting; but when he came to mention the circumstance of delivering her from the rape, she said, "She thought him properer for the army than the clergy; that it did not become a clergyman to lay violent hands on any one; that he should have rather prayed that she might be strengthened." Adams said, "He was very far from being ashamed of what he had done": she replied, "Want of shame was not the curriecuristic of a clergyman." This dialogue might have probably grown warmer, had not Joseph opportunely entered the room, to ask leave of Madam Slipslop to introduce Fanny: but she positively refused to admit any such trollops, and told him, "She would have been burnt before she would have suffered him to get into a chaise with her, if she had once respected him of having his sluts waylaid on the road for him"; adding, "that Mr. Adams acted a very pretty part, and she did not doubt but to see him a bishop." He made the best bow he

could, and cried out, "I thank you, madam, for that right-reverend appellation, which I shall take all honest means to deserve."—"Very honest means," returned she, with a sneer, "to bring people together." At these words Adams took two or three strides across the room, when the coachman came to inform Mrs. Slipslop, "That the storm was over, and the moon shone very bright." She then sent for Joseph, who was sitting without with his Fanny, and would have had him gone with her; but he peremptorily refused to leave Fanny behind, which threw the good woman into a violent rage. She said, "She would inform her lady what doings were carrying on, and did not doubt but she would rid the parish of all such people"; and concluded a long speech, full of bitterness and very hard words, with some reflections on the clergy not decent to repeat; at last, finding Joseph unmoveable, she flung herself into the chaise, casting a look at Fanny as she went, not unlike that which Cleopatra gives Octavia in the play. To say the truth, she was most disagreeably disappointed by the presence of Fanny: she had, from her first seeing Joseph at the inn, conceived hopes of something which might have been accomplished at an alehouse as well as a palace. Indeed, it is probable Mr. Adams had rescued more than Fanny from the danger of a rape that evening.

When the chaise had carried off the enraged Slipslop, Adams, Joseph, and Fanny assembled over the fire, where they had a great deal of innocent chat, pretty enough; but, as possibly it would not be very entertaining to the reader, we shall hasten to the morning; only observing that none of them went to bed that night. Adams, when he had smoked three pipes, took a comfortable nap in a great chair, and left the lovers, whose eyes were too well employed to permit any desire of shutting them, to enjoy by themselves, during some hours, an happiness which none of my readers who have never been in love are capable of the least conception of, though we had as many tongues as Homer desired, to describe it with, and which all true lovers will represent to their own minds without the least assistance from us.

Let it suffice then to say, that Fanny, after a thousand entreaties, at last gave up her whole soul to Joseph; and, almost fainting in his arms, with a sigh infinitely softer and sweeter too than any

Arabian breeze, she whispered to his lips, which were then close to hers, "O Joseph, you have won me: I will be yours for ever." Joseph, having thanked her on his knees, and embraced her with an eagerness which she now almost returned, leapt up in a rapture, and awakened the parson, earnestly begging him "that he would that instant join their hands together." Adams rebuked him for his request, and told him "He would by no means consent to anything contrary to the forms of the Church; that he had no license, nor indeed would he advise him to obtain one; that the Church had prescribed a form—namely, the publication of banns—with which all good Christians ought to comply, and to the omission of which he attributed the many miseries which befell great folks in marriage"; concluding, "As many as are joined together otherwise than G——'s word doth allow are not joined together by G——, neither is their matrimony lawful." Fanny agreed with the parson, saying to Joseph, with a blush, "She assured him she would not consent to any such thing, and that she wondered at his offering it." In which resolution she was comforted and commended by Adams; and Joseph was obliged to wait patiently till after the third publication of the banns, which, however, he obtained the consent of Fanny, in the presence of Adams, to put in at their arrival.

The sun had been now risen some hours, when Joseph, finding his leg surprizingly recovered, proposed to walk forwards; but when they were all ready to set out, an accident a little retarded them. This was no other than the reckoning, which amounted to seven shillings; no great sum if we consider the immense quantity of ale which Mr. Adams poured in. Indeed, they had no objection to the reasonableness of the bill, but many to the probability of paying it; for the fellow who had taken poor Fanny's purse had unluckily forgot to return it. So that the account stood thus:—

	£	s.	d.
<i>Mr. Adams and company, Dr.</i>	0	7	0
<i>In Mr. Adams's pocket</i>	0	0	6½
<i>In Mr. Joseph's</i>	0	0	0
<i>In Mrs. Fanny's</i>	0	0	0
<i>Balance</i>	0	6	5½

They stood silent some few minutes, staring at each other, when Adams whipt out on his toes, and asked the hostess, "If there was no clergyman in that parish?" She answered, "There was."—"Is he wealthy?" replied he; to which she likewise answered in the affirmative. Adams then snapping his fingers returned overjoyed to his companion, crying out, "Heureka, Heureka"; which not being understood, he told them in plain English, "They need give themselves no trouble, for he had a brother in the parish who would defray the reckoning, and that he would just step to his house and fetch the money, and return to them instantly."

CHAPTER XIV

An interview between parson Adams and parson Trulliber

Parson Adams came to the house of parson Trulliber, whom he found stript into his waistcoat, with an apron on, and a pail in his hand, just come from serving his hogs; for Mr. Trulliber was a parson on Sundays, but all the other six might more properly be called a farmer. He occupied a small piece of land of his own, besides which he rented a considerable deal more. His wife milked his cows, managed his dairy, and followed the markets with butter and eggs. The hogs fell chiefly to his care, which he carefully waited on at home, and attended to fairs; on which occasion he was liable to many jokes, his own size being, with much ale, rendered little inferior to that of the beasts he sold. He was indeed one of the largest men you should see, and could have acted the part of Sir John Falstaff without stuffing. Add to this that the rotundity of his belly was considerably increased by the shortness of his stature, his shadow ascending very near as far in height, when he lay on his back, as when he stood on his legs. His voice was loud and hoarse, and his accents extremely broad. To complete the whole, he had a stateliness in his gait, when he walked, not unlike that of a goose, only he stalked slower.

Mr. Trulliber, being informed that somebody wanted to speak with him, immediately slipt off his apron and clothed himself in an old nightgown, being the dress in which he always saw his company at home. His wife, who informed him of Mr. Adams's

arrival, had made a small mistake; for she had told her husband, "She believed there was a man come for some of his hogs." This supposition made Mr. Trulliber hasten with the utmost expedition to attend his guest. He no sooner saw Adams than, not in the least doubting the cause of his errand to be what his wife had imagined, he told him, "He was come in very good time, that he expected a dealer that very afternoon;" and added, "they were all pure and fat, and upwards of twenty score a-piece." Adams answered, "He believed he did not know him." "Yes, yes," cried Trulliber, "I have seen you often at fair; why, we have dealt before now, mun, I warrant you. Yes, yes," cries he, "I remember thy face very well, but won't mention a word more till you have seen them, though I have never sold thee a flitch of such bacon as is now in the sty." Upon which he laid violent hands on Adams, and dragged him into the hog-stye, which was indeed but two steps from his parlour window. They were no sooner arrived there than he cry'd out, "Do but handle them! step in, friend! art welcome to handle them, whether dost buy or no." At which words, opening the gate, he pushed Adams into the pig-stye, insisting on it that he should handle them before he would talk one word with him.

Adams, whose natural complacence was beyond any artificial, was obliged to comply before he was suffered to explain himself; and, laying hold on one of their tails, the unruly beast gave such a sudden spring, that he threw poor Adams all along in the mire. Trulliber, instead of assisting him to get up, burst into a laughter, and, entering the sty, said to Adams, with some contempt, "Why, dost not know how to handle a hog?" and was going to lay hold of one himself, but Adams, who thought he had carried his complacence far enough, was no sooner on his legs than he escaped out of the reach of the animals, and cried out, "*Nihil habeo cum porcis*¹: I am a clergyman, sir, and am not come to buy hogs." Trulliber answered, "He was sorry for the mistake, but that he must blame his wife," adding, "she was a fool, and always committed blunders." He then desired him to walk in and clean himself, that he would only fasten up the sty and follow him. Adams desired leave to dry his greatcoat, wig, and hat by the fire, which Trulliber granted. Mrs. Trulliber would have

¹ *Nihil . . . porcis*, I have no concern with hogs.

brought him a basin of water to wash his face, but her husband bid her be quiet like a fool as she was, or she would commit more blunders, and then directed Adams to the pump. While Adams was thus employed, Trulliber, conceiving no great respect for the appearance of his guest, fastened the parlour door, and now conducted him into the kitchen, telling him he believed a cup of drink would do him no harm, and whispered his wife to draw a little of the worst ale. After a short silence Adams said, "I fancy, sir, you already perceive me to be a clergyman."—"Ay, ay," cries Trulliber, grinning, "I perceive you have some cassock; I will not venture to caale it a whole one." Adams answered, "It was indeed none of the best, but he had the misfortune to tear it about ten years ago in passing over a stile." Mrs. Trulliber, returning with the drink, told her husband, "She fancied the gentleman was a traveller, and that he would be glad to eat a bit." Trulliber bid her hold her impertinent tongue, and asked her, "If parsons used to travel without horses?" adding, "he supposed the gentleman had none by his having no boots on."—"Yes, sir, yes," says Adams; "I have a horse, but I have left him behind me."—"I am glad to hear you have one," says Trulliber; "for I assure you I don't love to see clergymen on foot; it is not seemly nor suiting the dignity of the cloth." Here Trulliber made a long oration on the dignity of the cloth (or rather gown) not much worth relating, till his wife had spread the table and set a mess of porridge on it for his breakfast. He then said to Adams, "I don't know, friend, how you came to caale on me; however, as you are here, if you think proper to eat a morsel, you may." Adams accepted the invitation, and the two parsons sat down together; Mrs. Trulliber waiting behind her husband's chair, as was, it seems, her custom. Trulliber eat heartily, but scarce put anything in his mouth without finding fault with his wife's cookery. All which the poor woman bore patiently. Indeed, she was so absolute an admirer of her husband's greatness and importance, of which she had frequent hints from his own mouth, that she almost carried her adoration to an opinion of his infallibility. To say the truth, the parson had exercised her more ways than one; and the pious woman had so well edified by her husband's sermons, that she had resolved to receive the bad things of this world together with the good.

She had indeed been at first a little contentious; but he had long since got the better; partly by her love for this, partly by her fear of that, partly by her religion, partly by the respect he paid himself, and partly by that which he received from the parish. She had, in short, absolutely submitted, and now worshipped her husband, as Sarah did Abraham, calling him (not lord, but) master. Whilst they were at table her husband gave her a fresh example of his greatness; for, as she had just delivered a cup of ale to Adams, he snatched it out of his hand, and, crying out, "I caal'd vurst," swallowed down the ale. Adams denied it; it was referred to the wife, who, though her conscience was on the side of Adams, durst not give it against her husband; upon which he said, "No, sir, no; I should not have been so rude to have taken it from you if you had caal'd vurst, but I'd have you know I'm a better man than to suffer the best he in the kingdom to drink before me in my own house when I caale vurst."

As soon as their breakfast was ended, Adams began in the following manner: "I think, sir, it is high time to inform you of the business of my embassy. I am a traveller, and am passing this way in company with two young people, a lad and a damsel, my parishioners, towards my own cure; we stopt at a house of hospitality in the parish, where they directed me to you as having the cure."—"Though I am but a curate," says Trulliber, "I believe I am as warm as the vicar himself, or perhaps the rector of the next parish too; I believe I could buy them both."—"Sir," cries Adams, "I rejoice thereat. Now, sir, my business is, that we are by various accidents stript of our money, and are not able to pay our reckoning, being seven shillings. I therefore request you to assist me with the loan of those seven shillings, and also seven shillings more, which, peradventure, I shall return to you; but if not, I am convinced you will joyfully embrace such an opportunity of laying up a treasure in a better place than any this world affords."

Suppose a stranger, who entered the chambers of a lawyer, being imagined a client, when the lawyer was preparing his palm for the fee, should pull out a writ against him. Suppose an apothecary, at the door of a chariot containing some great doctor of eminent skill, should, instead of directions to a patient,

present him with a potion for himself. Suppose a minister should, instead of a good round sum, treat my lord , or sir , or esq. with a good broomstick. Suppose a civil companion, or a led captain, should, instead of virtue, and honour, and beauty, and parts, and admiration, thunder vice, and infamy, and ugliness, and folly, and contempt, in his patron's ears. Suppose, when a tradesman first carries in his bill, the man of fashion should pay it; or suppose, if he did so, the tradesman should abate what he had overcharged, on the supposition of waiting. In short—suppose what you will, you never can nor will suppose anything equal to the astonishment which seized on Trulliber, as soon as Adams had ended his speech. A while he rolled eyes in silence; sometimes surveying Adams, then his wife; then casting them on the ground, then lifting them up to heaven. At last he burst forth in the following accents: "Sir, I believe I know where to lay up my little treasure as well as another. I thank G , if I am not so warm as some, I am content, that is a blessing greater than riches; and he to whom that is given need ask no more. To be content with a little is greater than to possess the world; which a man may possess without being so. Lay up my treasure! what matters where a man's treasure is whose heart is in the Scriptures? there is the treasure of a Christian." At these words the water ran from Adams's eyes; and, catching Trulliber by the hand in a rapture, "Brother," says he, "heavens bless the accident by which I came to see you! I would have walked many a mile to have communed with you; and, believe me, I will shortly pay you a second visit; but my friends, I fancy, by this time, wonder at my stay; so let me have the money immediately." Trulliber then put on a stern look, and cried out, "Thou dost not intend to rob me?" At which the wife, bursting into tears, fell on her knees and roared out, "O dear sir! for Heaven's sake don't rob my master; we are but poor people." "Get up, for a fool as thou art, and go about thy business," said Trulliber; "dost think the man will venture his life? he is a beggar, and no robber." "Very true, indeed," answered Adams. "I wish, with all my heart, the tithing-man was here," cries Trulliber; "I would have thee punished as a vagabond for thy impudence. Fourteen shillings indeed! I won't give thee a farthing. I believe thou art no more a clergyman than the woman there" (pointing to his

wife), "but if thou art, dost deserve to have thy gown stript over thy shoulders for running about the country in such a manner." "I forgive your suspicions," says Adams; "but suppose I am not a clergyman, I am nevertheless thy brother; and thou, as a Christian, much more as a clergyman, art obliged to relieve my distress." "Dost preach to me?" replied Trulliber; "dost pretend to instruct me in my duty?" "Ifacks, a good story," cries Mrs. Trulliber, "to preach to my master." "Silence, woman," cries Trulliber. "I would have thee know, friend" (addressing himself to Adams), "I shall not learn my duty from such as thee. I know what charity is, better than to give to vagabonds." "Besides, if we were inclined, the poor's rate obliges us to give so much charity," cries the wife. "Pugh! thou art a fool. Poor's reate! Hold thy nonsense," answered Trulliber; and then, turning to Adams, he told him, "he would give him nothing." "I am sorry," answered Adams, "that you do know what charity is, since you practise it no better: I must tell you, if you trust to your knowledge for your justification, you will find yourself deceived, though you should add faith to it, without good works." "Fellow," cries Trulliber, "dost thou speak against faith in my house? Get out of my doors: I will no longer remain under the same roof with a wretch who speaks wantonly of faith and the Scriptures." "Name not the Scriptures," says Adams. "How! not name the Scriptures! Do you disbelieve the Scriptures?" cries Trulliber. "No, but you do," answered Adams, "if I may reason from your practice; for their commands are so explicit, and their rewards and punishment so immense, that it is impossible a man should stedfastly believe without obeying. Now, there is no command more express, no duty more frequently enjoined, than charity. Whoever, therefore, is void of charity, I make no scruple of pronouncing that he is no Christian." "I would not advise thee," says Trulliber, "to say that I am no Christian: I won't take it of you; for I believe I am as good a man as thyself" (and indeed, though he was now rather too corpulent for athletic exercises, he had, in his youth, been one of the best boxers and cudgel-players in the county). His wife, seeing him clench his fist, interposed, and begged him not to fight, but show himself a true Christian, and take the law of him. As nothing could provoke Adams to strike, but an absolute

assault on himself or his friend, he smiled at the angry look and gestures of Trulliber; and, telling him he was sorry to see such men in orders, departed without further ceremony.

CHAPTER XV

An adventure, the consequence of a new instance which parson Adams gave of his forgetfulness

When he came back to the inn he found Joseph and Fanny sitting together. They were so far from thinking his absence long, as he had feared they would, that they never once missed or thought of him. Indeed, I have been often assured by both, that they spent these hours in a most delightful conversation; but, as I never could prevail on either to relate it, so I cannot communicate it to the reader.

Adams acquainted the lovers with the ill success of his enterprise. They were all greatly confounded, none being able to propose any method of departing, till Joseph at last advised calling in the hostess, and desiring her to trust them; which Fanny said she despaired of her doing, as she was one of the sourest-faced women she had ever beheld.

But she was agreeably disappointed; for the hostess was no sooner asked the question than she readily agreed; and, with a curtsy and smile, wished them a good journey. However, lest Fanny's skill in physiognomy should be called in question, we will venture to assign one reason which might probably incline her to this confidence and good-humour. When Adams said he was going to visit his brother, he had unwittingly imposed on Joseph and Fanny, who both believed he had meant his natural brother, and not his brother in divinity, and had so informed the hostess, on her enquiry after him. Now Mr. Trulliber had, by his professions of piety, by his gravity, austerity, reserve, and the opinion of his great wealth, so great an authority in his parish, that they all lived in the utmost fear and apprehension of him. It was therefore no wonder that the hostess, who knew it was in his option whether she should ever sell another mug of drink, did not dare to affront his supposed brother by denying him credit.

They were now just on their departure when Adams recollected he had left his greatcoat and hat at Mr. Trulliber's. As he was not desirous of renewing his visit, the hostess herself, having no servant at home, offered to fetch it.

This was an unfortunate expedient; for the hostess was soon undeceived in the opinion she had entertained of Adams, whom Trulliber abused in the grossest terms, especially when he heard he had had the assurance to pretend to be his near relation.

At her return, therefore, she entirely changed her note. She said, "Folks might be ashamed of travelling about, and pretending to be what they were not. That taxes were high, and for her part she was obliged to pay for what she had; she could not therefore possibly, nor would she, trust anybody; no, not her own father. That money was never scarcer, and she wanted to make up a sum. That she expected, therefore, they should pay their reckoning before they left the house."

Adams was now greatly perplexed; but, as he knew that he could easily have borrowed such a sum in his own parish, and as he knew he would have lent it himself to any mortal in distress, so he took fresh courage, and sallied out all round the parish, but to no purpose; he returned as pennyless as he went, groaning and lamenting that it was possible, in a country professing Christianity, for a wretch to starve in the midst of his fellow-creatures who abounded.

Whilst he was gone, the hostess, who stayed as a sort of guard with Joseph and Fanny, entertained them with the goodness of parson Trulliber. And, indeed, he had not only a very good character as to other qualities in the neighbourhood, but was reputed a man of great charity; for, though he never gave a farthing, he had always that word in his mouth.

Adams was no sooner returned the second time than the storm grew exceedingly high, the hostess declaring, among other things, that, if they offered to stir without paying her, she would soon overtake them with a warrant.

Plato and Aristotle, or somebody else, hath said, *that when the most exquisite cunning fails, chance often hits the mark, and that by means the least expected*. Virgil expresses this very boldly:—

*Turne, quod optanti divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, en! attulit ultro.*

I would quote more great men if I could, but my memory not permitting me, I will proceed to exemplify these observations by the following instance:—

There chanced (for Adams had not cunning enough to contrive it) to be at that time in the alehouse a fellow who had been formerly a drummer in an Irish regiment, and now travelled the country as a pedlar. This man, having attentively listened to the discourse of the hostess, at last took Adams aside, and asked him what the sum was for which they were detained. As soon as he was informed, he sighed, and said, "He was sorry it was so much; for that he had no more than six shillings and sixpence in his pocket, which he would lend them with all his heart." Adams gave a caper, and cry'd out, "It would do; for that he had sixpence himself." And thus these poor people, who could not engage the compassion of riches and piety, were at length delivered out of their distress by the charity of a poor pedlar.

I shall refer it to my reader to make what observations he pleases on this incident: it is sufficient for me to inform him that, after Adams and his companions had returned him a thousand thanks, and told him where he might call to be repaid, they all sallied out of the house without any compliments from their hostess, or indeed without paying her any; Adams declaring he would take particular care never to call there again; and she on her side assuring them she wanted no such guests.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT (1721-1771)

WITH SMOLLETT there comes into the English novel an element of broad comedy destined to reappear conspicuously in Dickens and also in many scenes and episodes of other and later novels—in Scott, Marryat, Thackeray, Mark Twain. Although *Pamela* of Richardson and *Joseph Andrews* of Fielding had both been published before the appearance of *Roderick Random* (1748), it was not Richardson or Fielding who influenced Smollett. He began writing in the straight picaresque tradition of Le Sage, as he himself declares. Defoe's episodic tales of adventure are important forerunners of Smollett's novels, and, since Smollett was a satirist from the start, Swift is also important. Smollett's humorous characters and his grotesque coloring are in large part his own, although there were abundant suggestions for both to be found in Cervantes, Le Sage, Defoe, Swift, and others.

Smollett belonged to a Scottish family of some importance and was born and schooled at Dumbarton. He studied medicine and underwent apprenticeship in Edinburgh, and in 1739 invaded London after the fashion of North British medical men of those and more recent days. The journey south is probably described in *Roderick Random*. Indeed there are many parallels between Roderick Random and Tobias Smollett, both in disposition and career. Both took posts as surgeons on board vessels in the King's navy, both served in the West Indies, both were present at the mismanaged campaign against Carthage, both met charming young ladies and married them. Smollett married the daughter of a West Indian planter in 1747, having withdrawn from the navy and set up as a surgeon in London in 1744. He was never successful as a doctor, perhaps because of his irascibility and resentful

pride, although he continued for a number of years to seek success in practice.

Smollett had a natural aptitude for literature and had been writing since Edinburgh days. He brought a tragedy with him to London, wrote satirical poems, and sought literary as well as more convivial associations. *Peregrine Pickle*, which was ready for publication in 1751, contains many stirring episodes, savage satire against Smollett's contemporaries, much sheer brutality, and the matchless humour-character Commodore Trunnion. The fortune of Smollett's wife had failed in part, he had not succeeded in medicine, his expenditures were always far beyond his means, and we behold him from this time on engaged in tremendous labors to gain support. In 1755 he published a translation of *Don Quixote*, vigorous in expression, most faulty as a rendition of the original. He edited or assisted in editing *The Critical Review* and other periodicals. He wrote a long popular history of England in rivalry with Hume and was responsible for a long compendium of history and geography, and for numerous other laborious works. *Ferdinand*, *Count Fathom*, a bitterly satirical rogue story, had appeared in 1753, and with the poorest of his works, *The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves* (1760-1762), he began the serial publication of English novels.

Perhaps as time went on there was some softening of Smollett's animosities, which were so numerous and so bitter as to disfigure the life of a man who was really very good at heart. His health was always feeble, and when the break came it was attended with a very pitiful circumstance. In 1763 he lost his fifteen-year-old daughter Betty, the idol of his life, and was never quite the same man afterwards. He traveled in France and Italy in 1763-1765, had a triumphal visit to Scotland, where he was the famous Dr. Smollett, and in 1766 returned to Bath where he is supposed to have begun *Humphry Clinker*, which however was not finished until Smollett in wretched health went to Italy in 1770. He lived to com-

plete the book but not to see it published. Smollett died at Pisa in 1771 and was buried at Leghorn.

Humphry Clinker (1771) is to modern taste the very best of Smollett's novels. All of his novels were greatly admired by eighteenth-century readers and throughout the earlier portion of the nineteenth century, but the modern world sees little reason for Scott's famous parallel between Fielding and Smollett. Fielding seems to be obviously the greater writer. But an exception must be made in favor of *Humphry Clinker*, and the student cannot forget the importance of Smollett in rounding out and establishing the great English novel. The genial, laughing comedy of *Roderick Random* and *Humphry Clinker* cannot be dispensed with.

In *Humphry Clinker* Matthew Bramble of Brambleton Hall in Monmouthshire, who suffers from gout and a large number of imaginary diseases, is advised by his friend and physician Dr. Lewis to take a journey. He embarks on a circular tour of Great Britain. With him are the members of his household—his sister Tabitha, a shrewish old maid, with her dog Chowder, and her maid Winifred Jenkins; his niece and nephew, Lydia and Jeremiah Melford; and later the blundering servant Humphry Clinker for whom the book is named. The company visits, with numerous, mainly comical adventures, the principal cities and regions of provincial England and Scotland, a device which brings into play Smollett's undoubted genius as a traveler. The novel is made up of the letters written to various persons by the Bramble family during the journey. The tone, even when satirical, is milder than that of the earlier novels.

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From THE EXPEDITION OF HUMPHRY CLINKER

(*Picaresque Realism*)

To SIR WATKINS PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jesus Coll., Oxon.*

Dear Phillips,—

As I have nothing more at heart than to convince you I am incapable of forgetting or neglecting the friendship I made at college, I now begin that correspondence by letters, which you and I agreed at parting to cultivate. I begin it sooner than I intended, that you may have it in your power to refute any idle reports which may be circulated to my prejudice at Oxford, touching a foolish quarrel, in which I have been involved on account of my sister, who had been some time settled here in a boarding-school.—When I came hither with my uncle and aunt, who are our guardians, to fetch her away, I found her a fine tall girl of seventeen, with an agreeable person; but remarkably simple, and quite ignorant of the world. This disposition, and want of experience, had exposed her to the addresses of a person—I know not what to call him, who had seen her at a play; and, with a confidence and dexterity peculiar to himself, found means to be recommended to her acquaintance. It was by the greatest accident I intercepted one of his letters. As it was my duty to stifle this correspondence in its birth, I made it my business to find him out, and tell him very freely my sentiments of the matter. The spark did not like the style I used, and behaved with abundance of mettle. Though his rank in life, which, by the bye, I am ashamed to declare, did not entitle him to much deference, yet, as his behaviour was remarkably spirited, I admitted him to the privilege of a gentleman, and something might have happened, had not we been prevented. In short the business took air, I know not how, and made abundance of noise—recourse was had to justice—I was obliged to give my word and honour, etc., and tomorrow morning we set out for Bristol Wells, where I expect to hear from you by the return of the post.

I have got into a family of originals, whom I may one day attempt to describe for your amusement. My aunt, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, is a maiden of forty-five, exceedingly starched, vain, and ridiculous. My uncle is an odd kind of humourist, always on the fret, and so unpleasant in his manner, that, rather than be obliged to keep him company, I'd resign all claim to the inheritance of his estate. Indeed, his being tortured by the gout may have soured his temper, and, perhaps, I may like him better on farther acquaintance. Certain it is, all his servants and neighbours in the country are fond of him even to a degree of enthusiasm, the reason of which I cannot as yet comprehend. Remember me to Griffy Price, Gwyn, Mansel, Basset, and all the rest of my old Cambrian companions. Salute the bed-maker in my name—give my service to the cook, and pray take care of poor Ponto, for the sake of his old master, who is, and ever will be, dear Phillips, your affectionate friend, and humble servant,

Jer. Melford

GLOUCESTER, April 2.

To MRS. JERMYN, at her House in Gloucester.

Dear Madam,—

Having no mother of my own, I hope you will give me leave to disburden my poor heart to you, who have always acted the part of a kind parent to me, ever since I was put under your care. Indeed, and indeed, my worthy governess may believe me, when I assure her, that I never harboured a thought that was otherwise than virtuous; and, if God will give me grace, I shall never behave so as to cast a reflection on the care you have taken in my education. I confess I have given just cause of offence, by my want of prudence and experience. I ought not to have listened to what the young man said; and it was my duty to have told you all that passed, but I was ashamed to mention it; and then he behaved so modest and respectful, and seemed to be so melancholy and timorous, that I could not find it in my heart to do anything that should make him miserable and desperate. As for familiarities, I do declare, I never once allowed him the favour of a salute; and as to the few letters that passed between us, they are

all in my uncle's hands, and I hope they contain nothing contrary to innocence and honour. I am still persuaded that he is not what he appears to be; but time will discover—meanwhile, I will endeavour to forget a connexion, which is so displeasing to my family. I have cried without ceasing, and have not tasted anything but tea, since I was hurried away from you; nor did I once close my eyes for three nights running. My aunt continues to chide me severely, when we are by ourselves; but I hope to soften her in time, by humility and submission. My uncle, who was so dreadfully passionate in the beginning, has been moved by my tears and distress, and is now all tenderness and compassion; and my brother is reconciled to me, on my promise to break off all correspondence with that unfortunate youth. But, notwithstanding all their indulgence, I shall have no peace of mind till I know my dear and ever honoured governess has forgiven her poor, disconsolate, forlorn, affectionate humble servant, till death,

Lydia Melford

CLIFTON, April 6.

To MISS LÆTITIA WILLIS, at Gloucester.

My dearest Letty,—

I am in such a fright, lest this should not come safe to hand by the conveyance of Jarvis the carrier, that I beg you will write me, on the receipt of it, directing to me, under cover, to Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, my aunt's maid, who is a good girl, and has been so kind to me in my affliction, that I have made her my confidant; as for Jarvis, he was very shy of taking charge of my letter and the little parcel, because his sister Sally had like to have lost her place on my account. Indeed, I cannot blame the man for his caution; but I have made it worth his while. My dear companion and bedfellow, it is a grievous addition to my other misfortunes, that I am deprived of your agreeable company and conversation, at a time when I need so much the comfort of your good humour and good sense, but, I hope, the friendship we contracted at the boarding-school will last for life—I doubt not but, on my side, it will daily increase and improve, as I gain experience, and learn to know the value of a true friend.

O, my dear Letty! what shall I say about poor Mr. Wilson? I have promised to break off all correspondence, and, if possible, to forget him; but, alas! I begin to perceive that it will not be in my power. As it is by no means proper that the picture should remain in my hands, lest it should be the occasion of more mischief, I have sent it to you by this opportunity, begging you will either keep it safe till better times, or return it to Mr. Wilson himself, who, I suppose, will make it his business to see you at the usual place. If he should be low-spirited at my sending back his picture, you may tell him I have no occasion for a picture, while the original continues engraved on my —. But, no; I would not have you tell him that neither; because there must be an end of my correspondence—I wish he may forget me, for the sake of his own peace; and yet, if he should, he must be a barbarous —. But, 'tis impossible—poor Wilson cannot be false and inconstant. I beseech him not to write to me, nor attempt to see me for some time; for, considering the resentment and passionate temper of my brother Jerry, such an attempt might be attended with consequences which would make us all miserable for life—let us trust to time and the chapter of accidents; or rather to that Providence which will not fail, sooner or later, to reward those that walk in the paths of honour and virtue.—I would offer my love to the young ladies, but it is not fit that any of them should know that you have received this letter. If we go to Bath, I shall send you my simple remarks upon that famous centre of polite amusement, and every other place we may chance to visit; and I flatter myself that my dear Miss Willis will be punctual in answering the letters of her affectionate

Lydia Melford

CLIFTON, April 6.

. . .

To MISS LYDIA MELFORD.

Miss Willis has pronounced my doom—you are going away, dear Miss Melford—you are going to be removed I know not whither! what shall I do? which way shall I turn for consolation? I know not what I say—all night long have I been tossed in a sea of doubts and fears, uncertainty and distraction, without

being able to connect my thoughts, much less to form any consistent plan of conduct—I was even tempted to wish that I had never seen you; or that you had been less amiable, or less compassionate to your poor Wilson; and yet it would be detestable ingratitude in me to form such a wish, considering how much I am indebted to your goodness, and the ineffable pleasure I have derived from your indulgence and approbation. Good God! I never heard your name mentioned without emotion! the most distant prospect of being admitted to your company filled my whole soul with a kind of pleasing alarm! as the time approached my heart beat with redoubled force, and every nerve thrilled with a transport of expectation; but when I found myself actually in your presence—when I heard you speak—when I saw you smile—when I beheld your charming eyes turned favourably upon me, my breast was filled with such tumults of delight as wholly deprived me of the power of utterance, and wrapt me in a delirium of joy! Encouraged by your sweetness of temper and affability, I ventured to describe the feelings of my heart—even then you did not check my presumption—you pitied my sufferings, and gave me leave to hope;—you put a favourable, perhaps too favourable a construction, on my appearance.

Certain it is, I am no player in love—I speak the language of my own heart, and have no prompter but nature. Yet there is something in this heart which I have not yet disclosed—I flatter myself—but I will not, I must not proceed. Dear Miss Liddy! for Heaven's sake contrive, if possible, some means of letting me speak to you before you leave Gloucester, otherwise I know not what will—But I begin to rave again—I will endeavour to bear this trial with fortitude—while I am capable of reflecting upon your tenderness and truth, I surely have no cause to despair—yet I am strangely affected. The sun seems to deny me light—a cloud hangs over me, and there is a dreadful weight upon my spirits! While you stay in this place I shall continually hover about your lodgings, as the parted soul is said to linger about the grave where its mortal consort lies. I know if it is in your power you will task your humanity—your compassion—shall I add, your affection? in order to assuage the almost intolerable disquiet that torments the heart of your afflicted

. . .

To DR. LEWIS.

Dear Doctor,—

If I did not know that the exercise of your profession has habituated you to the hearing of complaints, I should make a conscience of troubling you with my correspondence, which may be truly called *the lamentations of Matthew Bramble*. Yet I cannot help thinking I have some right to discharge the overflowings of my spleen upon you, whose province it is to remove those disorders that occasioned it; and let me tell you, it is no small alleviation of my grievances, that I have a sensible friend, to whom I can communicate my crusty humours, which, by retention, would grow intolerably acrimonious.

You must know, I find nothing but disappointment at Bath, which is so altered, that I can scarce believe it is the same place that I frequented about thirty years ago. Methinks I hear you say, "Altered it is, without all doubt; but then it is altered for the better; a truth, which, perhaps, you would own without hesitation, if you yourself was not altered for the worse." The reflection may, for ought I know, be just. The inconveniences which I overlooked in the heyday of health, will naturally strike with exaggerated impression on the irritable nerves of an invalid, surprised by premature old age, and shattered with long suffering.—But, I believe, you will not deny that this place, which nature and providence seem to have intended as a resource from distemper and disquiet, is become the very centre of racket and dissipation. Instead of that peace, tranquillity, and ease, so necessary to those who labour under bad health, weak nerves, and irregular spirits; here we have nothing but noise, tumult, and hurry, with the fatigue and slavery of maintaining a ceremonial, more stiff, formal, and oppressive, than the etiquette of a German elector. A national hospital it may be; but one would imagine, that none but lunatics are admitted; and, truly, I will give you leave to call me so, if I stay much longer at Bath. But I shall take another opportunity to explain my sentiments at greater length on this subject.

I was impatient to see the boasted improvements in architecture,

for which the upper parts of the town have been so much celebrated, and t'other day I made a circuit of all the new buildings. The Square, though irregular, is, on the whole, pretty well laid out, spacious, open, and airy; and, in my opinion, by far the most wholesome and agreeable situation in Bath, especially the upper side of it; but the avenues to it are mean, dirty, dangerous, and indirect. Its communication with the baths is through the yard of an inn, where the poor trembling valetudinarian is carried in a chair, betwixt the heels of a double row of horses, wincing under the curry-combs of grooms and postillions, over and above the hazard of being obstructed, or overturned by the carriages which are continually making their exit or their entrance. I suppose, after some chair-men shall have been maimed, and a few lives lost by those accidents, the corporation will think, in earnest, about providing a more safe and commodious passage.

The Circus is a pretty bauble; contrived for show, and looks like Vespasian's amphitheatre, turned outside in. If we consider it in point of magnificence, the great number of small doors belonging to the separate houses, the inconsiderable height of the different orders, the affected ornaments of the architrave, which are both childish and misplaced, and the areas projecting into the street, surrounded with iron rails, destroy a good part of its effect upon the eye; and perhaps we shall find it still more defective, if we view it in the light of convenience. The figure of each separate dwelling-house, being the segment of a circle, must spoil the symmetry of the rooms, by contracting them towards the street windows, and leaving a larger sweep in the space behind. If, instead of the areas and iron rails, which seem to be of very little use, there had been a corridor with arcades all around, as in Covent Garden, the appearance of the whole would have been more magnificent and striking; those arcades would have afforded an agreeable covered walk, and sheltered the poor chair-men and their carriages from the rain, which is here almost perpetual. At present, the chairs stand soaking in the open street, from morning to night, till they become so many boxes of wet leather, for the benefit of the gouty and rheumatic, who are transported in them from place to place. Indeed, this is a shocking inconvenience that extends over the whole city; and I am persuaded it produces infinite mischief to the delicate

and infirm. Even the close chairs, contrived for the sick, by standing in the open air, have their frieze linings impregnated, like so many sponges, with the moisture of the atmosphere; and those cases of cold vapour must give a charming check to the perspiration of a patient, piping hot from the bath, with all his pores wide open. . .

After having been agitated in a short hurricane, on my first arrival, I have taken a small house in Milsham Street, where I am tolerably well lodged for five guineas a week. I was yesterday at the pump-room, and drank about a pint of the water, which seems to agree with my stomach; and tomorrow morning I shall bathe for the first time; so that, in a few posts, you may expect farther trouble. Meanwhile, I am glad to find that the inoculation has succeeded so well with poor Joyce, and that her face will be but little marked. If my friend Sir Thomas was a single man, I would not trust such a handsome wench in his family; but as I have recommended her, in a particular manner, to the protection of Lady G——, who is one of the best women in the world, she may go thither without hesitation, as soon as she is quite recovered, and fit for service. Let her mother have money to provide her with necessaries, and she may ride behind her brother on Bucks; but you must lay strong injunctions on Jack, to take particular care of the trusty old veteran, who has faithfully earned his present ease by his past services.

Your affectionate

M. Bramble

BATH, April 23.

To MISS WILLIS, at Gloucester.

My dearest companion,—

The pleasure I received from yours, which came to hand yesterday, is not to be expressed. Love and friendship are, without doubt, charming passions; which absence serves only to heighten and improve. Your kind present of the garnet bracelets I shall keep as carefully as I preserve my own life; and I beg you will accept, in return, of my heart-housewife, with the tortoise-

shell memorandum-book, as a trifling pledge of my unalterable affection.

Bath is to me a new world. All is gaiety, good-humour, and diversion. The eye is continually entertained with the splendour of dress and equipage, and the ear with the sound of coaches, chaises, chairs, and other carriages. *The merry bells ring round*, from morn till night. Then we are welcomed by the city waits in our own lodgings. We have music in the pump-room every morning, cotillions every forenoon in the rooms, balls twice a week, and concerts every other night, besides private assemblies, and parties without number. As soon as we were settled in lodgings, we were visited by the master of the ceremonies; a pretty little gentleman, so sweet, so fine, so civil, and polite, that in our country he might pass for the Prince of Wales; then he talks so charmingly, both in verse and prose, that you would be delighted to hear him discourse; for you must know he is a great writer, and has got five tragedies ready for the stage. He did us the favour to dine with us, by my uncle's invitation; and next day squired my aunt and me to every part of Bath, which to be sure is an earthly paradise. The Square, the Circus, and the Parades, put you in mind of the sumptuous palaces, represented in prints and pictures; and the new buildings, such as Prince's Row, Harlequin's Row, Bladud's Row, and twenty other rows, look like so many enchanted castles, raised on hanging terraces.

At eight in the morning we go in dishabille to the pump-room, which is crowded like a Welsh fair; and there you see the highest quality and the lowest tradesfolk, jostling each other, without ceremony, hail, fellow, well met. The noise of the music playing in the gallery, the heat and flavour of such a crowd, and the hum and buzz of their conversation, gave me the headache and vertigo the first day; but, afterwards, all these things became familiar, and even agreeable.—Right under the pump-room windows is the King's Bath; a huge cistern, where you see the patients up to their necks in hot water. The ladies wear jackets and petticoats of brown linen, with chip hats, in which they fix their handkerchiefs to wipe the sweat from their faces; but, truly, whether it is owing to the steam that surrounds them, or the heat of the water, or the nature of the dress, or to all these causes together,

they look so flushed, and so frightful, that I always turn my eyes another way.—My aunt, who says every person of fashion should make her appearance in the bath, as well as in the Abbey Church, contrived a cap with cherry-coloured ribbons to suit her complexion, and obliged Win to attend her yesterday morning in the water. But, really, her eyes were so red, that they made mine water as I viewed her from the pump-room; and as for poor Win, who wore a hat trimmed with blue, what betwixt her wan complexion and her fear, she looked like the ghost of some pale maiden, who had drowned herself for love. When she came out of the bath, she took assafoetida drops, and was fluttered all day, so that we could hardly keep her from going into hysteria. But her mistress says it will do her good, and poor Win curtsies, with the tears in her eyes. For my part, I content myself with drinking about half a pint of the water every morning. . .

After all, the great scenes of entertainment at Bath are the two public rooms, where the company meet alternately every evening.—They are spacious, lofty, and, when lighted up, appear very striking. They are generally crowded with well-dressed people, who drink tea in separate parties, play at cards, walk, or sit and chat together, just as they are disposed. Twice a week there is a ball, the expense of which is defrayed by a voluntary subscription among the gentlemen; and every subscriber has three tickets. I was there Friday last with my aunt, under the care of my brother, who is a subscriber; and Sir Ulic Mackilligut recommended his nephew, Captain O'Donaghan, to me as a partner; but Jerry excused himself, by saying I had got the headache; and indeed it was really so, though I can't imagine how he knew it. The place was so hot, and the smell so different from what we are used to in the country, that I was quite feverish when we came away. Aunt says it is the effect of a vulgar constitution, reared among woods and mountains; and that, as I become more accustomed to genteel company, it will wear off.—Sir Ulic was very complaisant, made her a great many high-flown compliments, and, when we retired, handed her with great ceremony to her chair. The captain, I believe, would have done me the same favour; but my brother, seeing him advance, took me under his arm, and wished him good-night. The captain is a pretty

man, to be sure; tall and straight, and well made, with light grey eyes, and a Roman nose; but there is a certain boldness in his look and manner that puts one out of countenance.—But I am afraid I have put you out of all patience with this long unconnected scrawl; which I shall therefore conclude, with assuring you, that neither Bath, nor London, nor all the diversions of life, shall ever be able to efface the idea of my dear Letty, from the heart of her ever affectionate

Lydia Melford

BATH, April 26.

To MRS. MARY JONES, at Brableton.

Dear Molly Jones,—

Heaving got a frank, I now return your fever, which I received by Mr. Higgins at the Hot Well, together with the stockings which his wife footed for me; but now they are of no survice. Nobody wears such things in this place.—O Molly! you that live in the country have no deception of our doings at Bath. Here is such dressing, and fiddling, and dancing, and gadding, and courting, and plotting—O gracious! If God had not given me a good stock of discretion, what a power of things might not I reveal, consarning old mistress and young mistress; Jews with beards that were no Jews, but handsome Christians, without a hair upon their sin, strolling with spectacles, to get speech of Miss Liddy. But she's a dear sweet soul, as innocent as the child unborn. She has tould me all her inward thoughts, and disclosed her passion for Mr. Wilson; and that's not his name neither; and thof he acted among the player-men, he is meat for their masters; and she has gi'en me her yellow trolopea, which Mrs. Drab, the manty-maker, says will look very well when it is scowred and smoaked with silfur—You knows as how yallow fitts my fizzogmony. God he knows what havoc I shall make among the mail sex, when I make my first appearance in this killing collar, with a full suit of gaze, as good as new, that I bought last Friday, of Madam Friponneau, the French mullaner.

Dear girl, I have seen all the fine shows of Bath; the Prades, the Squires, and the Circlis, the Crashit, the Hottogon, and Bloody

Buildings, and Harry King's Row; and I have been twice in the bath with mistress, and na'r a smook upon our backs, hussy.—The first time I was mortally afraid, and flustered all day, and afterwards made believe that I had got the heddick; but mistress said, if I didn't go, I should take a dose of bum-taffy; and so remembering how it worked Mrs. Gwyllim a penn'orth, I chose rather to go again with her into the bath, and then I met with an axident. I dropt my petticoat, and could not get it up from the bottom—but what did that signify?—they mought laff, but they could see nothing; for I was up to the sin in water. To be sure, it threw me into such a gumbustion, that I know not what I said, nor what I did, nor how they got me out, and rapt me in a blanket—Mrs. Tabitha scoulded a little when we got home; but she knows as how I know what's what.—Ah, Laud help you!—There is Sir Yuri Miclignut, of Balnaclinch, in the cunty of Kalloway—I took down the name from his gentleman, Mr. O Frizzle, and he has got an estate of fifteen hundred a year—I am sure he is both rich and generous.—But you nose, Molly, I was always famous for keeping secrets; and so he was very safe in trusting me with his flegm for mistress, which, to be sure, is very honourable; for Mr. O Frizzle assures me he values not her portion a brass farthing—And, indeed, what's poor ten thousand pounds to a Baron Knight of his fortune? and, truly, I told Mr. O Frizzle that was all that she had to trust to.—As for John Thomas, he's a morass fellor—I vow I thought he would a fit with Mr. O Frizzle, because he axed me to dance with him at Spring Gardens—But God he knows I have no thoughts eyther of wan or t'other.

As for house news, the worst is, Chowder has fallen off greatly from his stomick—He eats nothing but white meats, and not much of that; and wheezes and seems to be much bloated. The doctors think he is threatened with a dropsy—Parson Marrowfat, who has got the same disorder, finds great benefit from the waters; but Chowder seems to like them no better than the squire, and mistress says if his case don't take a favourable turn, she will sartainly carry him to Abergan'ny, to drink goats' whey—To be sure the poor dear honimil is lost for want of axercise; for which reason she intends to give him an airing once a day upon the Downs, in a post-chaise.—I have already made very creditable

correxions in this here place, where, to be sure, we have the very squintasence of satiety—Mrs. Patcher, My Lady Kilmaccullock's woman, and I, are sworn sisters. She has shown me all her secrets, and learned me to wash gaze, and reflash rusty silks and bumbe-seens, by boiling them with winegar, chamberlaye, and stale beer. My short sack and apron luck as good as new from the shop, and my pumpydoor as fresh as a rose, by the help of turtle-water—But this is all Greek and Latten to you, Molly.—If we should come to Aberga'nny, you'll be within a day's ride of us, and then we shall see wan another, please God.—If not, remember me in your prayers, as I shall do by you in mine; and take care of my kitten, and give my kind sarvice to Saul; and this is all at present, from your beloved friend and sarvent,

Winifred Jenkins

BATH, April 26.

. . .

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, of Jesus College, Oxon.

Dear Phillips,—

Without waiting for your answer to my last, I proceed to give you an account of our journey to London, which has not been wholly barren of adventure. Tuesday last, the squire took his place in a hired coach and four, accompanied by his sister and mine, and Mrs. Tabby's maid, Winifred Jenkins, whose province it was to support Chowder on a cushion in her lap. I could scarce refrain from laughing, when I looked into the vehicle, and saw that animal sitting opposite to my uncle, like any other passenger. The squire, ashamed of his situation, blushed to the eyes; and, calling to the postillions to drive on, pulled the glass up in my face. I, and his servant John Thomas, attended him on horseback.

Nothing worth mentioning occurred, till we arrived on the edge of Marlborough Downs. There one of the fore horses fell, in going down hill at a round trot; and the postillion behind, endeavouring to stop the carriage, pulled it on one side into a deep rut, where it was fairly overturned. I had rode on about two hundred yards before; but, hearing a loud scream, galloped

back and dismounted, to give what assistance was in my power. When I looked into the coach, I could see nothing distinctly, but the nether end of Jenkins, who was kicking her heels and squalling with great vociferation. All of a sudden, my uncle thrust up his bare pate, and bolted through the window, as nimble as a grasshopper, having made use of poor Win's posteriors as a step to rise in his ascent.—The man, who had likewise quitted his horse, dragged this forlorn damsel, more dead than alive, through the same opening. Then Mr. Bramble, pulling the door off its hinges with a jerk, laid hold on Liddy's arm, and brought her to the light, very much frightened, but little hurt. It fell to my share to deliver our aunt Tabitha, who had lost her cap in the struggle; and, being rather more than half frantic with rage and terror, was no bad representation of one of the sister furies that guard the gates of hell. She expressed no sort of concern for her brother, who ran about in the cold, without his periwig, and worked with the most astonishing agility, in helping to disentangle the horses from the carriage. But she cried, in a tone of distraction, "Chowder! Chowder! my dear Chowder! my poor Chowder is certainly killed!"

This was not the case—Chowder, after having tore my uncle's leg in the confusion of the fall, had retreated under the seat, and from thence the footman drew him by his neck; for which good office he bit his fingers to the bone. The fellow, who is naturally surly, was so provoked at this assault, that he saluted his ribs with a hearty kick, exclaiming, "D—n the nasty son of a bitch, and them he belongs to!" A benediction, which was by no means lost upon the implacable virago, his mistress. Her brother, however, prevailed upon her to retire into a peasant's house, near the scene of action, where his head and hers were covered, and poor Jenkins had a fit. Our next care was to apply some sticking-plaster to the wound in his leg, which exhibited the impression of Chowder's teeth; but he never opened his lips against the delinquent. Mrs. Tabby, alarmed at this scene, "You say nothing, Matt," cried she, "but I know your mind,—I know the spite you have to that poor unfortunate animal! I know you intend to take his life away!"—"You are mistaken, upon my honour!" replied the squire, with a sarcastic smile; "I should be incapable of

harbouring any such cruel design against an object so amiable and inoffensive; even if he had not the happiness to be your favourite."

John Thomas was not so delicate. The fellow, whether really alarmed for his life, or instigated by the desire of revenge, came in, and bluntly demanded that the dog should be put to death; on the supposition, that, if ever he should run mad hereafter, he, who had been bit by him, would be infected. My uncle calmly argued upon the absurdity of his opinion, observing, that he himself was in the same predicament, and would certainly take the precaution he proposed, if he was not sure he ran no risk of infection. Nevertheless, Thomas continued obstinate, and, at length, declared, that if the dog was not shot immediately, he himself would be his executioner. This declaration opened the floodgates of Tabby's eloquence, which would have shamed the first-rate oratress of Billingsgate. The footman retorted in the same style; and the squire dismissed him from his service, after having prevented me from giving him a good horsewhipping for his insolence.

The coach being adjusted, another difficulty occurred—Mrs. Tabitha absolutely refused to enter it again, unless another driver could be found to take the place of the postillion; who, she affirmed, had overturned the carriage from malice aforethought. After much dispute, the man resigned his place to a shabby country fellow, who undertook to go as far as Marlborough, where they could be better provided; and at that place we arrived about one o'clock, without farther impediment. Mrs. Bramble, however, found new matter of offence; which indeed she had a particular genius for extracting at will from almost every incident in life. We had scarce entered the room at Marlborough, where we stayed to dine, when she exhibited a formal complaint against the poor fellow who had superseded the postillion. She said he was such a beggarly rascal, that he had ne'er a shirt to his back; and had the impudence to shock her sight by showing his posteriors, for which act of indelicacy he deserved to be set in the stocks. Mrs. Winifred Jenkins confirmed the assertion, with respect to his nakedness, observing, at the same time, that he had a skin as fair as alabaster.

"This is a heinous offence, indeed," cried my uncle; "let us

hear what the fellow has to say in his own vindication." He was accordingly summoned, and made his appearance, which was equally queer and pathetic. He seemed to be about twenty years of age, of a middling size, with bandy legs, stooping shoulders, high forehead, sandy locks, pinking eyes, flat nose, and long chin; but his complexion was of a sickly yellow. His looks denoted famine; and the rags that he wore could hardly conceal what decency requires to be covered. My uncle, having surveyed him attentively, said, with an ironical expression in his countenance, "Ain't you ashamed, fellow, to ride postillion without a shirt to cover your backside from the view of the ladies in the coach?"—"Yes, I am, an' please your noble honour," answered the man; "but necessity has no law, as the saying is—And more than that, it was an accident—My breeches cracked behind, after I got into the saddle"—"You're an impudent varlet," cried Mrs. Tabby, "for presuming to ride before persons of fashion without a shirt"—"I am so, an' please your worthy ladyship," said he; "but I'm a poor Wiltshire lad. I ha'n't a shirt in the world that I can call my own, nor a rag of clothes, an' please your ladyship, but what you see—I have no friend nor relation upon earth to help me out—I have had the fever and ague these six months, and spent all I had in the world upon doctors, and to keep soul and body together; and, saving your ladyship's good presence, I ha'n't broke bread these four-and-twenty hours"—

Mrs. Bramble, turning from him, said she had never seen such a filthy tatterdemalion, and bid him begone, observing, that he would fill the room full of vermin. Her brother darted a significant glance at her, as she retired with Liddy into another apartment; and then asked the man if he was known to any person in Marlborough? When he answered, that the landlord of the inn had known him from his infancy, mine host was immediately called, and, being interrogated on the subject, declared, that the young fellow's name was Humphry Clinker. That he had been a love-begotten babe, brought up in the work-house, and put out apprentice by the parish to a country blacksmith, who died before the boy's time was out. That he had for some time worked under his ostler, as a helper and extra postillion, till he was taken ill of the ague, which disabled

him from getting his bread. That, having sold or pawned everything he had in the world for his cure and subsistence, he became so miserable and shabby, that he disgraced the stable, and was dismissed; but that he never heard anything to the prejudice of his character in other respects. "So that the fellow being sick and destitute," said my uncle, "you turned him out to die in the streets"—"I pay the poor's rate," replied the other, "and I have no right to maintain idle vagrants, either in sickness or health; besides, such a miserable object would have brought discredit upon my house"—

"You perceive," said the squire, turning to me, "our landlord is a Christian of bowels. Who shall presume to censure the morals of the age, when the very publicans exhibit such examples of humanity? Hark ye, Clinker, you are a most notorious offender. You stand convicted of sickness, hunger, wretchedness, and want. But, as it does not belong to me to punish criminals, I will only take upon me the task of giving you a word of advice—Get a shirt with all convenient despatch, that your nakedness may not henceforward give offence to travelling gentlewomen, especially maidens in years."

So saying, he put a guinea into the hand of the poor fellow, who stood staring at him in silence, with his mouth wide open, till the landlord pushed him out of the room.

In the afternoon, as our aunt stepped into the coach, she observed, with some marks of satisfaction, that the postillion, who rode next to her, was not a shabby wretch like the ragamuffin who had drove them into Marlborough. Indeed, the difference was very conspicuous. This was a smart fellow, with a narrow-brimmed hat, with gold cording, a cut bob, a decent blue jacket, leather breeches, and a clean linen shirt, puffed above the waistband. When we arrived at the castle on Spinhill, where we lay, this new postillion was remarkably assiduous in bringing in the loose parcels; and at length displayed the individual countenance of Humphry Clinker; who had metamorphosed himself in this manner, by relieving from pawn part of his own clothes, with the money he had received from Mr. Bramble.

Howsoever pleased the rest of the company were with such a favourable change in the appearance of this poor creature, it soured on the stomach of Mrs. Tabby, who had not yet digested

the affront of his naked skin. She tossed her nose in disdain, saying, she supposed her brother had taken him into favour, because he had insulted her with his obscenity; that a fool and his money were soon parted; but that if Matt intended to take the fellow with him to London, she would not go a foot farther that way. My uncle said nothing with his tongue, though his looks were sufficiently expressive; and next morning Clinker did not appear, so that we proceeded without farther altercation to Salthill, where we proposed to dine. There, the first person that came to the side of the coach, and began to adjust the foot-board, was no other than Humphry Clinker. When I handed out Mrs. Bramble, she eyed him with a furious look, and passed into the house. My uncle was embarrassed, and asked him peevishly what had brought him hither? The fellow said, his honour had been so good to him, that he had not the heart to part with him;—that he would follow him to the world's end, and serve him all the days of his life without fee or reward.

Mr. Bramble did not know whether to chide or laugh at this declaration. He foresaw much contradiction on the side of Tabby; and, on the other hand, he could not but be pleased with the gratitude of Clinker, as well as with the simplicity of his character. "Suppose I was inclined to take you into my service," said he, "what are your qualifications? What are you good for?"—"An' please your honour," answered this original, "I can read and write, and do the business of the stable indifferent well. I can dress a horse and shoe him, and bleed and rowl him; and, as for the practice of sow-gelding, I won't turn my back on e'er a he in the county of Wilts. Then I make hogs puddings and hob-nails, mend kettles, and tin sauce-pans." Here uncle burst out a-laughing; and inquired what other accomplishments he was master of.—"I know something of single stick and psalmody," proceeded Clinker; "I can play upon the Jew's harp, sing Black-eyed Susan, Arthur O'Bradley, and divers other songs. I can dance a Welsh jig, and Nancy Dawson; wrestle a fall with any lad of my inches, when I'm in heart; and, under correction, I can find a hare when your honour wants a bit of game."—"Foregad! thou art a complete fellow," cried my uncle, still laughing; "I have a good mind to take thee into my family. Prithee, go and try if thou can'st make peace with my sister.

Thou hast given her much offence, by showing her thy naked tail."

Clinker accordingly followed us into the room, cap in hand, where, addressing himself to Mrs. Tabitha, "May it please your ladyship's worship," cried he, "to pardon and forgive my offences, and, with God's assistance, I shall take care that my tail shall never rise up in judgment against me, to offend your ladyship again. Do, pray, good sweet, beautiful lady, take compassion on a poor sinner. God bless your noble countenance; I am sure you are too handsome and generous to bear malice. I will serve you on my bended knees, by night and by day, by land and by water; and all for the love and pleasure of serving such an excellent lady."

This compliment and humiliation had some effect upon Tabby; but she made no reply; and Clinker, taking silence for consent, gave his attendance at dinner. The fellow's natural awkwardness and the flutter of his spirits, were productive of repeated blunders in the course of his attendance. At length, he spilt part of a custard upon her right shoulder; and, starting back, trod upon Chowder, who set up a dismal howl. Poor Humphry was so disconcerted at this double mistake, that he dropt the china dish, which broke into a thousand pieces; then, falling down upon his knees, remained in that posture gaping, with a most ludicrous aspect of distress. Mrs. Bramble flew to the dog, and snatching him in her arms, presented him to her brother, saying, "This is all a concerted scheme against this unfortunate animal, whose only crime is its regard for me. Here it is; kill it at once; and then you'll be satisfied."

Clinker, hearing these words, and taking them in the literal acceptation, got up in some hurry, and, seizing a knife from the sideboard, cried, "Not here, an' please your ladyship. It will daub the room. Give him to me, and I'll carry him into the ditch by the roadside." To this proposal he received no other answer than a hearty box on the ear, that made him stagger to the other side of the room. "What!" said she to her brother, "am I to be affronted by every mangy hound that you pick up in the highway? I insist upon your sending this rascallion about his business immediately."—"For God's sake, sister, compose yourself," said my uncle, "and consider that the poor fellow is innocent of any

intention to give you offence.”—"Innocent as the babe unborn," cried Humphry.—"I see it plainly," exclaimed this implacable maiden, "he acts by your direction; and you are resolved to support him in his impudence. This is a bad return for all the services I have done you; for nursing you in your sickness, managing your family, and keeping you from ruining yourself by your own imprudence. But now you shall part with that rascal or me, upon the spot, without farther loss of time; and the world shall see whether you have more regard for your own flesh and blood, or for a beggarly foundling taken from the dunghill."

Mr. Bramble's eyes began to glisten, and his teeth to chatter. "If stated fairly," said he, raising his voice, "the question is, whether I have spirit to shake off an intolerable yoke, by one effort of resolution, or meanness enough to do an act of cruelty and injustice, to gratify the rancour of a capricious woman. Hark ye, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, I will now propose an alternative in my turn. Either discard your four-footed favourite, or give me leave to bid you eternally adieu. For I am determined that he and I shall live no longer under the same roof; and now *to dinner with what appetite you may*." Thunderstruck at this declaration, she sat down in a corner; and, after a pause of some minutes, "Sure I don't understand you, Matt," said she.—"And yet I spoke in plain English," answered the squire, with a peremptory look.—"Sir," resumed this virago, effectually humbled, "it is your prerogative to command, and my duty to obey. I can't dispose of the dog in this place; but if you'll allow him to go in the coach to London, I give you my word he shall never trouble you again."

Her brother, entirely disarmed by this mild reply, declared, she could ask him nothing in reason that he would refuse; adding, "I hope, sister, you have never found me deficient in natural affection." Mrs. Tabitha immediately rose, and, throwing her arms about his neck, kissed him on the cheek. He returned her embrace with great emotion. Lidy sobbed, Win. Jenkins cackled, Chowder capered, and Clinker skipped about, rubbing his hands for joy of this reconciliation.

Concord being thus restored, we finished our meal with comfort; and in the evening arrived at London, without having met with any other adventure. My aunt seems to be much mended

by the hint she received from her brother. She has been graciously pleased to remove her displeasure from Clinker, who is now retained as a footman, and, in a day or two, will make his appearance in a new suit of livery; but, as he is little acquainted with London, we have taken an occasional valet, whom I intend hereafter to hire as my own servant. We lodge in Golden Square, at the house of one Mrs. Norton, a decent sort of a woman, who takes great pains to make us all easy. My uncle proposes to make a circuit of all the remarkable scenes of this metropolis, for the entertainment of his pupils, but as both you and I are already acquainted with most of those he will visit, and with some others he little dreams of, I shall only communicate what will be in some measure new to your observation. Remember me to our jesuitical friends, and believe me ever, dear knight,

Yours affectionately,

J. Melford

LONDON, May 24.

LAURENCE STERNE (1713-1768)

IT IS ORDINARILY SAID that Sterne set the novel free from such rules of subject and structure as Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett had made for it, and showed the possibility of turning the novel into a miscellany somewhat of the kind achieved by Rabelais. It is, however, true that Sterne preserved, in spite of his idiosyncrasies, the essentials of the form. In his work sentiment or "sensibility" almost, but not quite, destroys plot. To give the emotional interpretation of action was indeed Sterne's main interest, but at the same time he possessed narrative ability in a very high degree. This ability he uses mainly in his numerous digressions and inset stories. It is also true that Sterne is the master of a way of writing, a highly mannered style whose eccentricity is increased by vagaries of structure and punctuation. This style is to lovers of Sterne an end in itself superior perhaps to fiction, but the fact remains that Sterne is the master novelist of sentiment.

Henry Brooke (*The Fool of Quality*, 1766), Henry Mackenzie (*The Man of Feeling*, 1771), and Thomas Amory (*The Life of John Buncl, Esq.*, 1756), and others exploit sentiment at the expense of event, as did Richardson; but it is Sterne who carries conviction. He has a frankness of self-revelation like that of Montaigne, whose offensiveness is relieved by his wit and his cool objectivity. His emotion is for the sake of the thrill it gives, not that it may lead to future action or linger in the mind as a sorrow or a joy. Laughter is a passing phase of a happy life, and tears are welcome because it is a pleasure to weep. This deliberate setting of every stage and this industrious extraction from every situation of every particle of feeling it contains causes Sterne to have an air of unreality and imposture. Sterne probably knew this, and, if

so, enjoyed being sorry for himself because he was to be so misused by posterity. Richardson, Brooke, and Mackenzie were great preachers in their novels, and Sterne, though possibly less actuated by revolt against wrong than they are, is nevertheless a moralist as well as a humorist. And here is Sterne's greatest quality. He is a very great humorist. Man-kind, if we may believe Sterne, is a humorous creation. Character, caprice, opinions (of Tristram Shandy, his father, and my Uncle Toby) form the channel for the outpourings of Laurence Sterne's personality. Even minor figures, usually barely sketched, are like the fine-line drawings of a great caricaturist. Walter Shandy, my Uncle Toby, and Corporal Trim are great bundles of humours comparable to Gargantua, the Good Pantagruel, Don Quixote, and Sir John Falstaff. Like Falstaff they are not only witty in themselves but the cause that wit is in other men. They ride hobbies because they are humorous, but also because they are human. They are enjoyable to those who know them like oldtime, witty friends of one's father. As in Fielding's case, we have in Sterne a follower of Cervantes, and the parallel between my Uncle Toby and Trim on the one side and Don Quixote and Sancho Panza on the other is obvious, and yet there is no surrender of originality on Sterne's part. Trim is possibly the greatest picture in fiction of the follower, the servant, in his finest aspect.

Sterne was born at Clonmel in Ireland, the son of an army officer, put to school at ten at Halifax in Yorkshire. It is significant that he knew soldiers in his childhood. He went to Jesus College, Cambridge, and was graduated B.A. in 1736 and M.A. in 1740. He had been ordained a minister in 1738. In that year he became Vicar of Sutton and at a later time prebendary of York. His work is full of reflections of his own life, not a very admirable one, and experiences. When he was a man of forty-seven years of age, he broke into sudden fame by the publication in 1760 of the first installment (two volumes) of *Tristram Shandy*, a publication which was con-

tinued at intervals until 1767, when the ninth and last volume appeared. The tale was still untold, but that was part of the author's plan. As a result of a sojourn on the continent Sterne wrote *A Sentimental Journey* (1768), a book of travels hardly to be distinguished from his intended fiction.

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From THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY

(Emotional, and Humorous, Interpretation of Action)

[My Uncle Toby, who had been seriously wounded at Namur, found great difficulty in making clear the details of that battle, though he often attempted to do so. At the suggestion of his faithful servitor Corporal Trim, they decamp to the village of Shandy, where my Uncle Toby has a neat country-house of his own near Walter Shandy's estate. There, making use of a bowling-green, they proceed, with the help of pickaxes, spades, and other tools, and of an array of books on fortification, to construct the field of Namur in miniature. My Uncle Toby sits in a sentry-box, and Trim constructs the works. In the eighth book of TRISTRAM SHANDY their battle-field is captured by the Widow Wadman.]

BOOK VIII, CHAPTER XIV

The Fates, who certainly all foreknew of these amours of widow Wadman and my uncle Toby, had, from the first creation of matter and motion (and with more courtesy than they usually do things of this kind), established such a chain of causes and effects hanging so fast to one another, that it was scarce possible for my uncle Toby to have dwelt in any other house in the world, or to have occupied any other garden in Christendom, but the very house and garden which joined and laid parallel to Mrs. Wadman's; this, with the advantage of a thickset arbour in Mrs. Wadman's garden, but planted in the hedge-row of my uncle Toby's, put all the occasions into her hands which Love-militancy wanted; she could observe my uncle Toby's motions, and was mistress likewise of his councils of war; and as his unsuspecting heart had given leave to the corporal, through the mediation of Bridget, to make her a wicker-gate of communication to enlarge her walks, it enabled her to carry on her

approaches to the very door of the sentry-box; and sometimes out of gratitude, to make an attack, and endeavour to blow my uncle Toby up in the very sentry-box itself.

CHAPTER XV

It is a great pity—but 'tis certain from every day's observation of man, that he may be set on fire like a candle, at either end—provided there is a sufficient wick standing out; if there is not—there's an end of the affair; and if there is—by lighting it at the bottom, as the flame in that case has the misfortune generally to put out itself—there's an end of the affair again.

For my part, could I always have the ordering of it which way I would be burnt myself—for I cannot bear the thoughts of being burnt like a beast—I would oblige a housewife constantly to light me at the top; for then I should burn down decently to the socket; that is, from my head to my heart, from my heart to my liver, from my liver to my bowels, and so on by the meseraic veins and arteries, through all the turns and lateral insertions of the intestines and their tunicles to the blind gut—

—I beseech you, doctor Slop, quoth my uncle Toby, interrupting him as he mentioned the blind gut, in a discourse with my father the night my mother was brought to bed of me—I beseech you, quoth my uncle Toby, to tell me which is the blind gut; for, old as I am, I vow I do not know to this day where it lies.

The blind gut, answered doctor Slop, lies betwixt the Ilion and Colon—

In a man? said my father.

—'Tis precisely the same, cried doctor Slop, in a woman.—That's more than I know; quoth my father.

CHAPTER XVI

—And so to make sure of both systems, Mr. Wadman pre-determined to light my uncle Toby neither at this end or that; but, like a prodigal's candle, to light him, if possible, at both ends at once.

Now, through all the lumber rooms of military furniture,

including both of horse and foot, from the great arsenal of Venice to the Tower of London (exclusive), if Mrs. Wadman had been rummaging for seven years together, and with Bridget to help her, she could not have found any one blind or mantelet so fit for her purpose, as that which the expediency of my uncle Toby's affairs had fixed up ready to her hands.

I believe I have not told you—but I don't know—possibly I have—be it as it will, 'tis one of the number of those many things, which a man had better do over again, than dispute about it—That whatever town or fortress the corporal was at work upon, during the course of their campaign, my uncle Toby always took care, on the inside of his sentry-box, which was towards his left hand, to have a plan of the place, fastened up with two or three pins at the top, but loose at the bottom, for the convenience of holding it up to the eye, etc. . . . as occasions required; so that when an attack was resolved upon, Mrs. Wadman had nothing more to do, when she had got advanced to the door of the sentry-box, but to extend her right hand, and edging in her left foot at the same movement, to take hold of the map or plan, or upright, or whatever it was, and with outstretched neck meeting it half way,—to advance it towards her; on which my uncle Toby's passions were sure to catch fire—for he would instantly take hold of the other corner of the map in his left hand, and with the end of his pipe in the other, begin an explanation.

When the attack was advanced to this point;—the world will naturally enter into the reasons of Mrs. Wadman's next stroke of generalship—which was, to take my uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe out of his hand as soon as she possibly could, which, under one pretence or other, but generally that of pointing more distinctly at some redoubt or breastwork in the map, she would effect before my uncle Toby (poor soul!) had well marched above half a dozen toises with it.

—It obliged my uncle Toby to make use of his forefinger.

The difference it made in the attack was this; That in going upon it, as in the first case, with the end of her forefinger against the end of my uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe, she might have travelled with it, along the lines, from Dan to Beersheba, had my uncle Toby's lines reached so far, without any effect: For as

there was no arterial or vital heat in the end of the tobacco-pipe, it could excite no sentiment—it could neither give fire by pulsation—or receive it by sympathy—’twas nothing but smoke.

Whereas, in following my uncle Toby’s forefinger with hers, close thro’ all the little turns and indentings of his work—pressing sometimes against the side of it—then treading upon its nail—then tripping it up—then touching it here—then there, and so on—it set something at least in motion.

This, tho’ slight skirmishing, and at a distance from the main body, yet drew on the rest; for here, the map usually falling with the back of it, close to the side of the sentry-box, my uncle Toby, in the simplicity of his soul, would lay his hand flat upon it, in order to go on with his explanation; and Mrs. Wadman, by a maneuver as quick as thought, would as certainly place hers close beside it; this at once opened a communication, large enough for any sentiment to pass or repass, which a person skilled in the elementary and practical part of love-making, has occasion for—

By bringing up her forefinger parallel (as before) to my uncle Toby’s—it unavoidably brought the thumb into action—and the forefinger and thumb being once engaged, as naturally brought in the whole hand. Thine, dear uncle Toby! was never now in its right place—Mrs. Wadman had it ever to take up, or, with the gentlest pushings, protrusions, and equivocal compressions, that a hand to be removed is capable of receiving—to get it pressed a hair breadth of one side out of her way.

Whilst this was doing, how could she forget to make him sensible, that it was her leg (and no one’s else) at the bottom of the sentry-box, which slightly pressed against the calf of his—So that my uncle Toby being thus attacked and sore pushed on both his wings—was it a wonder, if now and then, it put his centre into disorder?—

—The deuce take it! said my uncle Toby.

CHAPTER XVII

These attacks of Mrs. Wadman, you will readily conceive to be of different kinds; varying from each other, like the attacks which history is full of, and from the same reasons. A general

looker-on would scarce allow them to be attacks at all—or if he did, would confound them all together—but I write not to them: it will be time enough to be a little more exact in my descriptions of them, as I come up to them, which will not be for some chapters; having nothing more to add in this, but that in a bundle of original papers and drawings which my father took care to roll by themselves, there is a plan of Bouchain in perfect preservation (and shall be kept so, whilst I have power to preserve any thing), upon the lower corner of which, on the right hand side, there is still remaining the marks of a snuffy finger and thumb, which there is all the reason in the world to imagine, were Mrs. Wadman's; for the opposite side of the margin, which I suppose to have been my uncle Toby's, is absolutely clean: This seems an authenticated record of one of these attacks; for there are vestigia of the two punctures partly grown up, but still visible on the opposite corner of the map, which are unquestionably the very holes, through which it has been pricked up in the sentry-box—

By all that is priestly! I value this precious relic, with its stigmata and pricks, more than all the relics of the Romish church—always excepting, when I am writing upon these matters, the pricks which entered the flesh of St. Radagunda in the desert, which in your road from Fesse to Cluny, the nuns of that name will shew you for love.

CHAPTER XVIII

I think, an' please your honour, quoth Trim, the fortifications are quite destroyed—and the bason is upon a level with the mole—I think so too; replied my uncle Toby with a sigh half suppressed—but step into the parlour, Trim, for the stipulation—it lies upon the table.

It has lain there these six weeks, replied the corporal, till this very morning that the old woman kindled the fire with it—

—Then, said my uncle Toby, there is no further occasion for our services. The more, an' please your honour, the pity, said the corporal; in uttering which he cast his spade into the wheelbarrow, which was beside him, with an air the most expressive of disconsolation that can be imagined, and was heavily turning

about to look for his pickaxe, his pioneer's shovel, his picquets, and other little military stores, in order to carry them off the field—when a heigh-ho! from the sentry-box, which being made of thin slit deal, reverberated the sound more sorrowfully to his ear, forbad him.

—No; said the corporal to himself, I'll do it before his honour rises tomorrow morning; so taking his spade out of the wheelbarrow again, with a little earth in it, as if to level something at the foot of the glacis—but with a real intent to approach near to his master, in order to divert him—he loosened a sod or two—pared their edges with his spade, and having given them a gentle blow or two with the back of it, he sat himself down close by my uncle Toby's feet, and began as follows.

CHAPTER XIX

It was a thousand pities—though I believe, an' please your honour, I am going to say but a foolish kind of a thing for a soldier—

A soldier, cried my uncle Toby, interrupting the corporal, is no more exempt from saying a foolish thing, Trim, than a man of letters—But not so often, an' please your honour, replied the corporal—my uncle Toby gave a nod.

It was a thousand pities, then, said the corporal, casting his eye upon Dunkirk, and the mole, as Servius Sulpicius, in returning out of Asia (when he sailed from Aegina towards Megara), did upon Corinth and Piraeus—

—'It was a thousand pities, an' please your honour, to destroy these works—and a thousand pities to have let them stood.'

—Thou art right, Trim, in both cases; said my uncle Toby.—This, continued the corporal, is the reason, that from the beginning of their demolition to the end—I have never once whistled, or sung, or laughed, or cried, or talked of past done deeds, or told your honour one story good or bad—

—Thou hast many excellencies, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and I hold it not the least of them, as thou happenest to be a story-teller, that of the number thou hast told me, either to amuse me in my painful hours, or divert me in my grave ones—thou hast seldom told me a bad one—

—Because, an' please your honour, except one of a King of Bohemia and his seven castles,—they are all true; for they are about myself—

I do not like the subject the worse, Trim, said my uncle Toby, on that score: But prithee what is this story? thou hast excited my curiosity.

I'll tell it your honour, quoth the corporal, directly—Provided, said my uncle Toby, looking earnestly towards Dunkirk and the mole again—provided it is not a merry one; to such, Trim, a man should ever bring one half of the entertainment along with him; and the disposition I am in at present would wrong both thee, Trim, and thy story—It is not a merry one by any means, replied the corporal—Nor would I have it altogether a grave one, added my uncle Toby—It is neither the one nor the other, replied the corporal, but will suit your honour exactly—Then I'll thank thee for it with all my heart, cried my uncle Toby; so prithee begin it, Trim. . .

[Corporal Trim begins his story, and after many digressions tells how he received a wound in battle.]

CHAPTER XX

The anguish of my knee, continued the corporal, was excessive in itself; and the uneasiness of the cart, with the roughness of the roads, which were terribly cut up—making bad still worse—every step was death to me. so that with the loss of blood, and the want of caretaking of me, and a fever I felt coming on besides—(Poor soul! said my uncle Toby)—all together, and please your honour, was more than I could sustain.

I was telling my sufferings to a young woman at a peasant's house, where our cart, which was the last of the line, had halted; they had helped me in, and the young woman had taken a cordial out of her pocket and dropped it upon some sugar, and seeing it had cheered me, she had given it me a second and a third time—So I was telling her, an' please your honour, the anguish I was in, and was saying it was so intolerable to me, that I had much rather lie down upon the bed, turning my face

towards one which was in the corner of the room—and die, than go on—when, upon her attempting to lead me to it, I fainted away in her arms. She was a good soul! as your honour, said the corporal, wiping his eyes, will hear.

I thought love had been a joyous thing, quoth my uncle Toby.

'Tis the most serious thing, an' please your honour (sometimes), that is in the world.

By the persuasion of the young woman, continued the corporal, the cart with the wounded men set out without me: she had assured them I should expire immediately if I was put into the cart. So when I came to myself—I found myself in a still quiet cottage, with no one but the young woman, and the peasant and his wife. I was laid across the bed in the corner of the room, with my wounded leg upon a chair, and the young woman beside me, holding the corner of her handkerchief dipped in vinegar to my nose with one hand, and rubbing my temples with the other.

I took her at first for the daughter of the peasant (for it was no inn)—so had offered her a little purse with eighteen florins, which my poor brother Tom (here Trim wiped his eyes) had sent me as a token, by a recruit, just before he set out for Lisbon.—

—I never told your honour that piteous story yet—here Trim wiped his eyes a third time.

The young woman called the old man and his wife into the room, to shew them the money, in order to gain me credit for a bed and what little necessities I should want, till I should be in a condition to be got to the hospital—Come then! said she, tying up the little purse—I'll be your banker—but as that office alone will not keep me employed, I'll be your nurse too.

I thought by her manner of speaking this, as well as by her dress, which I then began to consider more attentively—that the young woman could not be the daughter of the peasant.

She was in black down to her toes, with her hair concealed under a cambric border, laid close to her forehead: she was one of those kind of nuns, an' please your honour, of which, your honour knows, there are a good many in Flanders, which they let go loose—By the description, Trim, said my uncle Toby, I

dare say she was a young Beguine, of which there are none to be found any where but in the Spanish Netherlands—except at Amsterdam—they differ from nuns in this, that they can quit their cloister if they choose to marry; they visit and take care of the sick by profession—I had rather, for my own part, they did it out of good-nature.

—She often told me, quoth Trim, she did it for the love of Christ—I did not like it.—I believe, Trim, we are both wrong, said my uncle Toby—we'll ask Mr. Yorick about it tonight at my brother Shandy's—so put me in mind; added my uncle Toby.

The young Beguine, continued the corporal, had scarce given herself time to tell me 'she would be my nurse,' when she hastily turned about to begin the office of one, and prepare something for me—and in a short time—though I thought it a long one—she came back with flannels, etc., etc., and having fomented my knee soundly for a couple of hours, etc., and made me a thin basin of gruel for my supper—she wished me rest, and promised to be with me early in the morning.—She wished me, an' please your honour, what was not to be had. My fever ran very high that night—her figure made sad disturbance within me—I was every moment cutting the world in two to give her half of it—and every moment was I crying, That I had nothing but a knapsack and eighteen florins to share with her—The whole night long was the fair Beguine, like an angel, close by my bedside, holding back my curtain and offering me cordials—and I was only awakened from my dream by her coming there at the hour promised, and giving them in reality. In truth, she was scarce ever from me, and so accustomed was I to receive life from her hands, that my heart sickened, and I lost colour when she left the room: and yet, continued the corporal (making one of the strangest reflections upon it in the world)—

—'It was not love'—for during the three weeks she was almost constantly with me, fomenting my knee with her hand, night and day—I can honestly say, an' please your honour—that *
* * * * * once.

That was very odd, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby.

I think so too—said Mrs. Wadman.

It never did, said the corporal.

CHAPTER XXI

—But 'tis no marvel, continued the corporal—seeing my uncle Toby musing upon it—for Love, an' please your honour, is exactly like war, in this; that a soldier, though he has escaped three weeks complete o' Saturday night,—may nevertheless be shot through his heart on Sunday morning—It happened so here, an' please your honour, with this difference only—that it was on Sunday in the afternoon, when I fell in love all at once with a sisserara—It burst upon me, an' please your honour, like a bomb—scarce giving me time to say, 'God bless me.'

I thought, Trim, said my uncle Toby, a man never fell in love so very suddenly.

Yes, an' please your honour, if he is in the way of it—replied Trim.

I prithee, quoth my uncle Toby, inform me how this matter happened.

—With all pleasure, said the corporal, making a bow.

CHAPTER XXII

I had escaped, continued the corporal, all that time from falling in love, and had gone on to the end of the chapter, had it not been predestined otherwise—there is no resisting our fate.

It was on a Sunday, in the afternoon, as I told your honour.

The old man and his wife had walked out—

Every thing was still and hush as midnight about the house—

There was not so much as a duck or a duckling about the yard—

—When the fair Beguine came in to see me.

My wound was then in a fair way of doing well—the inflammation had been gone off for some time, but it was succeeded with an itching both above and below my knee, so insufferable, that I had not shut my eyes the whole night for it.

Let me see it, said she, kneeling down upon the ground parallel to my knee, and laying her hand upon the part below it—it only wants rubbing a little, said the Beguine; so covering it with the bed-clothes, she began with the fore-finger of her right hand to rub under my knee, guiding her fore-finger backwards and forwards by the edge of the flannel which kept on the dressing.

In five or six minutes I felt slightly the end of her second finger—and presently it was laid flat with the other, and she continued rubbing in that way round and round for a good while; it then came into my head, that I should fall in love—I blushed when I saw how white a hand she had—I shall never, an' please your honour, behold another hand so white whilst I live—

—Not in that place; said my uncle Toby—

Though it was the most serious despair in nature to the corporal—he could not forbear smiling,

The young Beguine, continued the corporal, perceiving it was of great service to me—from rubbing for some time, with two fingers—proceeded to rub at length, with three—till by little and little she brought down the fourth, and then rubbed with her whole hand: I will never say another word, an' please your honour, upon hands again—but it was softer than satin—

—Prithee, Trim, commend it as much as thou wilt, said my uncle Toby; I shall hear thy story with the more delight—The corporal thanked his master most unfeignedly; but having nothing to say upon the Beguine's hand but the same over again—he proceeded to the effects of it.

The fair Beguine, said the corporal, continued rubbing with her whole hand under my knee—till I feared her zeal would weary her—'I would do a thousand times more,' said she, 'for the love of Christ'—In saying which, she passed her hand across the flannel, to the part above my knee, which I had equally complained of, and rubbed it also.

I perceived, then, I was beginning to be in love—

As she continued rub-rub-rubbing—I felt it spread from under her hand, an' please your honour, to every part of my frame—

The more she rubbed, and the longer strokes she took—the more the fire kindled in my veins—till at length, by two or three strokes longer than the rest—my passion rose to the highest pitch—I seized her hand—

—And then thou clapped'st it to thy lips, Trim, said my uncle Toby—and madest a speech.

Whether the corporal's amour terminated precisely in the way my uncle Toby described it, is not material; it is enough that it contained in it the essence of all the love romances which ever have been wrote since the beginning of the world.

CHAPTER XXIII

As soon as the corporal had finished the story of his amour—or rather my uncle Toby for him—Mrs. Wadman silently sallied forth from her arbour, replaced the pin in her mob, passed the wicker-gate, and advanced slowly towards my uncle Toby's sentry-box: the disposition which Trim had made in my uncle Toby's mind, was too favourable a crisis to be let slipped—

—The attack was determined upon: it was facilitated still more by my uncle Toby's having ordered the corporal to wheel off the pioneer's shovel, the spade, the pick-axe, the picquets, and other military stores which lay scattered upon the ground where Dunkirk stood—The corporal had marched—the field was clear.

Now, consider, sir, what nonsense it is, either in fighting, or writing, or any thing else (whether in rhyme to it, or not) which a man has occasion to do—to act by plan: for if ever Plan, independent of all circumstances, deserved registering in letters of gold (I mean in the archives of Gotham)—it was certainly the Plan of Mrs. Wadman's attack of my uncle Toby in his sentry-box, by Plan—Now the plan hanging up in it at this juncture, being the Plan of Dunkirk—and the tale of Dunkirk a tale of relaxation, it opposed every impression she could make: and besides, could she have gone upon it—the maneuver of fingers and hands in the attack of the sentry-box, was so outdone by that of the fair Beguine's, in Trim's story—that just then, that particular attack, however successful before—became the most heartless attack that could be made—

O! let woman alone for this. Mrs. Wadman had scarce opened the wicket-gate, when her genius sported with the change of circumstances.

—She formed a new attack in a moment.

CHAPTER XXIV

'—I am half distracted, Captain Shandy, said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my uncle Toby's sentry-box—a mote—or sand—or something—I know not what, has got into this eye of mine—do look into it—it is not in the white—

In saying which, Mrs. Wadman edged herself close in beside my uncle Toby, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up—Do look into it—said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocence of heart, as ever child looked into a raree-show-box, and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

—If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature—I've nothing to say to it—

My uncle Toby never did. and I will answer for him, that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months), with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rhodope's¹ beside him, without being able to tell, whether it was a black or blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle Toby, to look at one at all. 'Tis surmounted. And

I see him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it—looking—and looking—then rubbing his eyes—and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever Galileo looked for a spot in the sun.

—In vain! for by all the powers which animate the organ—Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right—there is neither mote, or sand, or dust, or chaff, or speck, or particle of opaque matter floating in it—There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle; but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine—

—If thou lookest, uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer—thou art undone.

CHAPTER XXV

An eye is for all the world exactly like a cannon, in this respect; That it is not so much the eye or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye—and the carriage of the cannon, by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one; However, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as

¹ *Thracian Rhodope's*. Rhodope was a Grecian courtesan renowned for beauty.

much for use as ornament, all I desire in return, is, that whenever I speak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period), that you keep it in your fancy.

I protest, Madam, said my uncle Toby, I can see nothing whatever in your eye.

It is not in the white; said Mrs. Wadman: my uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil—

Now of all the eyes which ever were created—from your own, Madam, up to those of Venus herself, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head—there never was an eye of them all, so fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repose, as the very eye, at which he was looking—it was not, Madam, a rolling eye—a romping or a wanton one—nor was it an eye sparkling—petulant or imperious—of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my uncle Toby was made up—but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations—and soft responses—speaking—not like the trumpet stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to, holds coarse converse—but whispering soft—like the last low accents of an expiring saint—'How can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on—or trust your cares to?'

It was an eye—

But I shall be in love with it myself, if I say another word about it.

—It did my uncle Toby's business.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784)

THERE IS in the case of *Rasselas* an exact record of the production of a masterpiece. The publication of the great *Dictionary of the English Language*, begun in 1747 and issued in 1755, had brought Johnson considerable fame but very little money; and even after the completion, "almost single-handed," of that enormous and valuable piece of work, he was still drudging for his daily bread as a writer of general miscellany. He was living in his famous garret in Gough Square in very real poverty when on January 20, 1759, news came to him of what proved to be the last illness of his aged mother. His letters show that he did not have the money necessary to make the journey to Lichfield in order to be at her bedside. She died on January 23rd, and Johnson was called upon to supply funds to defray the expenses incident to her illness, death, and burial. He was in great distress of mind, and yet he had to earn at once the sum of twenty pounds. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds that "in the evenings of one week" (it must have been the week of January 13th to 20th) he wrote *Rasselas* and "sent it to the press in portions as it was written." He added that he "had never since read it over." Johnson was so far successful that he received for the first edition the sum of one hundred pounds. The book was written with great spirit and vigor, and Johnson put into it the best commodity he had, which was his abundant wisdom and his goodness of soul.

Johnson followed in *Rasselas* a stream of oriental fantasy present in English literature since Addison's *The Vision of Mirza*. This differed sharply from William Beckford's oriental tale of *Vathek* (1786), a tale which dwelt on the splendor and magnificence of the East, the strange aspects of oriental

character, manners, and dress, and on the startling unmorality, if not cold-blooded criminality, of the courts of eastern potentates. In style too Beckford is more ostentatious than is Johnson. Other novels, none of them important, followed Beckford's lead rather than Johnson's; but the vein of Johnson, the vein of sad and lofty pessimism is the characteristic form of the oriental tale in England. Voltaire's *Candide* is of pretty much the same style and very much the same purport as *Rasselas*. It is also a work of fiction which exists, not for the sake of the narrative, but for the sake of the thought and sentiment which the author is enabled to utter and to illustrate by means of the fictional form. Johnson saw the resemblance of *Rasselas* to *Candide* and congratulated himself because his story and Voltaire's came out so nearly at the same time that no question of his having imitated *Candide* could arise. Both works deal with the vanity of human wishes, but to Johnson the subject is one for philosophic regret and to Voltaire one for sardonic laughter.

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From RASSELAS, PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA
(Philosophic Romance—Oriental Setting)

CHAPTER I

Description of a Palace in a Valley

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow,—attend to the history of Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia.

Rasselas was the fourth son of the mighty emperor, in whose dominions the Father of Water begins his course; whose bounty pours down the streams of plenty, and scatters over half the world the harvests of Egypt.

According to the custom which has descended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, Rasselas was confined in a private palace, with the other sons and daughters of Abyssinian royalty, till the order of succession should call him to the throne.

The place which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes, was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered, was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it has long been disputed whether it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth which opened into the valley was closed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy that no man could without the help of engines open or shut them.

From the mountains on every side, rivulets descended, that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented

by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream, which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees; the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass, or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together; the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessities of life, and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music, and, during eight days, every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hope that they should pass their lives in this blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it was new always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new schemes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence, raised about thirty paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares

or courts, built with greater or less magnificence, according to the rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned into arches of massy stone, joined by a cement that grew harder by time; and the building stood from century to century, deriding the solstitial rains and equinoctial hurricanes, without need of reparation.

This house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officers who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and secret passage; every square had a communication with the rest, either from the upper stories by private galleries, or by subterranean passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities, in which a long race of monarchs had deposited their treasures. They then closed up the opening with marble, which was never to be removed but in the utmost exigencies of the kingdom; and recorded their accumulations in a book, which was itself concealed in a tower, not entered but by the emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession.

CHAPTER II

The Discontent of Rasselas in the Happy Valley

Here the sons and daughters of Abyssinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose, attended by all that were skilful to delight, and gratified with whatever the senses can enjoy. They wandered in gardens of fragrance, and slept in the fortresses of security. Every art was practised to make them pleased with their own condition. The sages who instructed them, told them of nothing but the miseries of public life, and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where discord was always raging, and where man preyed upon man.

To heighten their opinion of their own felicity, they were daily entertained with songs, the subject of which was *the happy valley*. Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of different enjoyments; and revelry and merriment was the business of every hour, from the dawn of morning to the close of even.

These methods were generally successful: few of the princes had ever wished to enlarge their bounds, but passed their lives in full conviction that they had all within their reach that art or nature could bestow, and pitied those whom fate had excluded from this seat of tranquillity, as the sport of chance and the slaves of misery.

Thus they rose in the morning and lay down at night, pleased with each other and with themselves,—all but Rasselas, who, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, began to withdraw himself from their pastimes and assemblies, and to delight in solitary walks and silent meditation. He often sat before tables covered with luxury, and forgot to taste the dainties that were placed before him; he rose abruptly in the midst of the song, and hastily retired beyond the sound of music. His attendants observed the change, and endeavoured to renew his love of pleasure; he neglected their officiousness, repulsed their invitations, and spent day after day on the banks of rivulets sheltered with trees, where he sometimes listened to the birds in the branches, sometimes observed the fish playing in the stream, and anon cast his eyes upon the pastures and mountains filled with animals, of which some were biting the herbage, and some sleeping among the bushes.

This singularity of his humour made him much observed. One of the sages, in whose conversation he had formerly delighted, followed him secretly, in hope of discovering the cause of his disquiet. Rasselas, who knew not that any one was near him, having for some time fixed his eyes upon the goats that were browsing among the rocks, began to compare their condition with his own.

“What,” said he, “makes the difference between man and all the rest of the animal creation? Every beast that strays beside me has the same corporeal necessities with myself: he is hungry and crops the grass, he is thirsty and drinks the stream; his thirst and hunger are appeased, he is satisfied and sleeps; he arises again and is hungry; he is again fed and is at rest. I am hungry and thirsty like him, but when thirst and hunger cease I am not at rest; I am like him pained with want, but am not like him satisfied with fulness. The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy; I long again to be hungry, that I may again quicken my attention. The birds peck the berries or the corn, and fly away to

the groves, where they sit in seeming happiness on the branches, and waste their lives in tuning one unvaried series of sounds. I likewise can call the lutanist and the singer; but the sounds that pleased me yesterday weary me today, and will grow yet more wearisome tomorrow. I can discover within me no power of perception which is not glutted with its proper pleasure, yet I do not feel myself delighted. Man surely has some latent sense for which this place affords no gratification; or he has some desires distinct from sense, which must be satisfied before he can be happy."

After this he lifted up his head, and seeing the moon rising, walked towards the palace. As he passed through the fields, and saw the animals around him, "Ye," said he, "are happy, and need not envy me that walk thus among you, burdened with myself; nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity, for it is not the felicity of man. I have many distresses from which ye are free; I fear pain when I do not feel it; I sometimes shrink at evils recollected, and sometimes start at evils anticipated: surely the equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments."

With observations like these the prince amused himself as he returned, uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look that discovered him to feel some complacency in his own perspicacity, and to receive some solace of the miseries of life, from consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt, and the eloquence with which he bewailed them. He mingled cheerfully in the diversions of the evening, and all rejoiced to find that his heart was lightened.

CHAPTER III

The Wants of Him That Wants Nothing

On the next day, his old instructor, imagining that he had now made himself acquainted with his disease of mind, was in hope of curing it by counsel, and officiously sought an opportunity of conference, which the prince, having long considered him as one whose intellects were exhausted, was not very willing to afford: "Why," said he, "does this man thus intrude upon me; shall I

be never suffered to forget those lectures which pleased only while they were new, and to become new again must be forgotten?" He then walked into the wood, and composed himself to his usual meditations; when, before his thoughts had taken any settled form, he perceived his pursuer at his side, and was at first prompted by his impatience to go hastily away; but, being unwilling to offend a man whom he had once revered and still loved, he invited him to sit down with him on the bank.

The old man, thus encouraged, began to lament the change which had been lately observed in the prince, and to inquire why he so often retired from the pleasures of the palace to loneliness and silence. "I fly from pleasure," said the prince, "because pleasure has ceased to please; I am lonely, because I am miserable, and am unwilling to cloud with my presence the happiness of others." "You, sir," said the sage, "are the first who has complained of misery in the *happy valley*. I hope to convince you that your complaints have no real cause. You are here in full possession of all that the emperor of Abyssinia can bestow; here is neither labour to be endured nor danger to be dreaded, yet here is all that labour or danger can procure or purchase. Look round and tell me which of your wants is without supply: if you want nothing, how are you unhappy?"

"That I want nothing," said the prince, "or that I know not what I want, is the cause of my complaint; if I had any known want, I should have a certain wish, that wish would excite endeavour, and I should not then repine to see the sun move so slowly towards the western mountain, or lament when the day breaks and sleep will no longer hide me from myself. When I see the kids and the lambs chasing one another, I fancy that I should be happy if I had something to pursue. But possessing all that I can want, I find one day and one hour exactly like another, except that the latter is still more tedious than the former. Let your experience inform me how the day may now seem as short as in my childhood, while nature was yet fresh, and every moment showed me what I never had observed before. I have already enjoyed too much; give me something to desire."

The old man was surprised at this new species of affliction, and knew not what to reply, yet was unwilling to be silent. "Sir," said he, "if you had seen the miseries of the world, you

would know how to value your present state." "Now," said the prince, "you have given me something to desire; I shall long to see the miseries of the world, since the sight of them is necessary to happiness." . . .

CHAPTER VII

The Prince Finds a Man of Learning

The prince was not much afflicted by this disaster, having suffered himself to hope for a happier event, only because he had no other means of escape in view. He still persisted in his design to leave the happy valley by the first opportunity.

His imagination was now at a stand; he had no prospect of entering into the world; and, notwithstanding all his endeavours to support himself, discontent by degrees preyed upon him, and he began again to lose his thoughts in sadness, when the rainy season, which in these countries is periodical, made it inconvenient to wander in the woods.

The rain continued longer and with more violence than had been ever known; the clouds broke on the surrounding mountains, and the torrents streamed into the plain on every side, till the cavern was too narrow to discharge the water. The lake overflowed its banks, and all the level of the valley was covered with the inundation. The eminence on which the palace was built, and some other spots of rising ground, were all that the eye could now discover. The herds and flocks left the pastures, and both the wild beasts and the tame retreated to the mountains.

This inundation confined all the princes to domestic amusements; and the attention of Rasselas was particularly seized by a poem, which Imlac¹ rehearsed, upon the various conditions of humanity. He commanded the poet to attend him in his apartment, and recite his verses a second time; then entering into familiar talk, he thought himself happy in having found a man who knew the world so well, and could so skilfully paint the scenes of life. He asked a thousand questions about things, to which, though common to all other mortals, his confinement from childhood had kept him a stranger. The poet pitied his

¹ *Imlac*, philosopher, tutor to Rasselas.

ignorance, and loved his curiosity, and entertained him from day to day with novelty and instruction, so that the prince regretted the necessity of sleep, and longed till the morning should renew his pleasure.

As they were sitting together, the prince commanded Imlac to relate his history, and to tell by what accident he was forced, or by what motive induced, to close his life in the happy valley. As he was going to begin his narrative, Rasselas was called to a concert, and obliged to restrain his curiosity till the evening. . .

CHAPTER XIII

Rasselas Discovers the Means of Escape

The prince now dismissed his favourite to rest; but the narrative of wonders and novelties filled his mind with perturbation. He revolved all that he had heard, and prepared innumerable questions for the morning.

Much of his uneasiness was now removed. He had a friend to whom he could impart his thoughts, and whose experience could assist him in his designs. His heart was no longer condemned to swell with silent vexation. He thought that even the *happy valley* might be endured with such a companion, and that if they could range the world together, he should have nothing further to desire.

In a few days the water was discharged, and the ground dried. The prince and Imlac then walked out together, to converse without the notice of the rest. The prince, whose thoughts were always on the wing, as he passed by the gate, said, with a countenance of sorrow, "Why art thou so strong, and why is man so weak?"

"Man is not weak," answered his companion; "knowledge is more than equivalent to force. The master of mechanics laughs at strength. I can burst the gate, but cannot do it secretly. Some other expedient must be tried."

As they were walking on the side of the mountain, they observed that the coney, which the rain had driven from their burrows, had taken shelter among the bushes, and formed holes behind them, tending upwards in an oblique line. "It has been

the opinion of antiquity," said Imlac, "that human reason borrowed many arts from the instinct of animals; let us, therefore, not think ourselves degraded by learning from the coney. We may escape by piercing the mountain in the same direction. We will begin where the summit hangs over the middle part, and labour upward till we shall issue up beyond the prominence."

The eyes of the prince, when he heard this proposal, sparkled with joy. The execution was easy, and the success certain.

No time was now lost. They hastened early in the morning to choose a place proper for their mine. They clambered with great fatigue among crags and brambles, and returned without having discovered any part that favoured their design. The second and the third day were spent in the same manner, and with the same frustration. But, on the fourth, they found a small cavern, concealed by a thicket, where they resolved to make their experiment.

Imlac procured instruments proper to hew stone and remove earth, and they fell to their work on the next day with more eagerness than vigour: they were presently exhausted by their efforts, and sat down to pant upon the grass. The prince, for a moment, appeared to be discouraged. "Sir," said his companion, "practice will enable us to continue our labour for a longer time; mark, however, how far we have advanced, and you will find that our toil will some time have an end. Great works are performed, not by strength, but perseverance: yonder palace was raised by single stones, yet you see its height and spaciousness. He that shall walk with vigour three hours a day, will pass in seven years a space equal to the circumference of the globe."

They returned to their work day after day, and, in a short time, found a fissure in the rock, which enabled them to pass far with very little obstruction. This Rasselas considered as a good omen. "Do not disturb your mind," said Imlac, "with other hopes or fears than reason may suggest: if you are pleased with prognostics of good, you will be terrified likewise with tokens of evil, and your whole life will be a prey to superstition. Whatever facilitates our work is more than an omen, it is a cause of success. This is one of those pleasing surprises which often happen to active resolution. Many things difficult to design prove easy to performance."

CHAPTER XIV

Rasselas and Imlac Receive an Unexpected Visit

They had now wrought their way to the middle, and solaced their toil with the approach of liberty, when the prince, coming down to refresh himself with air, found his sister Nekayah standing before the mouth of the cavity. He started and stood confused, afraid to tell his design, and yet hopeless to conceal it. A few moments determined him to repose on her fidelity, and secure her secrecy by a declaration without reserve.

"Do not imagine," said the princess, "that I came hither as a spy: I had long observed from my window that you and Imlac directed your walk every day towards the same point; but I did not suppose that you had any better reason for the preference than a cooler shade, or more fragrant bank; nor followed you with any other design than to partake of your conversation. Since, then, not suspicion but fondness has detected you, let me not lose the advantage of my discovery. I am equally weary of confinement with yourself, and lot less desirous of knowing what is done or suffered in the world. Permit me to fly with you from this tasteless tranquillity, which will yet grow more loathsome when you have left me. You may deny me to accompany you, but cannot hinder me from following."

The prince, who loved Nekayah above his other sisters, had no inclination to refuse her request, and grieved that he had lost an opportunity of showing his confidence by a voluntary communication. It was therefore agreed that she should leave the valley with them; and that, in the mean time, she should watch lest any other straggler should, by chance or curiosity, follow them to the mountain.

At length their labour was at an end; they saw light beyond the prominence, and, issuing to the top of the mountain, beheld the Nile, yet a narrow current, wandering beneath them.

The prince looked round with rapture, anticipated all the pleasure of travel, and in thought was already transported beyond his father's dominions. Imlac, though very joyful at his escape, had less expectation of pleasure in the world, which he had before tried, and of which he had been weary.

Rasselas was so much delighted with a wider horizon, that he could not soon be persuaded to return into the valley. He informed his sister that the way was open, and that nothing now remained but to prepare for their departure. . .

CHAPTER XIX

A Glimpse of Pastoral Life

He was still eager upon the same inquiry; and having heard of a hermit, that lived near the lowest cataract of the Nile, and filled the whole country with the fame of his sanctity, resolved to visit his retreat, and inquire whether that felicity which public life could not afford, was to be found in solitude; and whether a man whose age and virtue made him venerable, could teach any peculiar art of shunning evils or enduring them.

Imlac and the princess agreed to accompany him; and, after the necessary preparations, they began their journey. Their way lay through the fields, where shepherds tended their flocks, and the lambs were playing upon the pasture. "This," said the poet, "is the life which has been often celebrated for its innocence and quiet; let us pass the heat of the day among the shepherds' tents, and know whether all our searches are not to terminate in pastoral simplicity."

The proposal pleased them, and they induced the shepherds, by small presents and familiar questions, to tell their opinion of their own state. They were so rude and ignorant, so little able to compare the good with the evil of the occupation, and so indistinct in their narratives and descriptions, that very little could be learned from them; but it was evident that their hearts were cankered with discontent, that they considered themselves as condemned to labour for the luxury of the rich, and looked up with stupid malevolence toward those that were placed above them.

The princess pronounced with vehemence, that she would never suffer these envious savages to be her companions, and that she should not soon be desirous of seeing any more specimens of rustic happiness; but could not believe that all the accounts of primeval pleasures were fabulous, and was yet in

doubt, whether life had any thing that could be justly preferred to the placid gratifications of fields and woods. She hoped that the time would come, when, with a few virtuous and elegant companions, she should gather flowers planted by her own hand, fondle the lambs of her own ewe, and listen without care, among brooks and breezes, to one of her maidens reading in the shade. . .

CHAPTER XLIX

The Conclusion, in which Nothing Is Concluded

It was now the time of the inundation of the Nile: a few days after their visit to the catacombs, the river began to rise.

They were confined to their house. The whole regions being under water gave them no invitation to any excursions, and, being well supplied with materials for talk, they diverted themselves with comparisons of the different forms of life which they had observed, and with various schemes of happiness which each of them had formed.

Pekuah¹ was never so much charmed with any place as the convent of St. Anthony, where the Arab restored her to the princess, and wished only to fill it with pious maidens, and to be made prioress of the order; she was weary of expectation and disgust, and would gladly be fixed in some unvariable state.

The princess thought, that of all sublunary things knowledge was the best: she desired first to learn all sciences, and then proposed to found a college of learned women, in which she would preside, that, by conversing with the old, and educating the young, she might divide her time between the acquisition and communication of wisdom, and raise up for the next age models of prudence, and patterns of piety.

The prince desired a little kingdom, in which he might administer justice in his own person, and see all the parts of government with his own eyes; but he could never fix the limits of his dominion, and was always adding to the number of his subjects.

Imlac and the astronomer were contented to be driven along

¹ *Pekuah*, attendant of Nekayah.

the stream of life, without directing their course to any particular port.

Of these wishes that they had formed they well knew that none could be obtained. They deliberated awhile what was to be done, and resolved, when the inundation should cease, to return to Abyssinia.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1730-1774)

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD is Goldsmith's only novel, a circumstance much to be regretted. He had written it, apparently with careful artistry, in the midst of his struggle for existence as a hack-writer. In 1757 he was writing for *The Monthly Review*. In 1759 he published *An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*. In the same year he published his little periodical called *The Bee*. He contributed to various magazines, and in 1762 published in the *Public Ledger* the "Chinese Letters" subsequently republished as *The Citizen of the World*. Perhaps in that year, or somewhat later (the time is not certainly known), he sold the manuscript of *The Vicar of Wakefield* to the publisher, Francis Newberry, for sixty pounds. The story of the sale is well known. Goldsmith had been arrested by his landlady for the non-payment of his rent and he sent to Dr. Samuel Johnson for assistance. Dr. Johnson was instrumental in making the sale to Newberry and later, to Boswell, justified the transaction. These are Boswell's words: "He [Goldsmith] told me that he had sold a novel for four hundred pounds. This was his 'Vicar of Wakefield.' But Johnson informed me that he had made the bargain for Goldsmith, and the price was sixty pounds. 'And, Sir, (said he,) a sufficient price too, when it was sold; for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by his "Traveller"; and the bookseller had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, and did not publish it until after the "Traveller" had appeared. Then, to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money.'"

What Johnson says is no doubt commercially just, but the fact that Newberry held the novel in his hands for so long

without publishing it may well be resented by posterity; for the novel was immediately popular and its popularity was not of a sort dependent on Goldsmith's growth in fame. *The Vicar of Wakefield* was from the beginning a novel ignored by critics but read and enjoyed by thousands of readers. It was published in March, 1766, and went through three editions in that year. Had it been published more promptly, its popularity might have encouraged Goldsmith to further efforts in fiction. There is no doubt that he had narrative genius in profusion. He manifests it in his famous comedies, *The Good-natur'd Man* (1768) and *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773), in his poems, *The Traveller* (1764) and *The Deserted Village* (1770), in many narratives contained in his miscellaneous writings, and even in his famous child's story, *The History of Little Goody Two Shoes*. Goldsmith had not only ability as a story-teller but originality of the highest order, so that even in *The Vicar of Wakefield* he broke new ground. It is the first domestic novel.

The Vicar of Wakefield has faults, to which critics have paid entirely too much attention, perhaps because Goldsmith's honesty compelled him to acknowledge them. But even some of these faults reappear inevitably in domestic novels. Of course Goldsmith's habit of breaking the thread of his story in order to introduce episodes appears in practically all of his predecessors and in a long line of his successors. Also his much criticized resort to sensational and melodramatic happenings is natural enough in the domestic novel. The humdrum of domestic life can hardly, except in the hands of Jane Austen and those of a few others, be made into a novel. A family usually becomes suitable for treatment in fiction when it is put under stress or subjected to sudden inroads of extraneous influence. Trollope, Charlotte Brontë, and Thackeray and Dickens themselves are not free from the fault, if it be a fault, of introducing villainies, disasters, and coincidences. Indeed, one can see in Goldsmith the instinct for making the novel

dramatic which Dickens and Charles Reade were later to develop.

The Vicar of Wakefield is commonly compared with the Book of Job in the Bible, and, up to a certain point, the comparison is excellent, but ultimately hardly more appropriate than comparison with many other stories in both history and fiction in which calamity, heaped up but bravely borne, finally gives place to happiness and restored prosperity. There is a special interest in the comparison because Goldsmith probably had the character and situation of Job in mind when he wrote *The Vicar of Wakefield*. The literary position of Goldsmith's novel is still what it was at the beginning. It is not a favorite with critics, but it is loved by all who read it.

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From THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD
(*Domestic Novel*)

[Because of the loss of his fortune, Dr. Primrose and his family have left the vicarage of Wakefield and moved to a poor parish on Mr. Thornhill's estate. The question before the family is the choice of a husband for Olivia. She and her mother would prefer Mr. Thornhill, the landlord, who has paid her marked attentions. The family are, however, in doubt as to his sincerity.]

CHAPTER XVI

The family use art, which is opposed with still greater

... We once again, therefore, entered into a consultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and at last came to a resolution which had too much cunning to give me entire satisfaction. It was this: as our principal object was to discover the honor of Mr. Thornhill's addresses, my wife undertook to sound him by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of a husband for her eldest daughter. If this was not found sufficient to induce him to a declaration, it was then resolved to terrify him with a rival. To this last step, however, I would by no means give my consent, till Olivia gave me the most solemn assurances that she would marry the person provided to rival him upon this occasion, if he did not prevent it by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which, though I did not strenuously oppose, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thornhill come to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mamma an opportunity of putting their scheme into execution; but they only retired to the next room, whence they could overhear the whole conversation. My wife artfully introduced it by observing that one of the Miss Flamboroughs was like to have

a good match of it in Mr. Spanker. To this the Squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had warm fortunes were always sure of getting good husbands; "But heaven help," continued she, "the girls that have none. What signifies beauty, Mr. Thornhill? or what signifies all the virtue, and all the qualifications in the world, in this age of self-interest? It is not what is she? but what has she? is all the cry."

"Madam," returned he, "I highly approve the justice, as well as the novelty of your remarks, and if I were a king it should be otherwise. It should, then, indeed, be fine times with the girls without fortunes: our two young ladies should be the first for whom I would provide."

"Ah, sir," returned my wife, "you are pleased to be facetious, but I wish I were a queen, and then I know where my eldest daughter should look for a husband. But, now that you have put it into my head, seriously, Mr. Thornhill, can't you recommend me a proper husband for her? she is now nineteen years old, well grown and well educated, and, in my humble opinion, does not want for parts."

"Madam," replied he, "if I were to choose, I would find out a person possessed of every accomplishment that can make an angel happy. One with prudence, fortune, taste, and sincerity; such, madam, would be, in my opinion, the proper husband."—"Ay, sir," said she; "but do you know of any such person?"—"No, madam," returned he; "it is impossible to know any person that deserves to be her husband; she's too great a treasure for one man's possession; she's a goddess! Upon my soul, I speak what I think; she's an angel!"—"Ah, Mr. Thornhill, you only flatter my poor girl; but we have been thinking of marrying her to one of your tenants, whose mother is lately dead, and who wants a manager; you know whom I mean, farmer Williams, a warm man, Mr. Thornhill, able to give her good bread, and who has several times made her proposals (which was actually the case); but, sir," concluded she, "I should be glad to have your approbation of our choice."—"How, madam," replied he, "my approbation! My approbation of such a choice! Never. What! sacrifice so much beauty and sense and goodness to a creature insensible of the blessing! Excuse me, I can never approve of such a piece of injustice! And I have my reasons."—"Indeed, sir," cried

Deborah, "if you have your reasons that's another affair; but I should be glad to know these reasons."—"Excuse me, madam," returned he, "they lie too deep for discovery (laying his hand upon his bosom); they remain buried, riveted here."

After he was gone, upon a general consultation, we could not tell what to make of these fine sentiments. Olivia considered them as instances of the most exalted passion; but I was not quite so sanguine; it seemed to me pretty plain that they had more of love than matrimony in them; yet whatever they might portend, it was resolved to prosecute the scheme of farmer Williams, who, from my daughter's first appearance in the country, had paid her his addresses.

CHAPTER XVII

Scarcely any virtue found to resist the power of long and pleasing temptation

As I only studied my child's real happiness, the assiduity of Mr. Williams pleased me, as he was in easy circumstances, prudent, and sincere. It required but very little encouragement to revive his former passion so that in an evening or two he and Mr. Thornhill met at our house, and surveyed each other for some time with looks of anger; but Williams owed his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indignation. Olivia, on her side, acted the coquette to perfection, if that might be called acting which was her real character, pretending to lavish all her tenderness on her new lover. Mr. Thornhill appeared quite dejected at this preference, and with a pensive air took leave, though I own it puzzled me to find him so much in pain as he appeared to be, when he had it in his power so easily to remove the cause, by declaring an honorable passion. But whatever uneasiness he seemed to endure, it could easily be perceived that Olivia's anguish was still greater. After any of these interviews between her lovers, of which there were several, she usually retired to solitude, and there indulged her grief. It was in such a situation I found her one evening, after she had been for some time supporting a fictitious gaiety. "You now see, my child," said I, "that your confidence in Mr. Thornhill's passion was all a dream;

he permits the rivalry of another, every way his inferior, though he knows it lies in his power to secure you to himself by a candid declaration.”—“Yes, papa,” returned she, “but he has his reasons for this delay; I know he has. The sincerity of his looks and words convinces me of his real esteem. A short time, I hope, will discover the generosity of his sentiments, and convince you that my opinion of him has been more just than yours.”—“Olivia, my darling,” returned I, “every scheme that has been hitherto pursued to compel him to a declaration has been proposed and planned by yourself, nor can you in the least say that I have constrained you. But you must not suppose, my dear, that I will ever be instrumental in suffering his honest rival to be the dupe of your ill-placed passion. Whatever time you require to bring your fancied admirer to an explanation shall be granted, but at the expiration of that term, if he is still regardless, I must absolutely insist that honest Mr. Williams shall be rewarded for his fidelity. The character which I have hitherto supported in life demands this from me, and my tenderness as a parent shall never influence my integrity as a man. Name then your day; let it be as distant as you think proper; and, in the mean time, take care to let Mr. Thornhill know the exact time on which I design delivering you up to another. If he really loves you, his own good sense will readily suggest that there is but one method alone to prevent his losing you forever.” This proposal, which she could not avoid considering as perfectly just, was readily agreed to. She again renewed her most positive promise of marrying Mr. Williams, in case of the other’s insensibility; and at the next opportunity, in Mr. Thornhill’s presence, that day month was fixed upon for her nuptials with his rival.

Such vigorous proceedings seemed to redouble Mr. Thornhill’s anxiety; but what Olivia really felt gave me some uneasiness. In this struggle between prudence and passion her vivacity quite forsook her, and every opportunity of solitude was sought, and spent in tears. One week passed away; but Mr. Thornhill made no efforts to restrain her nuptials. The succeeding week he was still assiduous, but not more open. On the third he discontinued his visits entirely, and instead of my daughter testifying any impatience as I expected, she seemed to retain a pensive tranquillity, which I looked upon as resignation. For my own part, I was now

sincerely pleased with thinking that my child was going to be secured in a continuance of competence and peace, and frequently applauded her resolution in preferring happiness to ostentation.

It was within about four days of her intended nuptials that my little family at night were gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past, and laying schemes for the future; busy in forming a thousand projects, and laughing at whatever folly came uppermost. "Well, Moses," cried I, "we shall soon, my boy, have a wedding in the family; what is your opinion of matters and things in general?"—"My opinion, father, is that all things go on very well, and I was just now thinking that when sister Livy is married to farmer Williams, we shall then have the loan of his cider-press and brewing tubs for nothing."—"That we shall, Moses," cried I, "and he will sing us *Death and the Lady*, to raise our spirits into the bargain."—"He has taught that song to our Dick," cried Moses, "and I think he goes through with it very prettily."—"Does he so?" cried I; "then let us have it. Where's little Dick? let him up with it boldly."—"My brother Dick," cried Bill, my youngest, "is just gone out with sister Livy; but Mr. Williams has taught me two songs, and I'll sing them for you, papa. Which song do you choose, *The Dying Swan*, or *The Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*?"—"The elegy, child, by all means," said I; "I never heard that yet; and Deborah, my wife, grief you know is dry, let us have a bottle of the best gooseberry wine to keep up our spirits. I have wept so much at all sorts of elegies of late, that without an enlivening glass I am sure this will overcome me; and Sophy, love, take your guitar, and thrum in with the boy a little."

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

Good people all of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied—
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

“A very good boy, Bill, upon my word, and an elegy that may be truly called tragical. Come, my children, here's Bill's health, and may he one day be a bishop!”

“With all my heart,” cried my wife; “and if he but preaches as well as he sings, I make no doubt of him. The most of his family, by his mother's side, could sing a good song: it was a common saying in our country, that the family of the Blenkinsops could never look straight before them, nor the Hugginsons blow out a candle; that there were none of the Grograms but

could sing a song, or of the Marjorams but could tell a story.”—“However that be,” cried I, “the most vulgar ballad of them all generally pleases me better than the fine modern odes, and things that petrify us in a single stanza, productions that we at once detest and praise. Put the glass to your brother, Moses. The great fault of these elegiasts is that they are in despair for griefs that give the sensible part of mankind very little pain. A lady loses her muff, her fan, or her lap-dog, and so the silly poet runs home to versify the disaster.”

“That may be the mode,” cried Moses, “in sublimer compositions; but the Ranelagh songs that come down to us are perfectly familiar, and all cast in the same mould: Colin meets Dolly, and they hold a dialogue together; he gives her a fairing to put in her hair, and she presents him with a nosegay; and then they go together to a church, where they give good advice to young nymphs and swains to get married as fast as they can.”

“And very good advice too,” cried I; “and I am told there is not a place in the world where advice can be given with so much propriety as there; for as it persuades us to marry, it also furnishes us with a wife; and surely that must be an excellent market, my boy, where we are told what we want, and supplied with it when wanting.”

“Yes, sir,” returned Moses, “and I know of but two such markets for wives in Europe,—Ranelagh in England, and Fontarabia in Spain. The Spanish market is open once a year; but our English wives are salable every night.”

“You are right, my boy,” cried his mother. “Old England is the only place in the world for husbands to get wives.”—“And for wives to manage their husbands,” interrupted I. “It is a proverb abroad that if a bridge were built across the sea, all the ladies of the Continent would come over to take pattern from ours; for there are no such wives in Europe as our own. But let us have one bottle more, Deborah, my wife; and, Moses, give us a good song. What thanks do we not owe to Heaven for thus bestowing tranquillity, health, and competence! I think myself happier now than the greatest monarch upon earth. He has no such fireside, nor such pleasant faces about it. Yes, Deborah, we are now growing old; but the evening of our life is likely to be happy. We are descended from ancestors that knew no stain,

and we shall leave a good and virtuous race of children behind us. While we live, they will be our support and our pleasure here; and when we die, they will transmit our honor untainted to posterity. Come, my son, we wait for a song; let us have a chorus. But where is my darling Olivia? That little cherub's voice is always sweetest in the concert." Just as I spoke Dick came running in. "O papa, papa, she is gone from us, she is gone from us; my sister Livy is gone from us forever."—"Gone, child!"—"Yes, she is gone off with two gentlemen in a post-chaise, and one of them kissed her, and said he would die for her; and she cried very much, and was for coming back; but he persuaded her again, and she went into the chaise, and said, O, what will my poor papa do when he knows I am undone!"—"Now then," cried I, "my children, go and be miserable; for we shall never enjoy one hour more. And O, may Heaven's everlasting fury light upon him and his! Thus to rob me of my child! And sure it will, for taking back my sweet innocent that I was leading up to Heaven. Such sincerity as my child was possessed of! But all our earthly happiness is now over! Go, my children, go and be miserable and infamous; for my heart is broken within me!"—"Father," cried my son, "is this your fortitude?"—"Fortitude, child!—yes, ye shall see I have fortitude! Bring me my pistols. I'll pursue the traitor; while he is on earth, I'll pursue him. Old as I am, he shall find I can sting him yet. The villain! The perfidious villain!" I had by this time reached down my pistols, when my poor wife, whose passions were not as strong as mine, caught me in her arms. "My dearest, dearest husband," cried she, "the Bible is the only weapon that is fit for your old hands now. Open that, my love, and read our anguish into patience, for she has vilely deceived us."—"Indeed, sir," resumed my son, after a pause, "your rage is too violent and unbecoming. You should be my mother's comforter, and you increase her pain. It ill suited you and your reverend character thus to curse your greatest enemy, you should not have cursed him, villain as he is."—"I did not curse him, child, did I?"—"Indeed, sir, you did, you curst him twice."—"Then may Heaven forgive me and him if I did! And now, my son, I see it was more than human benevolence that first taught us to bless our enemies! Blessed be His holy name for all the good He hath

given, and for all that He hath taken away. But it is not—it is not a small distress that can wring tears from these old eyes, that have not wept for so many years. My child! To undo my darling;—may confusion seize—Heaven forgive me, what am I about to say! You may remember, my love, how good she was, and how charming; till this vile moment all her care was to make us happy. Had she but died! But she is gone, the honor of our family contaminated, and I must look out for happiness in other worlds than here. But, my child, you saw them go off; perhaps he forced her away? If he forced her, she may yet be innocent.”—“Ah, no, sir,” cried the child; “he only kissed her, and called her his angel, and she wept very much, and leaned upon his arm, and they drove off very fast.”—“She’s an ungrateful creature,” cried my wife, who could scarcely speak for weeping, “to use us thus. She never had the least constraint put upon her affections. The vile strumpet has basely deserted her parents without any provocation, thus to bring your gray hairs to the grave; and I must shortly follow.”

In this manner that night, the first of our real misfortunes, was spent in the bitterness of complaint, and ill-supported sallies of enthusiasm. I determined, however, to find out our betrayer, wherever he was, and reproach his baseness. The next morning we missed our wretched child at breakfast, where she used to give life and cheerfulness to us all. My wife, as before, attempted to ease her heart by reproaches. “Never,” cried she, “shall the vilest stain of our family again darken these harmless doors. I will never call her daughter more. No, let the strumpet live with her vile seducer; she may bring us to shame, but she shall never more deceive us.”

“Wife,” said I, “do not talk thus hardly; my detestation of her guilt is as great as yours; but ever shall this house and this heart be open to a poor returning repentant sinner. The sooner she returns from her transgressions, the more welcome shall she be to me. For the first time the very best may err; art may persuade, and novelty spread out its charm. The first fault is the child of simplicity, but every other the offspring of guilt. Yes, the wretched creature shall be welcome to this heart and this house, though stained with ten thousand vices. I will again

hearken to the music of her voice, again will I hang fondly on her bosom, if I find but repentance there. My son, bring hither my Bible and my staff, I will pursue her wherever she is; and though I cannot save her from shame, I may prevent the continuance of iniquity."

[*Dr. Primrose goes in pursuit of Olivia, who has run away with the archvillain Thornhill. The vicar, after having many adventures and after falling ill for a time, is returning home in disappointment when he unexpectedly finds his daughter, now deserted by Thornhill, and takes her home with him. The vicar arrives at home just as his house and all of his property are consumed by fire. The family, however, make the best of a bad situation and are living courageously in the direst poverty.*]

CHAPTER XXIV

Fresh Calamities

The next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season, so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honeysuckle bank, where, while we sat, my youngest daughter, at my request, joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was in this place that my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recall her sadness. But that melancholy which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother too upon this occasion felt a pleasing distress, and wept, and loved her daughter as before. "Do, my pretty Olivia," cried she, "let us have that little melancholy air your papa was so fond of; your sister Sophy has already obliged us. Do, child; it will please your old father." She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic as moved us.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray;
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die.

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an interruption in her voice from sorrow gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particularly increased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter, who, desirous of shunning her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and making up to the place where I was still sitting, inquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity. "Sir," replied I, "your present assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your character; and there was a time when I would have chastised your insolence for presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe, for age has cooled my passions, and my calling restrains them."

"I vow, my dear sir," returned he, "I am amazed at all this; nor can I understand what it means! I hope you don't think your daughter's late excursion with me had anything criminal in it?"

"Go!" cried I; "thou art a wretch, a poor pitiful wretch, and every way a liar; but your meanness secures you from my anger! Yet, sir, I am descended from a family that would not have borne this! And so, thou vile thing, to gratify a momentary passion, thou hast made one poor creature wretched for life, and polluted a family that had nothing but honor for their portion."

"If she or you," returned he, "are resolved to be miserable, I cannot help it. But you may still be happy; and whatever opinion you may have formed of me, you shall ever find me ready to contribute to it. We can marry her to another in a short time, and, what is more, she may keep her lover beside; for I protest I shall ever continue to have a true regard for her."

I found all my passions alarmed at this new degrading proposal; for though the mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villainy can at any time get within the soul, and sting it into rage. "Avoid my sight, thou reptile!" cried I, "nor continue to insult me with thy presence. Were my brave son at home he

would not suffer this; but I am old and disabled, and every way undone."

"I find," cried he, "you are bent upon obliging me to talk in a harsher manner than I intended. But as I have shown you what may be hoped from my friendship, it may not be improper to represent what may be the consequences of my resentment. My attorney, to whom your late bond has been transferred, threatens hard; nor do I know how to prevent the course of justice, except by paying the money myself, which, as I have been at some expenses lately, previous to my intended marriage, is not so easily to be done. And then my steward talks of driving for the rent; it is certain he knows his duty, for I never trouble myself with affairs of that nature. Yet still I could wish to serve you, and even to have you and your daughter present at my marriage, which is shortly to be solemnized with Miss Wilmot; it is even the request of my charming Arabella herself, whom I hope you will not refuse."

"Mr. Thornhill," replied I, "hear me once for all. As to your marriage with any but my daughter, that I never will consent to; and though your friendship could raise me to a throne, or resentment sink me to the grave, yet would I despise both. Thou hast once wofully, irreparably deceived me. I reposed my heart upon thine honor, and have found its baseness. Never more, therefore, expect friendship from me. Go, and possess what fortune has given thee,—beauty, riches, health, and pleasure. Go, and leave me to want, infamy, disease, and sorrow. Yet, humbled as I am, shall my heart still vindicate its dignity; and though thou hast my forgiveness, thou shalt ever have my contempt."

"If so," returned he, "depend upon it you shall feel the effects of this insolence; and we shall shortly see which is the fittest object of scorn, you or me." Upon which he departed abruptly.

My wife and son, who were present at this interview, seemed terrified with apprehension. My daughters also, finding that he was gone, came out to be informed of the result of our conference, which, when known, alarmed them not less than the rest. But as to myself, I disregarded the utmost stretch of his malevolence: he had already struck the blow, and now I stood prepared to repel every new effort; like one of those instruments used in

the art of war, which, however thrown, still presents a point to receive the enemy.

We soon, however, found that he had not threatened in vain; for the very next morning his steward came to demand my annual rent, which, by the train of accidents already related, I was unable to pay. The consequence of my incapacity was his driving my cattle that evening, and their being appraised and sold the next day for less than half their value. My wife and children now, therefore, entreated me to comply upon any terms, rather than incur certain destruction. They even begged of me to admit his visits once more, and used all their little eloquence to paint the calamities I was going to endure,—the terrors of a prison in so rigorous a season as the present, with the danger that threatened my health from the late accident that happened by the fire. But I continued inflexible.

“Why, my treasures,” cried I, “why will you thus attempt to persuade me to the thing that is not right? My duty has taught me to forgive him; but my conscience will not permit me to approve. Would you have me applaud to the world what my heart must internally condemn? Would you have me tamely sit down and flatter our infamous betrayer, and, to avoid a prison, continually suffer the more galling bonds of mental confinement? No, never! If we are to be taken from this abode, only let us hold to the right; and wherever we are thrown, we can still retire to a charming apartment, when we can look round our own hearts with intrepidity and with pleasure!”

In this manner we spent that evening. Early the next morning, as the snow had fallen in great abundance in the night, my son was employed in clearing it away, and opening a passage before the door. He had not been thus engaged long, when he came running in, with looks all pale, to tell us that two strangers, whom he knew to be officers of justice, were making towards the house.

Just as he spake they came in, and approaching the bed where I lay, after previously informing me of their employment and business, made me their prisoner, bidding me prepare to go with them to the county jail, which was eleven miles off.

“My friends,” said I, “this is severe weather in which you have come to take me to a prison; and it is particularly unfortunate

at this time, as one of my arms has lately been burnt in a terrible manner, and it has thrown me into a slight fever, and I want clothes to cover me; and I am now too weak and old to walk far in such deep snow; but if it must be so"—

I then turned to my wife and children, and directed them to get together what few things were left us, and to prepare immediately for leaving this place. I entreated them to be expeditious, and desired my son to assist his eldest sister, who, from a consciousness that she was the cause of all our calamities, was fallen, and had lost anguish in insensibility. I encouraged my wife, who, pale and trembling, clasped our affrighted little ones in her arms, that clung to her bosom in silence, dreading to look round at the strangers. In the meantime my youngest daughter prepared for our departure, and, as she received several hints to use despatch, in about an hour we were ready to depart.

THOMAS DAY (1748-1789)

THOMAS DAY, who early became an avowed disciple of Rousseau, knew *The Fool of Quality* well and admired it. There is no doubt that it influenced his work. He was left an orphan in early boyhood and was heir of a large fortune amassed by his benevolent father, a deputy collector of customs outward at the Port of London. Day was educated at the Charterhouse in London and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. At Oxford he was associated with Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of Maria Edgeworth, and with other reformers, and he himself imbibed the new doctrines from France. Day seems to have been rather crude in manners and appearance, and his adherence to the doctrine of nature, which discounts these things, may have been in some measure a reaction against the fine society in which he himself was uncomfortable and unsuccessful. He made several fruitless attempts to get married and finally resorted to the famous experiment of selecting two girls from a foundling home, a blonde and a brunette, in order that he might supervise the education of his future wife. The experiment was not successful, since neither of the girls would do; but Day afterwards did achieve a happy marriage.

Thomas Day lived the life of a wealthy man of severe tastes and interested himself in works of moral and social reform. Agriculture, architecture, politics, and literature engaged his attention. He knew children and was always much engrossed in problems of education. In that connection his association with the Edgeworths caused him to begin a work which would afford proper reading for children in their most formative years and would embody the principles inculcated by Rousseau in *Émile*. There was at that time in common use as a first reader among people of strongly moral views a book by Mrs. Letitia Barbauld called *Early Lessons*. Mr. and Mrs. Edgeworth began to prepare for the use of their own child a story

which was to serve as a second reader. It was called *Harry and Lucy*. Day undertook to contribute a narrative to this volume. The result was *The History of Sandford and Merton, a Work Intended for the Use of Children*. He hoped by his work to instil into the young the hardy virtues of plain-living and to make them despise luxury and effeminacy. Particularly, he hoped to make children averse to fine clothing, powdered hair, luxurious food, refined etiquette, and everything which, as he thought, breeds hardness of heart, selfishness, social injustice, and an idle existence.

He accordingly told the tale of two boys, Thomas Merton, the six-year-old son, over-indulged, of a wealthy Jamaica planter, and Harry Sandford, hardy and manly son of a west-of-England farmer. It was part of Day's plan to embody in the story of these two boys, which ended in the conversion of Tommy Merton to natural virtue, improving moral tales gathered from every quarter. The work grew in his hands into three volumes, published in 1783, 1786, and 1789. The book is full of youthful priggishness and of tiresome and sometimes banal moralizing, but Day's genius was able to surmount these defects. Perhaps most children love moral instruction and take pleasure in profitable examples, but in any case Day tells his main story and his many interspersed tales well, and they are such as to interest youth.

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From THE HISTORY OF SANDFORD AND MERTON
(*Juvenile Fiction—Didactic*)

[*Tommy Merton has made a long visit to the home of Harry Sandford, where he had the advantage of the excellent instruction of Mr. Barlow. He has learned a great deal about the excellent qualities of farm life. A time has come, however, when Harry Sandford has in turn visited the elegant home of Tommy Merton in the city. There he has seen much to disgust and disconcert him, not the least unfortunate circumstance being Tommy Merton's turning against him in favor of his fashionable friends in the city. They are having a dance at Mr. Merton's home.*]

Harry, in the meantime, had shrouded himself in the most obscure part of the room, and was silently gazing upon the scene that passed. He knew that his company would give no pleasure among the elegant figures that engrossed the foremost seats, and felt not the least inclination for such an honour. In this situation, he was observed by Master Compton, who, at the same instant, formed a scheme of mortifying Miss Simmons, whom he did not like, and of exposing Harry to general ridicule. He therefore proposed it to Mash, who had partly officiated as master of the ceremonies, and who, with all the readiness of officious malice, agreed to assist him. Master Mash, therefore, went up to Miss Simmons, and with all the solemnity of respect, invited her out to dance, which she, although indifferent about the matter, accepted without hesitation. In the meantime, Master Compton went up to Harry with the same hypocritical civility, and, in Miss Simmons' name, invited him to dance a minuet. It was in vain that Harry assured him he knew nothing about the matter; his perfidious friend told him that it was an indispensable duty for him to stand up; that Miss Simmons would never forgive him, if he should refuse, that it would be sufficient if he could just describe

the figure, without embarrassing himself about the steps. In the meantime, he pointed out Miss Simmons, who was advancing towards the upper end of the room, and taking advantage of his confusion and embarrassment, led him forward, and placed him by the young lady's side. Harry was not yet acquainted with the sublime science of imposing upon unwary simplicity, and therefore never doubted that the message had come from his friend; and as nothing could be more repugnant to his character than the want of compliance, he thought it necessary at least to go and expostulate with her upon the subject. This was his intention, when he suffered himself to be led up the room; but his tormentors did not give him time, for they placed him by the side of the young lady, and instantly called to the music to begin. Miss Simmons, in her turn, was equally surprised at the partner which was provided for her; she had never imagined minuet-dancing to be one of Harry's accomplishments; and therefore instantly suspected that it was a concerted scheme to mortify her. However, in this she was determined they should be disappointed, as she was destitute of all pride, and had the sincerest regard for Harry. As soon, therefore, as the music struck up, the young lady began her reverence; which Harry, who found he was now completely caught, and had no time for explanation, imitated as well as he was able, but in such a manner as set the whole room in a titter. Harry, however, arming himself with all the fortitude he possessed, performed his part as well as could be expected from a person that had never learned a single step of dancing. By keeping his eye fixed upon his partner, he made a shift at least to preserve something of the figure, although he was terribly deficient in the steps and graces of the dance. But his partner, who was scarcely less embarrassed than himself, and wished to shorten the exhibition, after crossing once, presented him with her hand. Harry had unfortunately not remarked the nature of this maneuver with perfect accuracy; and therefore imagining that one hand was just as good as the other, he offered the young lady his left, instead of his right hand. At this incident a universal peal of merriment, which they no longer laboured to conceal, burst from almost all the company; and Miss Simmons, wishing at any rate to close the scene, presented her partner with both her hands, and abruptly finished the dance.

The unfortunate couple then retreated to the lower end of the room amidst the jests and sneers of their companions, particularly Mash and Compton, who assumed unusual importance upon the credit of such a brilliant invention.

When they were seated, Miss Simmons could not help asking Harry, with some displeasure, why he had thus exposed himself and her, by attempting what he was totally ignorant of? and added, "that though there was no disgrace in not being able to dance, it was very great folly to attempt it, without having learned a single step."—"Indeed, madam," answered Harry, "I never should have thought of trying to do what I knew I was totally ignorant of; but Master Compton came to me, and told me that you particularly desired me to dance with you, and led me to the other end of the room; and I came only to speak to you, and to inform you that I knew nothing about the matter, for fear you should think me uncivil; and then the music began to play, and you to dance; so that I had no opportunity of speaking, and I thought it better to do the best I could, than to stand still, or leave you there." Miss Simmons instantly recovered her former good-humour, and said, "Well, Harry, we are not the first, nor shall be the last, by hundreds, who have made a ridiculous figure in a ball-room, without so good an excuse. But I am sorry to see so malicious a disposition in these young gentlemen; and that all their knowledge of polite life has not taught them a little better manners."

"Why, madam," answered Harry, "since you are so good as to converse with me upon the subject, I must confess that I have been very much surprised at many things I have seen at Mr. Merton's. All these young gentlemen and ladies are continually talking about genteel life and manners; and yet they are frequently doing things which astonish me. Mr. Barlow has always told me that politeness consisted in a disposition to oblige everybody around us, and to say or do nothing that can give others disagreeable impressions. Yet I continually see these young gentlemen striving to do and say things, for no other reason than to cause pain. For, not to go any farther than the present instance, what motive can Masters Compton and Mash have had, but to mortify you by giving you such a partner; you, madam, too, who

are so kind and good to everybody, that I should think it impossible not to love you?"

"Harry," answered the young lady, "what you say about politeness is perfectly just; I have heard my uncle and many sensible people say the same; but in order to acquire this species of it, both goodness of heart and a just way of thinking are required; and therefore many people content themselves with aping what they can pick up in the dress, or gestures, or cant expressions of the higher classes; just like the poor ass, which, dressed in the skin of a lion, was taken for the lion himself, till his unfortunate braying exposed the cheat."—"Pray, madam, what is that story?" said Harry.

"It is a trifling one that I have read," answered Miss Simmons, "of somebody who, having procured a lion's skin, fastened it round the body of an ass, and then turned him loose, to the great affright of the neighbourhood. They who saw him first, imagined that a monstrous lion had invaded the country, and fled with precipitation. Even the very cattle caught the panic, and were scattered by hundreds over the plains. In the meantime, the victorious ass pranced and capered along the fields, and diverted himself with running after the fugitives. But at length in the gaiety of his heart, he broke into such a discordant braying, as surprised those that were nearest, and expected to hear a very different noise from under the terrible skin. At length a resolute fellow ventured by degrees nearer to this object of their terror, and discovering the cheat that had been practised upon them, divested the poor ass of all his borrowed spoils, and drove him away with his cudgel.

"This story," continued Miss Simmons, "is continually coming into my mind, when I see anybody imagine himself of great importance, because he has adopted some particular mode of dress, or the grimaces of those that call themselves fashionable people. Nor do I ever see Master Mash or Master Compton without thinking of the lion's skin, and expecting every moment to hear him bray."

Harry laughed heartily at this story. But now their attention was called towards the company, who had ranged themselves by pairs for country-dancing. Miss Simmons, who was very fond of

this exercise, then asked Harry if he had never practised any of these dances? Harry said, "It had happened to him three or four times at home, and that he believed he should not be puzzled about any of the figures."—"Well, then," said the young lady, "to show how little I regard their intended mortification, I will stand up, and you shall be my partner." So they arose, and placed themselves at the bottom of the room, according to the laws of dancing, which appoint that station for those who come last.

And now the music began to strike up in a more joyous strain; the little dancers exerted themselves with all their activity, and the exercise diffused a glow of health and cheerfulness over the faces of the most pale and languid. Harry exerted himself here with much better success than he had lately done in the minuet. He had great command over all his limbs, and was very well versed in every play that gives address to the body, so that he found no difficulty in practising all the varied figures of the dances, particularly with the assistance of Miss Simmons, who explained to him everything that appeared embarrassing.

But now, by the continuance of the dance, all who were at first at the upper end had descended to the bottom, where, by the laws of the diversion, they ought to have waited quietly till their companions, becoming in their turn uppermost, had danced down to their former places. But when Miss Simmons and Harry expected to have their just share of the exercise, they found that almost all their companions had deserted them, and retired to their seats. Harry could not help wondering at this behaviour; but Miss Simmons said, with a smile, it was only of a piece with the rest, and that she had often remarked it at country assemblies, where all the gentry of a county had been gathered together. "This is frequently the way," added she, "that those who think themselves superior to the rest of the world choose to show their importance."—"It is a very bad way, indeed," replied Harry; "people may choose whether they will dance or practise any particular diversion; but, if they do, they ought to submit to the laws of it without repining; and I have always observed, among the little boys whom I am acquainted with, that wherever this disposition prevails, it is the greatest proof of a bad and contemptible temper."—"I am afraid," replied Miss Simmons, "that your observations will hold universally true; and that those who

expect so much for themselves, without being willing to consider their fellow-creatures in turn, in whatever station they are found, are always the most mean, ignorant, and despicable of the species."

"I remember," said Harry, "reading a story of a great man called Sir Philip Sydney. This gentleman was reckoned not only the bravest but the politest person in England. It happened that he was sent over the sea to assist some of our allies against their enemies. After having distinguished himself so as to gain the love and esteem of all the army, this excellent man one day received a shot which broke his thigh, as he was bravely fighting at the head of his men. Sir Philip Sydney felt that he was mortally wounded, and was obliged to turn his horse's head, and retire to his tent, that he might have his wound examined. By the time that he had reached his tent, he not only felt great agonies from his wound, but the heat of the weather, and the fever which the pain produced, had excited an intolerable thirst, so that he prayed his attendants to fetch him a little water. With infinite difficulty some water was procured, and brought to him, but just as he was raising the cup to his lips, he chanced to see a poor English soldier, who had been mortally wounded in the same engagement, and lay upon the ground faint and bleeding, and ready to expire. The poor man was suffering, like his general, from the torture of a consuming thirst; and therefore, though respect prevented him from asking for any, he turned his dying eyes upon the water with an eagerness which sufficiently explained his sufferings. Upon this, the excellent and noble Sir Philip took the cup, which he had not yet tasted, from his lips, and gave it to his attendants, ordering them to carry it to the wounded soldier, and only saying, 'This poor man wants it still more than I do.'

"This story," added Harry, "was always a particular favourite with Mr. Barlow; and he has often directed my attention to it, as an example not only of the greatest virtue and humanity, but also of that elevated mode of thinking which constitutes the true gentleman. 'For what is it' (I have heard him say) 'that gives a superiority of manners, but the inclination to sacrifice our own pleasures and interests to the well-being of others?' An ordinary person might have pitied the poor soldier, or even have assisted him, when he had first taken care of himself; but who,

in such a dreadful extremity as the brave Sydney was reduced to, would be capable of even forgetting his own sufferings to relieve another, who had not acquired the generous habit of always disregarding his own gratifications for the sake of his fellow-creatures?"

As Harry was conversing in this manner, the little company had left off dancing, and were refreshing themselves with a variety of cakes and agreeable liquors, which had been provided for the occasion. Tommy Merton and the other young gentlemen were now distinguishing themselves by their attendance upon the ladies, whom they were supplying with everything they chose to have, but no one thought it worth his while to wait upon Miss Simmons. When Harry observed this, he ran to the table, and upon a large waiter brought her cakes and lemonade, which he presented, if not with a better grace, with a more sincere desire to oblige than any of the rest. But as he was bending to offer her the choice, Master Mash unluckily passed that way, and elated by the success of his late piece of ill-nature, determined to attempt a second still more brutal than the first. With this intention, just as Miss Simmons was helping herself to some wine and water, Mash, pretending to stumble, pushed Harry in such a manner, that the greater part of the contents of the glasses was discharged full into her bosom. The young lady coloured at the insult; and Harry, who instantly perceived that it had been done on purpose, being no longer able to contain his indignation, seized a glass that was only half emptied, and discharged the contents full into the face of the aggressor. Mash, who was a boy of violent passion, exasperated at this retaliation, which he so well deserved, instantly caught up a drinking-glass, and flung it forcibly at the head of Harry. Happy was it for him that it only grazed his head, without taking the full effect; it produced, however, a considerable gash, and Harry was in an instant covered with his own blood, the sight of which provoked him the more, and made him forget both the place and the company where he was; so that, flying upon Mash with all the fury of just revenge, a fierce combat ensued, which threw the whole room into consternation.

But Mr. Merton soon appeared, and with some difficulty separated the enraged combatants. He then inquired into the

subject of the contest, which Master Mash endeavoured to explain away as an accident. But Harry persisted in his account with so much firmness, in which he was corroborated by the testimony of Miss Simmons, that Mr. Merton readily perceived the truth. Mash, however, apologised for himself in the best manner that he was able, by saying that he only meant to play Master Harry an innocent trick, but that he had undesignedly injured Miss Simmons.

Whatever Mr. Merton felt, he did not say much. He endeavoured, however, to pacify the enraged lads, and ordered assistance to Harry, to bind up his wound, and free him from the blood which had now disfigured him from head to foot. . .

The next morning they rose later than usual; and as several of the young gentlemen who had been invited to the preceding evening's diversion, were not to return till after dinner, they agreed to take a walk into the country. Harry went with them, as usual, though Master Mash, by his misrepresentations, had prejudiced Tommy and all the rest against him. But Harry, who was conscious of his own innocence, and began to feel the pride of injured friendship, disdained to offer an explanation of his behaviour, since his friend was not sufficiently interested about the matter to ask for one.

While they were walking slowly along the common, they discovered at a distance a prodigious crowd of people, all moving forward in the same direction. This attracted the curiosity of the little troop; and on inquiry they found that a bull-baiting was on the point of taking place. Instantly an eager desire seized upon all the little gentry to see the diversion. One obstacle alone presented itself, which was, that their parents, and particularly Mrs. Merton, had made them promise that they would avoid every sort of danger. This objection was, however, removed by Master Billy Lyddal, who remarked, "that there could be no danger in the sight, as the bull was to be tied fast, and could therefore do them no harm. Besides," added he, smiling, "what occasion have they to know that we have been at all? I hope we are not such simpletons as to accuse ourselves, or such tell-tales as to inform against one another?"—"No! no! no!" was the universal exclamation from all but Harry, who had remained profoundly silent on the occasion. "Master Harry has not said a

word," said one of the little folk; "sure he will not tell of us?"—"Indeed," said Harry, "I do not wish to tell of you; but if I am asked where we have been, how can I help telling?"—"What!" answered Master Lyddal, "cannot you say that we have been walking along the road, or across the common, without mentioning anything farther?"—"No," said Harry, "that would not be speaking truth; besides, bull-baiting is a very cruel and dangerous diversion, and therefore none of us should go to see it; particularly Master Merton, whose mother loves him so much, and is so careful about him."

This speech was not received with much approbation by those to whom it was addressed. "A pretty fellow," said one, "to give himself these airs, and pretend to be wiser than every one else!"—"What!" said Master Compton, "does this beggar's brat think that he is to govern gentlemen's sons, because Master Merton is so good as to keep company with him?"—"If I were Master Merton," said a third, "I'd soon send the little impertinent jackanapes home to his own blackguard family." And Master Mash, who was the biggest and strongest boy in the whole company, came up to Harry, and grinning in his face, said, "So all the return that you make to Master Merton for his goodness to you, is to be a spy and an informer, is it, you little dirty blackguard?"

Harry, who had long perceived and lamented the coolness of Master Merton towards him, was now much more grieved to see that his friend was not only silent, but seemed to take an ill-natured pleasure in these insults, than at the insults themselves which were offered to him. However, as soon as the crowd of tormentors which surrounded him would give him leave to speak, he coolly answered, "that he was as little a spy and informer as any of them; and as to begging, he thanked God, he wanted as little of them as they did of him: besides," added he, "were I even reduced so low as that, I should know better how to employ my time than to ask charity of any one here."

This sarcastic answer, and the reflections that were made upon it, had such an effect upon the too irritable temper of Master Merton, that, in an instant, forgetting his former obligations and affection to Harry, he strutted up to him, and clenching his fist, asked him whether he meant to insult him? "Well done, Master

Merton!" echoed through the whole society; "thrash him heartily for his impudence."—"No, Master Tommy," answered Harry, "it is you and your friends here that insult me."—"What!" answered Tommy, "are you a person of such consequence, that you must not be spoken to? You are a prodigiously fine gentleman, indeed."—"I always thought you one, till now," answered Harry. "How, you rascal!" said Tommy, "do you say that I am not a gentleman? Take that;"—and immediately struck Harry upon the face with his fist. His fortitude was not proof against this treatment; he turned his face away, and only said in a low tone of voice, "Master Tommy, Master Tommy, I never should have thought it possible you could have treated me in this unworthy manner;" then, covering his face with both his hands, he burst into an agony of crying.

But the little troop of gentlemen, who were vastly delighted with the mortification which Harry had received, and had formed a very indifferent opinion of his prowess from the patience which he had hitherto exerted, began to gather round and repeat their persecutions. *Coward*, and *blackguard*, and *tell-tale*, echoed in a chorus through the circle; and some, more forward than the rest, seized him by the hair in order that he might hold up his head, and show his *pretty face*.

But Harry, who now began to recollect himself, wiped his tears with his hand, and, looking up, asked them with a firm tone of voice, and a steady countenance, why they meddled with him? then, swinging round, he disengaged himself at once from all who had taken hold of him. The greater part of the company fell back at this question, and seemed disposed to leave him unmolested; but Master Mash, who was the most quarrelsome and impertinent boy present, advanced, and looking at Harry with a contemptuous sneer, said, "This is the way we always treat such little blackguards as you; and if you have not had enough to satisfy you, we'll willingly give you some more."—"As to all your nicknames and nonsense," answered Harry, "I don't think it worth my while to resent them; but though I have suffered Master Merton to strike me, there is not another in the company shall do it; or, if he chose to try, he shall soon find whether or not I am a coward."

Master Mash made no answer to this, but by a slap of the face,

which Harry returned by a punch of his fist, which had almost upset his antagonist, in spite of his superiority of size and strength. This unexpected check from a boy so much less than himself might probably have cooled the courage of Mash, had he not been ashamed of yielding to one whom he had treated with so much unmerited contempt. Summoning, therefore, all his resolution, he flew at Harry like a fury, and as he had often been engaged in quarrels like this, he struck him with so much force, that with the first blow he aimed he felled him to the ground. Harry, foiled in this manner, but not dismayed, rose in an instant, and attacked his adversary with redoubled vigour, at the very moment when he thought himself sure of the victory. A second time did Mash, after a short but severe contest, close with his undaunted enemy, and by dint of superior strength roughly hurled him to the ground.

The little troop of spectators, who had mistaken Harry's patient fortitude for cowardice, began now to entertain the sincerest respect for his courage, and gathered round the combatants in silence. A second time did Harry rise and attack his stronger adversary, with the cool intrepidity of a veteran antagonist. The battle now began to grow more dreadful and more violent. Mash had superior strength and dexterity, and greater habitude of fighting; his blows were aimed with equal skill and force; and each appeared sufficient to crush an enemy so much inferior in size, in strength, in years. But Harry possessed a body hardened to support pain and hardship; a greater degree of activity; a cool, unyielding courage, which nothing could disturb or daunt. Four times had he been now thrown down by the irresistible strength of his foe; four times had he risen, stronger from his fall, covered with dirt and blood, and panting with fatigue, but still unconquered. At length, from the duration of the combat, and his own violent exertions, the strength of Mash began to fail; enraged and disappointed at the obstinate resistance he had met with, he began to lose all command of his temper and to strike at random; his breath grew short, his efforts were more laborious, and his knees seemed scarcely able to sustain his weight. But impelled by rage and shame, he rushed with all his might upon Harry, as though determined to crush him with one last effort. Harry prudently stepped back, and contented himself with parrying the

blows that were aimed at him; till, seeing that his antagonist was almost exhausted by his own impetuosity, he darted at him with all his force, and by one successful blow levelled him with the earth.

An involuntary shout of triumph now burst from the little assembly of spectators; for such is the temper of human beings, that they are more inclined to consider superiority of force than justice; and the very same boys who had just before been loading Harry with taunts and outrages, were now ready to congratulate him upon his victory. He, however, when he found his antagonist no longer capable of resistance, kindly assisted him to rise, and told him "he was very sorry for what had happened;" but Mash, oppressed at once with the pain of his bruises and the disgrace of his defeat, observed an obstinate silence.

Just at this moment, their attention was engaged by a new and sudden spectacle. A bull of the largest size and greatest beauty was led across the plain, adorned with ribands of various colours. The majestic animal suffered himself to be led along, an unresisting prey, till he arrived at the spot which was destined for the theatre of his persecution. Here he was fastened to an iron ring, which had been strongly let into the ground, and whose force they imagined would be sufficient to restrain him, even in the midst of his most violent exertions. An innumerable crowd of men, of women, of children, then surrounded the place, waiting with eager curiosity for the inhuman sport they expected. The little party which had accompanied Master Merton were now no longer to be restrained, their friends, their parents, admonition, duty, promises, were all forgotten in an instant, and solely intent upon gratifying their curiosity, they mingled with the surrounding multitude.

Harry, although reluctantly, followed them at a distance; neither the ill-usage he had received, nor the pain of his wounds, could make him unmindful of Master Merton, or careless of his safety. He knew too well the dreadful accidents which frequently attend these barbarous sports, to be able to quit his friend, till he had once more seen him in a place of safety.

And now the noble animal, that was to be thus wantonly tormented, was fastened to the ring by a strongly-twisted cord, which, though it confined and cramped his exertions, did not entirely

restrain them. Although possessed of almost irresistible strength, he seemed unwilling to exert it; and looked around upon the infinite multitude of his enemies, with a gentleness that ought to have disarmed their animosity.

Presently a dog of the largest size and most ferocious courage was let loose; who, as soon as he beheld the bull, uttered a savage yell, and rushed upon him with all the rage of inveterate animosity. With the coolness of deliberate courage, the bull suffered him to approach, but just as the dog was springing up to seize him, he rushed forward to meet his foe, and putting his head to the ground, canted him into the air several yards, and had not the spectators run and caught him upon their backs and hands, he would have been crushed to death in the fall. The same fate attended another, and another dog, which were let loose successively; the one was killed upon the spot, while the other, who had a leg broken in the fall, crawled howling and limping away. The bull, in the meantime, behaved with all the calmness and intrepidity of an experienced warrior; without violence, without passion, he awaited every attack of his enemies, and then severely punished them for their rashness.

While this was transacting, to the diversion not only of the rude and illiterate populace, but to that of the little gentry with Master Merton, a poor half-naked Negro came up, and humbly implored their charity. He had served, he told them, on board an English vessel; and even showed them the scars of several wounds he had received; but now he was discharged; and without friends, without assistance, he could hardly find food to support his wretched life, or clothes to cover him from the wintry wind.

Some of the young gentry, who, from a bad education, had been little taught to feel or pity the distress of others, were base enough to attempt to jest upon his dusky colour and foreign accent; but Master Merton, who though lately much corrupted and changed from what he had been with Mr. Barlow, preserved a great degree of generosity, put his hand into his pocket in order to relieve him, but unfortunately found nothing to give: the foolish profusion which he had lately learned from the young gentlemen at his father's house, had made him waste in cards,

in playthings, in trifles, all his stock of money; and now he found himself unable to relieve that distress which he pitied.

Thus repulsed on every side, and unassisted, the unfortunate Black approached the place where Harry stood, holding out the tattered remains of his hat, and imploring charity. Harry had not much to give; but he took sixpence out of his pocket, which was all his riches, and gave it with the kindest look of compassion, saying, "Here, poor man, this is all I have; if I had more, it should be at your service." He had no time to add more; for at that instant three fierce dogs rushed upon the bull at once, and by their joint attacks rendered him almost mad. The calm, deliberate courage which he had hitherto shown was now changed into rage and desperation: he roared with pain and fury; flashes of fire seemed to come from his angry eyes, and his mouth was covered with foam and blood. He hurried around the stake with incessant toil and rage, first aiming at one, then at another, of the persecuting dogs, that harassed him on every side, growling and baying incessantly, and biting him in every part. At length, with a furious effort, he trampled one of his foes beneath his feet, and gored a second to that degree, that his bowels came through the wound; and at the same moment the cord which had hitherto confined him snapped asunder, and let him loose upon the affrighted multitude.

It is impossible to conceive the terror and dismay which instantly seized the crowd of spectators. They who before had been hallooing with joy, and encouraging the fury of the dogs with shouts and acclamations, were now scattered over the plain, and they fled from the fury of the animal whom they had been so basely tormenting. The enraged bull meanwhile rushed like lightning across the field, trampling some, goring others, and taking ample vengeance for the injuries he had received. Presently he rushed, with headlong fury, towards the spot where Master Merton and his associates stood: all fled with wild affright, but with a speed that was not equal to that of the pursuer. Shrieks, and outcries, and lamentations were heard on every side; and they who a few minutes before had despised the good advice of Harry, would now have given the world to be safe in the houses of their parents. Harry alone seemed to preserve his presence of mind; he

neither cried out nor ran; but when the terrific animal approached, leaped nimbly aside, and the bull passed on, without embarrassing himself about his escape.

Not so fortunate was Master Merton; he happened to be the last of the little troop of fugitives, and full in the way which the bull had taken. And now his destruction appeared certain; for, as he ran, whether through fear, or the inequality of the ground, his foot slipped, and down he tumbled, in the very path of the enraged pursuing animal. All who saw imagined his fate inevitable; and it would certainly have proved so, had not Harry, with a courage and presence of mind above his years, suddenly seized a prong which one of the runaways had dropped, and at the very moment when the bull was stooping to gore his defenceless friend, advanced and wounded him in the flank. The bull, in an instant, turned short, and with redoubled rage made at his new assailant; and it is probable that, notwithstanding his intrepidity, Harry would have paid the price of his assistance to his friend with his own life, had not an unexpected succour arrived:—for, in that instant, the grateful Negro rushed on like lightning to assist him, and assailing the bull with a weighty stick that he held in his hand, compelled him to turn his rage upon a new object. The bull indeed attacked him with all the impetuosity of revenge; but the Black jumped nimbly aside, and eluded his fury. Not contented with this, he wheeled round his fierce antagonist, and seizing him by the tail, began to batter his sides with an unexpected storm of blows. In vain did the enraged animal bellow and writhe himself about in all the convulsions of madness; his intrepid foe, without ever quitting his hold, suffered himself to be dragged about the field, still continuing his discipline, till the creature was almost exhausted with the fatigue of his own violent agitations. And now, some of the boldest of the spectators, taking courage, approached to his assistance; and throwing a well-twisted rope over the bull's head, they at length, by the dint of superior numbers, completely mastered him, and bound him to a tree.

ANN RADCLIFFE (1764-1823)

ANN WARD belonged to a good family in London. She received the usual polite education conferred upon young women of her day and grew up with good associations. At the age of twenty-three she married a lawyer and journalist, William Radcliffe, at Bath and lived a quiet and retiring life. Although she was the author of the most fashionable novels of the day, she escaped through her own dread of publicity and the protected circumstances of her life from being in any way lionized. Her last novel published during her lifetime, *The Italian, or the Confessional of the Black Penitents*, came out in 1797. It is usually regarded as her masterpiece, although it is not so well known as *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. Scott thought of Mrs. Radcliffe as a prose poet, and there is no doubt that she had the deep enthusiasm for nature that characterized Scott himself and, still more, Wordsworth and Coleridge.

Mrs. Radcliffe was the greatest and most faithful artist in the form of the novel of terror. She shows all the merits and most of the faults of the genre and has besides a number of clearly defined qualities, both good and bad, of her own. She writes well and fluently, has a highly developed sense and feeling for landscape, and understands how to gain plausibility by a Defoe-like attention to minute details. She also gives a considerable psychological validity to her novels by her intimate record of inward thoughts and feelings and of instinctive apprehensions of evil and knows how to appeal to the senses—to hearing, touch, temperature, and other senses, as well as to sight alone. Her novels are interminable in length, and, like other terror novelists, she has little power of drawing real characters. Her heroines are beautiful and virtuous young

ladies, subjected to great dangers, responsive to every fearful vibration, and rescued in the end. She has customarily one gloomy male character—a dark man, cynical, atheistical, whom the world has (very naturally) put outside the pale of decent and regulated living. Schedoni in *The Italian* is almost a living man, or monster. Mrs. Radcliffe has also a series of prating, albeit usually faithful, servants. It is thought that Byron got the idea for his Laras, Conrads, Giaours, and Juans from his early infatuation with Mrs. Radcliffe's stories.

Mrs. Radcliffe's principal contribution to the technique of the novel of terror is what has been called "natural supernaturalism." She allows no mystery in her mysterious pages which cannot be explained in rational terms. She allows herself no ghosts or supernatural beings. For all her mysteries there is offered a factual (and disappointing) explanation, so that the reader feels that he has had his fears stirred up for nothing. It seems a strange restriction for her to have placed upon herself, and Scott suggested that she would have done better to employ the services of real ghosts and spirits; but this disposition to explain mysteries away is seen in other writers of the school, including the American Charles Brockden Brown. Perhaps Mrs. Radcliffe was still at heart an eighteenth-century rationalist, or she may have been an early and ardent follower of Locke's psychology of sensation, so that she did not care to go beyond the possibilities of the sensorium.

Mrs. Radcliffe's principal works are *The Sicilian Romance* (1790), *The Romance of the Forest* (1791), *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794), and *The Italian* (1797).

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From THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO
(*Gothic Romance*)

[*Emily de St. Aubert, the beautiful daughter of a Gascon family, an orphan under the care of her aunt Madame Cheron, has been carried to the Castle of Udolpho in the dreadful Apennines. The aunt marries a sinister, gloomy, and unscrupulous Italian; Signor Montoni wants possession of his wife's estates which, unless he can drive her into resigning them to him, will revert to Emily. The aunt is ill, and Emily has been separated from her. Barnardine, Montoni's servant, has agreed to conduct Emily to her aunt.*]

CHAPTER XXVI

... During the remainder of the day Emily's mind was agitated with doubts and fears and contrary determinations, on the subject of meeting this Barnardine on the rampart, and submitting herself to his guidance she scarcely knew whither. Pity for her aunt, and anxiety for herself, alternately swayed her determination, and night came before she had decided upon her conduct. She heard the castle clock strike eleven—twelve—and yet her mind wavered. The time, however, was now come when she could hesitate no longer: and then the interest she felt for her aunt overcame other considerations; and bidding Annette follow her to the outer door of the vaulted gallery, and there await her return, she descended from her chamber. The castle was perfectly still; and the great hall, where so lately she had witnessed a scene of dreadful contention, now returned only the whispering footsteps of the two solitary figures gliding fearfully between the pillars, and gleamed only to the feeble lamp they carried. Emily, deceived by the long shadows of the pillars and by the catching lights between, often stopped, imagining she saw some person moving in the distant obscurity of the perspective; and

as she passed these pillars, she feared to turn her eyes towards them, almost expecting to see a figure start out from behind their broad shaft. She reached, however, the vaulted gallery without interruption, but unclosed its outer door with a trembling hand; and charging Annette not to quit it, and to keep it a little open, that she might be heard if she called, she delivered to her the lamp, which she did not dare to take herself, because of the men on watch, and, alone, stepped out upon the dark terrace. Everything was so still, that she feared lest her own light steps should be heard by the distant sentinels; and she walked cautiously towards the spot where she had before met Barnardine, listening for a sound, and looking onward through the gloom in search of him. At length she was startled by a deep voice that spoke near her, and she paused, uncertain whether it was his, till it spoke again, and she then recognised the hollow tones of Barnardine, who had been punctual to the moment, and was at the appointed place resting on the rampart wall. After chiding her for not coming sooner, and saying that he had been waiting nearly half an hour, he desired Emily, who made no reply, to follow him to the door through which he had entered the terrace.

While he unlocked it, she looked back to that she had left, and observing the rays of the lamp stream through a small opening, was certain that Annette was still there. But her remote situation could little befriend Emily, after she had quitted the terrace; and when Barnardine unclosed the gate, the dismal aspect of the passage beyond, shown by a torch burning on the pavement, made her shrink from following him alone, and she refused to go, unless Annette might accompany her. This, however, Barnardine absolutely refused to permit, mingling at the same time with his refusal such artful circumstances to heighten the pity and curiosity of Emily towards her aunt, that she at length consented to follow him alone to the portal.

He then took up the torch, and led her along the passage, at the extremity of which he unlocked another door, whence they descended a few steps into a chapel, which, as Barnardine held up the torch to light her, Emily observed to be in ruins; and she immediately recollected a former conversation of Annette concerning it, with very unpleasant emotions. She looked fearfully on the almost roofless walls green with damps, and on the gothic

points of the windows where the ivy and the briony had long supplied the place of glass, and ran mantling among the broken capitals of some columns that had once supported the roof. Barnardine stumbled over the broken pavement, and his voice, as he uttered a sudden oath, was returned in hollow echoes that made it more terrific. Emily's heart sunk; but she still followed him, and he turned out of what had been the principal aisle of the chapel. "Down these steps, lady," said Barnardine, as he descended a flight which appeared to lead into the vaults; but Emily paused on the top, and demanded in a tremulous tone whither he was conducting her.

"To the portal," said Barnardine.

"Cannot we go through the chapel to the portal?" said Emily.

"No, signora, that leads to the inner court, which I don't choose to unlock. This way, and we shall reach the outer court presently."

Emily still hesitated, fearing not only to go on, but, since she had gone thus far, to irritate Barnardine by refusing to go further.

"Come, lady," said the man, who had nearly reached the bottom of the flight, "make a little haste; I cannot wait here all night."

"Whither do these steps lead?" said Emily, yet pausing.

"To the portal," repeated Barnardine in an angry tone; "I will wait no longer." As he said this, he moved on with the light: and Emily, fearing to provoke him by further delay, reluctantly followed. From the steps they proceeded through a passage adjoining the vaults, the walls of which were dropping with unwholesome dews, and the vapours that crept along the ground made the torch burn so dimly, that Emily expected every moment to see it extinguished; and Barnardine could scarce find his way. As they advanced, these vapours thickened; and Barnardine, believing the torch expiring, stopped for a moment to trim it. As he then rested against a pair of iron gates that opened from the passage, Emily saw by uncertain flashes of light the vaults beyond, and near her heaps of earth that seemed to surround an open grave. Such an object in such a scene would at any time have disturbed her; but now she was shocked by an instantaneous presentiment that this was the grave of her unfortunate aunt, and that the treacherous Barnardine was leading herself

to destruction. The obscure and terrible place to which he had conducted her seemed to justify the thought; it was a place suited for murder, a receptacle for the dead, where a deed of horror might be committed, and no vestige appear to proclaim it. Emily was so overwhelmed with terror that for a moment she was unable to determine what conduct to pursue. She then considered that it would be vain to attempt an escape from Barnardine by flight, since the length and intricacy of the way she had passed would soon enable him, who was acquainted with the turnings, to overtake her, and whose feebleness would not suffer her to run long with swiftness. She feared equally to irritate him by a disclosure of her suspicions, which a refusal to accompany him further certainly would do; and since she was already as much in his power as it was possible she could be, if she proceeded, she at length determined to suppress, as far as she could, the appearance of apprehension, and to follow silently whither he designed to lead her. Pale with horror and anxiety, she now waited till Barnardine had trimmed the torch, and as her sight glanced again upon the grave, she could not forbear inquiring for whom it was prepared. He took his eyes from the torch, and fixed them upon her face without speaking. She faintly repeated the question; but the man, shaking the torch, passed on: and she followed, trembling, to a second flight of steps, having ascended which, a door delivered them into the first court of the castle. As they crossed it, the light showed the high black walls around them, fringed with long grass and dank weeds that found a scanty soil among the mouldering stones; the heavy buttresses, with here and there between them a narrow grate, that admitted a freer circulation of air to the court; the massy iron gates that led to the castle, whose clustering turrets appeared above; and, opposite, the huge towers and arch of the portal itself. In this scene, the large uncouth person of Barnardine bearing the torch formed a characteristic figure. This Barnardine was wrapt in a long dark cloak, which scarcely allowed the kind of half-boots, or sandals, that were laced upon his legs, to appear, and showed only the point of a broad sword, which he usually wore, slung in a belt across his shoulders. On his head was a heavy flat velvet cap, somewhat resembling a turban, in which was a short feather; the visage beneath it showed strong features, and a countenance

furrowed with the lines of cunning and darkened by habitual discontent.

The view of the court, however, reanimated Emily, who, as she crossed silently towards the portal, began to hope that her own fears, and not the treachery of Barnardine, had deceived her. She looked anxiously up at the first casement, that appeared above the lofty arch of the portcullis; but it was dark, and she inquired whether it belonged to the chamber where Madame Montoni was confined. Emily spoke low, and Barnardine perhaps did not hear her question, for he returned no answer, and they soon after entered the postern door of the gateway, which brought them to the foot of a narrow staircase that wound up one of the towers.

"Up this staircase the signora lies," said Barnardine.

"Lies!" repeated Emily faintly, as she began to ascend.

"She lies in the upper chamber," said Barnardine.

As they passed up, the wind, which poured through the narrow cavities in the wall, made the torch flare, and it threw a stronger gleam upon the grim and sallow countenance of Barnardine, and discovered more fully the desolation of the place—the rough stone walls, the spiral stairs black with age, and a suit of ancient armour, with an iron visor, that hung upon the walls and appeared a trophy of some former victory.

Having reached a landing-place, "You may wait here, lady," said he, applying a key to the door of a chamber, "while I go up and tell the signora you are coming."

"That ceremony is unnecessary," replied Emily; "my aunt will rejoice to see me."

"I am not sure of that," said Barnardine, pointing to the room he had opened; "come in here, lady, while I step up."

Emily, surprised and somewhat shocked, did not dare to oppose him further; but, as he was turning away with the torch, desired he would not leave her in darkness. He looked around, and, observing a tripod lamp that stood on the stairs, lighted and gave it to Emily, who stepped forward into a large old chamber, and he closed the door. As she listened anxiously to his departing steps, she thought he descended, instead of ascending, the stairs; but the gusts of wind that whistled round the portal would not allow her to hear distinctly any other sound. Still, however, she

listened, and perceiving no step in the room above, where he had affirmed Madame Montoni to be, her anxiety increased though she considered that the thickness of the floor in this strong building might prevent any sound reaching her from the upper chamber. The next moment, in a pause of the wind, she distinguished Barnardine's step descending to the court, and then thought she heard his voice, but the rising gust again overcoming other sounds, Emily, to be certain on this point, moved softly to the door, which, on attempting to open it, she discovered was fastened. All the horrid apprehensions that had lately assailed her, returned at this instant with redoubled force; and no longer appeared like the exaggerations of a timid spirit, but seemed to have been sent to warn her of her fate. She now did not doubt that Madame Montoni had been murdered, perhaps in this very chamber; or that she herself was brought hither for the same purpose. The countenance, the manners, and the recollected words of Barnardine when he had spoken of her aunt, confirmed her worst fears. For some moments she was incapable of considering of any means by which she might attempt an escape. Still she listened, but heard footsteps neither on the stairs nor in the room above; she thought, however, that she again distinguished Barnardine's voice below, and went to a grated window, that opened upon the court, to inquire further. Here she plainly heard his hoarse accents mingling with the blast that swept by, but they were lost again so quickly that their meaning could not be interpreted; and then the light of a torch, which seemed to issue from the portal below, flashed across the court, and the long shadow of a man, who was under the archway, appeared upon the pavement. Emily, from the hugeness of this sudden portrait, concluded it to be that of Barnardine; but other deep tones which passed in the wind soon convinced her he was not alone, and that his companion was not a person very liable to pity.

When her spirits had overcome the first shock of her situation, she held up the lamp to examine if the chamber afforded a possibility of an escape. It was a spacious room, whose walls, wainscoted with rough oak, showed no casement but the grated one which Emily had left, and no other door than that by which she had entered. The feeble rays of the lamp, however, did not

allow her to see at once its full extent; she perceived no furniture, except, indeed, an iron chair fastened in the centre of the chamber, immediately over which, depending on a chain from the ceiling, hung an iron ring. Having gazed upon these for some time with wonder and horror, she next observed iron bars below, made for the purpose of confining the feet, and on the arms of the chair were rings of the same metal. As she continued to survey them, she concluded that they were instruments of torture; and it struck her that some poor wretch had once been fastened in this chair, and had there been starved to death. She was chilled by the thought; but what was her agony when, in the next moment, it occurred to her that her aunt might have been one of these victims, and that she herself might be the next! An acute pain seized her head, she was scarcely able to hold the lamp; and, looking round for support, was seating herself, unconsciously, in the iron chair itself; but suddenly perceiving where she was, she started from it in horror, and sprung towards a remote end of the room. Here again she looked round for a seat to sustain her, and perceived only a dark curtain, which, descending from the ceiling to the floor, was drawn along the whole side of the chamber. Ill as she was, the appearance of this curtain struck her, and she paused to gaze upon it in wonder and apprehension.

It seemed to conceal a recess of the chamber; she wished, yet dreaded, to lift it, and to discover what it veiled; twice she was withheld by a recollection of the terrible spectacle her daring hand had formerly unveiled in an apartment of the castle, till, suddenly conjecturing that it concealed the body of her murdered aunt, she seized it in a fit of desperation, and drew it aside. Beyond appeared a corpse stretched on a kind of low couch which was ~~crimsoned with~~ human blood, as was the floor beneath. The features, deformed by death, were ghastly and horrible, and more than one livid wound appeared in the face. Emily, bending over the body, gazed, for a moment, with an eager, frenzied eye; but, in the next, the lamp dropped from her hand, and she fell senseless at the foot of the couch. . . .

[After the death of her aunt, Emily continues a prisoner in the Castle of Udolpho in the power of Montoni, who sends for her.]

CHAPTER XXXI

. . . Montoni was alone. "I sent for you," said he, "to give you another opportunity of retracting your late mistaken assertions concerning the Languedoc estates. I will condescend to advise where I may command.—If you are really deluded by an opinion that you have any right to these estates, at least do not persist in the error—an error which you may perceive, too late, has been fatal to you. Dare my resentment no further, but sign the papers."

"If I have no right in these estates, sir," said Emily, "of what service can it be to you, that I should sign any papers concerning them? If the lands are yours by law, you certainly may possess them without my interference or my consent."

"I will have no more argument," said Montoni, with a look that made her tremble. "What had I but trouble to expect, when I condescended to reason with a baby! But I will be trifled with no longer: let the recollection of your aunt's sufferings, in consequence of her folly and obstinacy, teach you a lesson.—Sign the papers."

Emily's resolution was for a moment awed:—she shrunk at the recollections revived, and from the vengeance he threatened; but then, the image of Valancourt, who so long had loved her, and who was now, perhaps, so near her, came to her heart, and, together with the strong feelings of indignation, with which she had always from her infancy regarded an act of injustice, inspired her with a noble, though imprudent courage.

"Sign the papers," said Montoni, more impatiently than before.

"Never, sir," replied Emily, "that request would have proved to me the injustice of your claim, had I even been ignorant of my right."

Montoni turned pale with anger, while his quivering lip and lurking eye made her almost repent the boldness of her speech.

"Then all my vengeance falls upon you," he exclaimed with a horrible oath. "And think not it shall be delayed. Neither the estates in Languedoc nor Gascony shall be yours; you have dared to question my right—now dare to question my power. I have a punishment which you think not of: it is terrible! This night—this very night—"

"This night!" repeated another voice.

Montoni paused, and turned half round; but, seeming to recollect himself, he proceeded in a lower tone.

"You have lately seen one terrible example of obstinacy and folly; yet this, it appears, has not been sufficient to deter you.—I could tell you of others—I could make you tremble at the bare recital."

He was interrupted by a groan, which seemed to rise from underneath the chamber they were in; and, as he threw a glance round it, impatience and rage flashed from his eyes, yet something like a shade of fear passed over his countenance. Emily sat down in a chair near the door, for the various motions she had suffered now almost overcame her; but Montoni paused scarcely an instant, and, commanding his features, resumed his discourse in a lower, yet sterner voice.

"I say, I could give you other instances of my power and of my character, which it seems you do not understand, or you would not defy me.—I could tell you, that when once my resolution is taken.—But I am talking to a baby. Let me, however, repeat, that terrible as are the examples I could recite, the recital could not now benefit you: for, though your repentance would put an immediate end to opposition, it would not now appease my indignation—I will have vengeance as well as justice."

Another groan filled the pause which Montoni made.

"Leave the room instantly!" said he, seeming not to notice this strange occurrence. Without power to implore his pity, she rose to go, but found that she could not support herself; awe and terror overcame her, and she sunk again into the chair.

"Quit my presence!" cried Montoni. "This affectation of fear ill becomes the heroine who has just dared to brave my indignation."

"Did you hear nothing, signor?" said Emily trembling, and still unable to leave the room.

"I heard my own voice," rejoined Montoni sternly.

"And nothing else?" said Emily, speaking with difficulty.—
"There again! Do you hear nothing now?"

"Obey my order," repeated Montoni. "And for these fool's tricks—I will soon discover by whom they are practised."

Emily again rose, and exerted herself to the utmost to leave

the room, while Montoni followed her; but instead of calling aloud to his servants to search the chamber, as he had formerly done on a similar occurrence, passed to the ramparts.

As in her way to the corridor she rested for a moment at an open casement, Emily saw a party of Montoni's troops winding down a distant mountain, whom she noticed no further than as they brought to her mind the wretched prisoners they were perhaps bringing to the castle. At length having reached her apartment, she threw herself upon the couch, overcome with the new horrors of her situation. Her thoughts lost in tumult and perplexity, she could neither repent of nor approve her late conduct; she could only remember that she was in the power of a man who had no principle of action—but his will: and the astonishment and terrors of superstition, which had for a moment so strongly assailed her, now yielded to those of reason.

She was at length roused from the reverie which engaged her, by a confusion of distant voices, and a clattering of hoofs, that seemed to come on the wind, from the courts. A sudden hope that some good was approaching seized her mind, till she remembered the troops she had observed from the casement, and concluded this to be the party which Annette had said were expected at Udolpho.

Soon after, she heard voices faintly from the halls, and the noise of horses' feet sunk away in the wind; silence ensued. Emily listened anxiously for Annette's step in the corridor; but a pause of total stillness continued, till again the castle seemed to be all tumult and confusion. She heard the echoes of many footsteps passing to and fro in the halls and avenues below, and then busy tongues were loud on the rampart. Having hurried to her casement, she perceived Montoni with some of his officers leaning on the walls, and pointing from them; while several soldiers were employed at the further end of the rampart about some cannon; and she continued to observe them, careless of the passing time.

Annette at length appeared, but brought no intelligence of Valancourt; "for, ma'amselle," said she, "all the people pretend to know nothing about any prisoners. But here is a fine piece of business! The rest of the party are just arrived, ma'am; they came scampering in, as if they would have broken their necks;

one scarcely knew whether the man or his horse would get within the gates first. And they have brought word—and such news! they have brought word that a party of the enemy, as they call them, are coming towards the castle; so we shall have all the officers of justice, I suppose, besieging it! all those terrible-looking fellows one used to see at Venice.”

“Thank God!” exclaimed Emily, fervently; “there is yet a hope left for me, then!”

“What mean you, ma’amselle? Do you wish to fall into the hands of those sad-looking men? Why I used to shudder as I passed them, and should have guessed what they were, if Ludovico had not told me.”

“We cannot be in worse hands than at present,” replied Emily, unguardedly; “but what reason have you to suppose these are officers of justice?”

“Why *our* people, ma’am, are all in such a fright and a fuss; and I don’t know anything but the fear of justice that could make them so. I used to think nothing on earth could fluster them, unless, indeed, it was a ghost, or so; but now, some of them are for hiding down in the vaults under the castle; but you must not tell the signor this, ma’amselle, and I overheard two of them talking—Holy Mother! what makes you look so sad, ma’amselle? You don’t hear what I say!”

[Carlo informs Emily that she must be conveyed at once to Tuscany. Annette is not allowed to accompany her. She and two villainous looking attendants mount and begin the journey.]

Having emerged from the woods, they wound along the valley in an opposite direction to that from whence the enemy were approaching. Emily had now a full view of Udolpho, with its grey walls, towers and terraces, high over-topping the precipices and the dark woods, and glittering partially with the arms of the *concozzieri*, as the sun’s rays, streaming through an autumnal cloud, glanced upon a part of the edifice, whose remaining features stood in darkened majesty. She continued to gaze through her tears, upon walls that perhaps confined Valancourt, and which now, as the cloud floated away, were lighted up with sudden splendour, and then, as suddenly, were shrouded in gloom; while the passing gleam fell on the wood-tops below, and heightened

the first tints of autumn that had begun to steal upon the foliage. The winding mountains at length shut Udolpho from her view, and she turned with mournful reluctance to other objects. The melancholy sighing of the wind among the pines that waved high over the steeps, and the distant thunder of a torrent, assisted her musings, and conspired, with the wild scenery around, to diffuse over her mind emotions solemn, yet not unpleasing, but which were soon interrupted by the distant roar of cannon echoing among the mountains. The sounds rolled along the wind, and were repeated in faint and fainter reverberation, till they sunk in sullen murmurs. This was a signal that the enemy had reached the castle, and fear for Valancourt again tormented Emily. She turned her anxious eye towards that part of the country where the edifice stood, but the intervening heights concealed it from her view; still, however, she saw the tall head of a mountain which immediately fronted her late chamber, and on this she fixed her gaze, as if it could have told her of all that was passing in the scene it overlooked. The guides twice reminded her that she was losing time, and that they had far to go, before she could turn from this interesting object; and even when she again moved onward, she often sent a look back, till only its blue point, brightening in a gleam of sunshine, appeared peeping over other mountains.

The sound of the cannon affected Ugo, as the blast of the trumpet does the war-horse; it called forth all the fire of his nature; he was impatient to be in the midst of the fight, and uttered frequent execrations against Montoni for having sent him to a distance. The feelings of his comrade seemed to be very opposite, and adapted rather to the cruelties than to the dangers of war.

Emily asked frequent questions concerning the place of her destination, but could only learn that she was going to a cottage in Tuscany; and whenever she mentioned the subject, she fancied she perceived, in the countenances of these men, an expression of malice and cunning that alarmed her.

It was afternoon when they had left the castle. During several hours, they travelled through regions of profound solitude, where no bleat of sheep, or bark of watch-dog, broke on the silence, and they were now too far off to hear even the faint thunder of the

cannon. Towards evening, they wound down precipices black with forests of cypress, pine, and cedar, into a glen so savage and secluded that, if Solitude ever had local habitation, this might have been "her place of dearest residence." To Emily it appeared a spot exactly suited for the retreat of banditti, and in her imagination she already saw them lurking under the brow of some projecting rock, whence their shadows, lengthened by the setting sun, stretched across the road, and warned the traveller of his danger. She shuddered at the idea; and looking at her conductors, to observe whether they were armed, thought she saw in them the banditti she dreaded!

It was in this glen that they proposed to alight, "For," said Ugo, "night will come on presently, and then the wolves will make it dangerous to stop." This was a new subject of alarm to Emily, but inferior to what she suffered from the thought of being left in these wilds, at midnight, with two such men as her present conductors. Dark and dreadful hints of what might be Montoni's purpose in sending her hither, came to her mind. She endeavoured to dissuade the men from stopping, and inquired with anxiety how far they had yet to go.

"Many leagues yet," replied Bertrand, "As for you, signora, you may do as you please about eating, but for us, we will make a hearty supper while we can; we shall have need of it, I warrant, before we finish our journey. The sun's going down apace; let us alight under that rock yonder."

His comrade assented, and turning the mules out of the road, they advanced towards a cliff overhung with cedars, Emily following in trembling silence. They lifted her from her mule, and having seated themselves on the grass at the foot of the rocks, drew some homely fare from a wallet, of which Emily tried to eat a little, the better to disguise her apprehensions.

The sun was now sunk behind the high mountains in the west, upon which a purple haze began to spread, and the gloom of twilight to draw over the surrounding objects. To the low and sullen murmur of the breeze passing among the woods, she no longer listened with any degree of pleasure, for it conspired with the wildness of the scene and the evening hour to depress her spirits.

Suspense had so much increased her anxiety as to the prisoner at Udolpho, that finding it impracticable to speak alone with Bertrand on that subject, she renewed her questions in the presence of Ugo; but he either was, or pretended to be, ignorant concerning the stranger. When he had dismissed the question, he talked with Ugo on some subject which led to the mention of Signor Orsino, and of the affair that had banished him from Venice; respecting which Emily had ventured to ask a few questions. Ugo appeared to be well acquainted with the circumstances of that tragical event, and related some minute particulars that both shocked and surprised her; for it appeared very extraordinary how such particulars could be known to any, but to persons present when the assassination was committed.

"He was of rank," said Bertrand, "or the state would not have troubled itself to inquire after his assassins. The signor has been lucky hitherto; this is not the first affair of the kind he has had upon his hands; and to be sure, when a gentleman has no other way of getting redress—why he must take this." . .

"When we came up, we fired our tromboni, but missed."

Emily turned pale at these words, and then hoped she had mistaken them; while Bertrand proceeded:

"The gentleman fired again; but he was soon made to alight: and it was as he turned to call his people that he was struck. It was the most dexterous feat you ever saw—he was struck in the back with three stiletos at once. He fell, and was dispatched in a minute; but the lady escaped; for the servants had heard the firing, and came up before she could be taken care of. 'Bertrand,' said the signor, when his men returned—"

"Bertrand!" exclaimed Emily, pale with horror, on whom not a syllable of this narrative had been lost.

"Bertrand, did I say?" rejoined the man with some confusion—"No, Giovanni. But I have forgot where I was,—'Bertrand,' said the signor—"

Bertrand swore. "What signifies it," he proceeded, "what the man was called—Bertrand or Giovanni,—or Roberto; it's all one for that. You have put me out twice with that—question. Bertrand or Giovanni—or what you will—'Bertrand,' said the signor, 'if your comrades had done their duty as well as you, I should not

have lost the lady. Go, my honest fellow, and be happy with this.' He gave him a purse of gold—and little enough too, considering the service he had done him."

"Aye, aye," said Ugo, "little enough—little enough."

Emily now breathed with difficulty, and could scarcely support herself. When first she saw these men, their appearance and their connexion with Montoni had been sufficient to impress her with distrust; but now, when one of them had betrayed himself to be a murderer, and she saw herself at the approach of night under his guidance, among wild and solitary mountains, and going she scarcely knew whither, the most agonizing terror seized her, which was the less supportable from the necessity she found herself under of concealing all symptoms of it from her companions. Reflecting on the character and the menaces of Montoni, it appeared not improbable that he had delivered her to them, for the purpose of having her murdered, and of thus securing to himself, without further opposition or delay, the estates for which he had so long and so desperately contended. Yet, if this was his design, there appeared no necessity for sending her to such a distance from the castle; for if any dread of discovery had made him unwilling to perpetrate the deed there, a much nearer place might have sufficed for the purpose of concealment. These considerations, however, did not immediately occur to Emily, with whom so many circumstances conspired to rouse terror, that she had no power to oppose it, or to inquire coolly into its grounds, and if she had done so, still there were many appearances which would too well have justified her most terrible apprehensions. She did not dare to speak to her conductors, at the sound of whose voices she trembled; and when, now and then, she stole a glance at them, their countenances, seen imperfectly through the gloom of evening, served to confirm her fears.

The sun had now been set some time; heavy clouds, whose lower skirts were tinged with sulphureous crimson, lingered in the west, and threw a reddish tint upon the pine forests, which sent forth a solemn sound as the breeze rolled over them. The hollow moan struck upon Emily's heart, and served to render more gloomy and terrific every object around her,—the mountains, shaded in twilight—the gleaming torrent, hoarsely roaring—the black forests, and the deep glen, broken into rocky recesses,

high overshadowed by cypress and sycamore, and winding into long obscurity. To this glen, Emily, as she sent forth her anxious eye, thought there was no end: no hamlet, or even cottage, was seen, and still no distant bark of watch-dog, or even faint far-off halloo came on the wind. In a tremulous voice she now ventured to remind the guides that it was growing late, and to ask again how far they had to go: but they were too much occupied by their own discourse to attend to her question, which she forbore to repeat, lest it should provoke a surly answer. Having however, soon after, finished their supper, the men collected the fragments into their wallet, and proceeded along this winding glen in gloomy silence; while Emily again mused upon her own situation, and concerning the motives of Montoni for involving her in it. That it was for some evil purpose towards herself she could not doubt; and it seemed that, if he did not intend to destroy her, with a view of immediately seizing her estates, he meant to reserve her awhile in concealment, for some more terrible design, for one that might equally gratify his avarice, and still more his deep revenge. At this moment, remembering Signor Brochio and his behaviour in the corridor a few preceding nights, the latter supposition, horrible as it was, strengthened in her belief. Yet, why remove her from the castle, where deeds of darkness had, she feared, been often executed with secrecy?—from chambers, perhaps,

“With many a foul and midnight murder stain’d!”

The dread of what she might be going to encounter was now so excessive, that it sometimes threatened her senses; and often as she went, she thought of her late father and of all he would have suffered, could he have foreseen the strange and dreadful events of her future life; and how anxiously he would have avoided that fatal confidence, which committed his daughter to the care of a woman so weak as was Madame Montoni. So romantic and improbable, indeed, did her present situation appear to Emily herself, particularly when she compared it with the repose and beauty of her early days, that there were moments when she could almost have believed herself the victim of frightful visions glaring upon a disordered fancy.

Restrained by the presence of her guides from expressing her

terrors, their acuteness was at length lost in gloomy despair. The dreadful view of what might await her hereafter, rendered her almost indifferent to the surrounding dangers. She now looked with little emotion on the wild dingles, and the gloomy road and mountains, whose outlines only were distinguishable through the dusk;—objects, which but lately had affected her spirits so much, as to awaken horrid views of the future, and to tinge these with their own gloom.

It was now so nearly dark, that the travellers, who proceeded only by the slowest pace, could scarcely discern their way. The clouds, which seemed charged with thunder, passed slowly along the heavens, showing at intervals the trembling stars; while the groves of cypress and sycamore that overhung the rocks, waved high in the breeze as it swept over the glen, and then rushed among the distant woods. Emily shivered as it passed.

"Where is the torch?" said Ugo, "it grows dark."

"Not so dark yet," replied Bertrand, "but we may find our way; and 'tis best not light the torch before we can help, for it may betray us, if any straggling party of the enemy is abroad."

Ugo muttered something which Emily did not understand, and they proceeded in darkness, while she almost wished that the enemy might discover them; for from change there was something to hope, since she could scarcely imagine any situation more dreadful than her present one.

As they moved slowly along, her attention was surprised by a thin tapering flame that appeared, by fits, at the point of the pike which Bertrand carried, resembling what she had observed on the lance of the sentinel the night Madame Montoni died, and which he had said was an omen. The event immediately following, it appeared to justify the assertion, and a superstitious impression had remained on Emily's mind, which the present appearance confirmed. She thought it was an omen of her own fate, and watched it successively vanish and return, in gloomy silence, which was at length interrupted by Bertrand.

"Let us light the torch," said he, "and get under shelter of the woods;—a storm is coming on—look at my lance."¹

He held it forth with the flame tapering at its point.¹

"Aye," said Ugo, "you are not one of those that believe in

¹ See the Abbé Berthelon on Electricity. [Mrs. Radcliffe's note.]

omens: we have left cowards at the castle, who would turn pale at such a sight. I have often seen it before a thunderstorm, it is an omen of that, and one is coming now, sure enough. The clouds flash fast already."

Emily was relieved by this conversation from some of the terrors of superstition: but those of reason increased, as, waiting while Ugo searched for a flint to strike fire, she watched the pale lightning gleam over the woods they were about to enter, and illumine the harsh countenances of her companions. Ugo could not find a flint, and Bertrand became impatient, for the thunder sounded hollowly at a distance, and the lightning was more frequent. Sometimes it revealed the nearer recesses of the woods, or, displaying some opening in their summits, illumined the ground beneath with partial splendour, the thick foliage of the trees preserving the surrounding scene in deep shadow.

At length Ugo found a flint, and the torch was lighted. The men then dismounted, and, having assisted Emily, led the mules towards the woods that skirted the glen on the left, over broken ground, frequently interrupted with brush-wood and wild plants, which she was often obliged to make a circuit to avoid.

She could not approach these woods without experiencing keener sense of her danger. Their deep silence, except when the wind swept among their branches, and impenetrable gloom shown partially by the sudden flash, and then by the red glare of the torch, which served only to make darkness visible, were circumstances that contributed to renew all her most terrible apprehensions; she thought, too, that at this moment the countenances of her conductors displayed more than their usual fierceness, mingled with a kind of lurking exultation, which they seemed endeavouring to disguise. To her affrighted fancy it occurred that they were leading her into these woods to complete the will of Montoni by her murder. The horrid suggestion called a groan from her heart, which surprised her companions, who turned round quickly towards her, and she demanded why they led her thither, beseeching them to continue their way along the open glen, which she represented to be less dangerous than the woods in a thunder-storm.

"No, no," said Bertrand, "we know best where the danger lies. See how the clouds open over our heads. Besides, we can

glide under cover of the woods with less hazard of being seen, should any of the enemy be wandering this way. By holy St. Peter and all the rest of them, I've as stout a heart as the best, as many a poor devil could tell, if he were alive again—but what can we do against numbers?"

"What are you whining about?" said Ugo contemptuously—"Who fears numbers? Let them come, though they were as many as the signor's castle could hold: I would show the knaves what fighting is. For you—I would lay you quietly in a dry ditch, where you might peep out, and see me put the rogues to flight.—Who talks of fear?"

Bertrand replied, with a horrible oath, that he did not like such jesting; and a violent altercation ensued, which was at length silenced by the thunder, whose deep volley was heard afar, rolling onward till it burst over their heads in sounds that seemed to shake the earth to its centre. The ruffians paused, and looked upon each other. Between the boles of the trees the blue lightning flashed and quivered along the ground, while, as Emily looked under the boughs, the mountains beyond frequently appeared to be clothed in livid flame. At this moment, perhaps, she felt less fear of the storm than did either of her companions, for other terrors occupied her mind.

The men now rested under an enormous chestnut tree, and fixed their pikes in the ground at some distance; on the iron points of which Emily repeatedly observed the lightning play, and then glide down them into the earth.

"I would we were well in the signor's castle!" said Bertrand, "I know not why he should send us on this business. Hark! how it rattles above, there! I could almost find in my heart to turn priest, and pray. Ugo has got a rosary!"

"No," replied Ugo, "I leave it to cowards like thee, to carry rosaries—I carry a sword."

"And much good may it do thee in fighting against the storm!" said Bertrand.

Another peal which was reverberated in tremendous echoes among the mountains, silenced them for a moment. As it rolled away, Ugo proposed going on. "We are only losing time here," said he, "for the thick boughs of the wood will shelter us as well as this chestnut tree."

They again led the mules forward, between the boles of the trees, and over pathless grass that concealed their high knotted roots. The rising wind was now heard contending with the thunder, as it rushed furiously among the branches above, and brightened the red flame of the torch, which threw a stronger light forward among the woods, and showed their gloomy recesses to be suitable resorts for the wolves, of which Ugo had formerly spoken.

At length the strength of the wind seemed to drive the storm before it, for the thunder rolled away into distance, and was only faintly heard. After travelling through the woods for nearly an hour, during which the elements seemed to have returned to repose, the travellers, gradually ascending from the glen, found themselves upon the open brow of a mountain, with a wide valley extending in misty moonlight at their feet, and above, the blue sky trembling through the few thin clouds that lingered after the storm, and were sinking slowly to the verge of the horizon.

Emily's spirits, now that she had quitted the woods, began to revive, for she considered that if these men had received an order to destroy her, they would probably have executed their barbarous purpose in the solitary wild from whence they had just emerged, where the deed would have been shrouded from every human eye. Reassured by this reflection, and by the quiet demeanour of her guides, Emily, as they proceeded silently in a kind of sheep track that wound along the skirts of the woods, which ascended on the right, could not survey the sleeping beauty of the vale, to which they were declining, without a momentary sensation of pleasure. It seemed varied with woods, pastures, and sloping grounds, and was screened to the north and the east by an amphitheatre of the Apennines, whose outline on the horizon was here broken into varied and elegant forms; to the west and the south the landscape extended indistinctly into the low lands of Tuscany.

"There is the sea yonder," said Bertrand,—as if he had known that Emily was examining the twilight view,—“yonder in the west, though we cannot see it.”

Emily already perceived a change in the climate, from that of the wild and mountainous tract she had left; and as she con-

tinued descending, the air became perfumed by the breath of a thousand nameless flowers among the grass, called forth by the late rain. So soothingly beautiful was the scene around her, and so strikingly contrasted to the gloomy grandeur of those to which she had long been confined, and to the manners of the people who moved among them, that she could almost have fancied herself again at La Vallée; and, wondering why Montoni had sent her thither, could scarcely believe that he had selected so enchanting a spot for any cruel design. It was, however, probably not the spot, but the persons who happened to inhabit it, and to whose care he could safely commit the execution of his plans, whatever they might be that had determined his choice.

JANE AUSTEN (1775-1817)

JANE AUSTEN, one of the most brilliant of all novelists, was the daughter of a clergyman and spent the first twenty-five years of her short life at her birthplace, Steventon in Hampshire, near Basingstoke. She had five brothers and one sister, and she is distinctly the novelist of the family circle. She was well educated for a woman of those days, learned French and Italian, and was a desultory reader, mainly of fiction, over a considerable range. It is recorded that when she was a girl she took part in private theatricals, visited Bath now and then, where she had an uncle and cousins, and spent her time in the usual occupations of the home and the neighborhood. In 1801 the family moved to Bath, a famous watering-place, and in 1805, after the death of her father, moved to Southampton for three or four years, then to the Hampshire village of Chawton, where she did most of her writing. She began very early. By 1796 she had begun *Pride and Prejudice* and had already completed an early form of *Sense and Sensibility* under the name of "Eleanor and Marianne." Written still earlier were the delightful juvenilia published long after her death—"Love and Friendship," "The History of England from the Reign of Henry the 4th to the death of Charles the 1st, by a partial, prejudiced, and ignorant Historian," "Lady Susan," and "Kitty, or the Bower."

She read much fiction and defended the practice of fiction reading. In one of the rare places in her books where she seems to speak for herself, she writes in *Northanger Abbey* in the defence of fiction writers, saying among other things, that "our productions have afforded more extensive and unaffected pleasure than any other literary corporation in the world," presenting "thorough knowledge of human nature, the hap-

piest delineation of its varieties, the liveliest effusions of wit and humour." Her family were great novel-readers, she says, "and not ashamed of being so." There is much witty criticism of fiction in her books. She is often spoken of as a realist in the drawing of her materials from the immediate observation of life, and yet she is not a realist as Defoe was and as many moderns are. She belonged rather to the tradition of eighteenth century fiction and engaged herself under the banner of her favorites Richardson and Fielding in the campaign for the sobering of romance. Richardson himself speaks of the necessity of dispensing with "the pomp and parade of romance writing" and dismissing from the novel "the improbable and marvelous."

The chief of her literary ancestors is probably Fielding, but she knew also Addison, Defoe, Richardson, the Smollett of *Humphry Clinker*, Goldsmith, Fanny Burney, and Scott, besides a host of more or less forgotten novelists, whose books were available through book-clubs and libraries. There were Mackenzie's *The Man of Feeling*, Sarah Fielding's *The Adventures of David Simple*, Regina Maria Roche's *The Children of the Abbey*, and no doubt Susanna Rowson's long popular *Charlotte Temple*, and a great many other novels of sentiment. The group, however, toward which Miss Austen directs her shafts in *Northanger Abbey* is the terror group, principally *The Mysteries of Udolpho* by Ann Radcliffe. Lewis's *The Monk* is also mentioned and Catherine Morland has in her "pocket-book" a list as follows: "Castle of Wolfenbach, Clermont, Mysterious Warnings, Necromancer of the Black Forest, Midnight Bell, Orphan of the Rhine, and Horrid Mysteries." A generation before, Mrs. Charlotte Lennox had made fun of *Clelia* and *The Grand Cyrus*. Miss Austen knew also and admired the poets Thomson, Cowper, and Crabbe. She modeled her rather stately style on the great Dr. Johnson. That is, her style when she is serious and is dealing with proper people. Her foolish and vain people speak in a quite natural colloquial idiom. She belongs strictly to the

bookish part of literary workers, but no one ever concealed her bookishness better. She took as her field home life and ordinary character as they manifested themselves in clerical circles and among the gentry in the country and in small towns. As she expressed it she dealt in "domestic life in country villages." She wrote her novels in the common sitting-room of the family and would put down her sewing and take up her writing materials as occasion and the urge to write demanded. She exemplifies the refinement of art which comes from working carefully within restricted limits. She corrects the novel and sets it on the right path.

Miss Austen was writing in the nineties of the eighteenth century and for a few years after 1800. *Pride and Prejudice* and *Sense and Sensibility* were begun before the turn of the century, and she is known to have written *The Watsons*, not published during her lifetime, about 1803-1804. In 1803 she completed and sold to a London publisher *Northanger Abbey*, who, however, did not issue it. She recovered the manuscript in 1816, and it was published, perhaps with some revision, in 1818. There was a period of apparent discontinuance of fiction writing. Then in April 1811 was published *Sense and Sensibility*, her first appearance in print. This was moderately successful and she went on. *Mansfield Park*, begun in 1812, was published in 1814; *Emma*, begun in 1814, was published in 1816; *Persuasion*, her last book, was finished in 1816, but did not appear until a few months after the author's death. All had been published anonymously until that time, but with *Persuasion* and *Northanger Abbey* the author's name was divulged. Her reputation had become very considerable, and her work had grown in power and breadth as she went on. Perhaps, however, nothing is quite so brilliant as *Pride and Prejudice*. Some critics find in *Northanger Abbey*, *Sense and Sensibility*, and even *Pride and Prejudice* a hardness and objective resiliency which was toned down in the later great works.

In any case, Jane Austen is masterly from the very begin-

ning in her pictures of people. The discrimination among fools is her specialty, but she does not treat them cruelly. She merely lets them talk; they seldom act. She broadened her scope in *Mansfield Park*; in *Emma* she excelled in characterization, and there is no greater intellectual and emotional penetration to be found than that which appears in *Persuasion*. In Miss Austen's books there is no romance or romantic machinery, no melodrama, no *tendenz* or social purpose, no great passions. There is good sense, insight, grasp of human motive and feeling, understanding of habit and convention, and so firmly rooted in her is the sense of decorum and normal behavior in society that deviations seem to her always to be funny. Perhaps she was, first of all, a humorist at heart. There is perceptible in her a joy in pure nonsense in spite of her quiet and delicate balance. She draws personages and not types. It has been said by some that she is like Shakespeare, or at least Scott at his best, in the fidelity and consistency of her characters and in the revelation of those characters by the devices of speech and action.

In the consideration of the following passage from *Northanger Abbey* it is to be remembered that the "Gothic" novel went in for wild adventures, dark crimes in gloomy and mysterious settings, and for exquisite feminine sensibility. Catherine Morland gets hardly justice in the following selection. She is a sensible enough girl, very young and rather upset in her judgment by a too ardent perusal of *The Mysteries of Udolpho* in company with her sentimental friend Isabella Thorpe. Catherine learns her lesson, behaves well in trying circumstances, and in the end marries a desirable lover.

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From NORTHANGER ABBEY

(*Satirical Gothic Romance*)

[*Catherine Morland has been invited from somewhat selfish motives by Colonel Tilney to visit Northanger Abbey, the home of her lover Edward Tilney. On the way from Bath, Edward amuses himself by encouraging her romantic anticipations. She does not doubt that she will soon have the delight of viewing one of those scenes, an ancient castle or convent, in which Mrs. Radcliffe stages her thrilling events. Catherine is received in a very commonplace, although hospitable way, and is shown to her room by her friend Eleanor Tilney.*]

CHAPTER XXI

A moment's glance was enough to satisfy Catherine that her apartment was very unlike the one which Henry had endeavoured to alarm her by the description of. It was by no means unreasonably large, and contained neither tapestry nor velvet. The walls were papered, the floor was carpeted, the windows were neither less perfect nor more dim than those of the drawing-room below; the furniture, though not of the latest fashion, was handsome and comfortable, and the air of the room altogether far from uncheerful. Her heart instantaneously at ease on this point, she resolved to lose no time in particular examination of anything, as she greatly dreaded disobliging the General by any delay. Her habit therefore was thrown off with all possible haste, and she was preparing to unpin the linen package, which the chaise-seat had conveyed for her immediate accommodation, when her eye suddenly fell on a large high chest, standing back in a deep recess on one side of the fire-place. The sight of it made her start, and, forgetting every thing else, she stood gazing on it in motionless wonder, while these thoughts crossed her:—

“This is strange, indeed! I did not expect such a sight as this!

An immense heavy chest! What can it hold? Why should it be placed here? Pushed back, too, as if meant to be out of sight! I will look into it; cost me what it may, I will look into it, and directly too—by daylight. If I stay till evening my candle may go out." She advanced and examined it closely; it was of cedar, curiously inlaid with some darker wood, and raised about a foot from the ground on a carved stand of the same. The lock was silver, though tarnished from age; at each end were the imperfect remains of handles also of silver, broken perhaps prematurely by some strange violence; and on the centre of the lid, was a mysterious cipher in the same metal. Catherine bent over it intently, but without being able to distinguish anything with certainty. She could not, in whatever direction she took it, believe the last letter to be a *T*; and yet that it should be anything else in that house was a circumstance to raise no common degree of astonishment. If not originally theirs, by what strange events could it have fallen into the Tilney family?

Her fearful curiosity was every moment growing greater; and seizing with trembling hands, the hasp of the lock, she resolved, at all hazards, to satisfy herself at least as to its contents. With difficulty, for something seemed to resist her efforts, she raised the lid a few inches; but at that moment a sudden knocking at the door of the room made her, starting, quit her hold, and the lid closed with alarming violence. This ill-timed intruder was Miss Tilney's maid, sent by her mistress to be of use to Miss Morland; and though Catherine immediately dismissed her, it recalled her to the sense of what she ought to be doing, and forced her, in spite of her anxious desire to penetrate this mystery, to proceed in her dressing without further delay. Her progress was not quick, for her thoughts and her eyes were still bent on the object so well calculated to interest and alarm; and though she dared not waste a moment upon a second attempt, she could not remain many paces from the chest. At length, however, having slipped one arm into her gown, her toilet seemed so nearly finished, that the impatience of her curiosity might safely be indulged. One moment surely might be spared; and so desperate should be the exertion of her strength, that unless secured by supernatural means, the lid in one moment should be thrown back. With this spirit she sprang forward, and her confidence did not deceive

her. Her resolute effort threw back the lid, and gave to her astonished eyes the view of a white cotton counterpane, properly folded, reposing at one end of the chest in undisputed possession!

She was gazing on it with the first blush of surprize, when Miss Tilney, anxious for her friend's being ready, entered the room, and to the rising shame of having harboured for some minutes an absurd expectation, was then added the shame of being caught in so idle a search. "That is a curious chest, is not it?" said Miss Tilney, as Catherine hastily closed it and turned away to the glass. "It is impossible to say how many generations it has been here. How it came to be first put in this room I know not, but I have not had it moved, because I thought it might sometimes be of use holding hats and bonnets. The worst of it is, that its weight makes it difficult to open. In that corner, however, it is at least out of the way."

Catherine had no leisure for speech, being at once blushing, tying her gown, and forming wise resolutions with the most violent dispatch. Miss Tilney gently hinted her fear of being late; and in half a minute they ran down stairs together, in an alarm not wholly unfounded, for General Tilney was pacing the drawing-room, his watch in his hand, and having, on the very instant of their entering, pulled the bell with violence, ordered, "Dinner to be on table *directly!*"

Catherine trembled at the emphasis with which he spoke, and sat pale and breathless, in a most humble mood, concerned for his children, and detesting old chests; and the General recovering his politeness as he looked at her, spent the rest of his time in scolding his daughter, for so foolishly hurrying her fair friend, who was absolutely out of breath from haste, when there was not the least occasion for hurry in the world; but Catherine could not at all get over the double distress of having involved her friend in a lecture and been a great simpleton herself, till they were happily seated at the dinner-table, when the General's complacent smiles, and a good appetite of her own, restored her to peace. The dining-parlour was a noble room, suitable in its dimensions to a much larger drawing-room than the one in common use, and fitted up in a style of luxury and expense which was almost lost on the unpractised eye of Catherine, who saw little more than its spaciousness and the number of their attendants. Of the former,

she spoke aloud her admiration; and the General, with a very gracious countenance, acknowledged that it was by no means an ill-sized room; and further confessed, that, though as careless on such subjects as most people, he did look upon a tolerably large eating-room as one of the necessities of life; he supposed, however, "that she must have been used to much better sized apartments at Mr. Allen's:"

"No, indeed," was Catherine's honest assurance; "Mr. Allen's dining-parlour was not more than half as large"; and she had never seen so large a room as this in her life. The General's good-humour increased. Why, as he *had* such rooms, he thought it would be simple not to make use of them; but, upon his honour, he believed there might be more comfort in rooms of only half their size. Mr. Allen's house, he was sure, must be exactly of the true size for rational happiness.

The evening passed without any further disturbance, and, in the occasional absence of General Tilney, with much positive cheerfulness. It was only in his presence that Catherine felt the smallest fatigue from her journeys; and even then, even in moments of languor or restraint, a sense of general happiness preponderated, and she could think of her friends in Bath without one wish of being with them.

The night was stormy; the wind had been rising at intervals the whole afternoon; and by the time the party broke up, it blew and rained violently. Catherine, as she crossed the hall, listened to the tempest with sensations of awe; and when she heard it rage round a corner of the ancient building, and close with sudden fury a distant door, felt for the first time that she was really in an abbey. Yes, these were characteristic sounds: they brought to her recollection a countless variety of dreadful situations and horrid scenes, which such buildings had witnessed, and such storms ushered in; and most heartily did she rejoice in the happier circumstances attending her entrance within walls so solemn! *She* had nothing to dread from midnight assassins or drunken gallants. Henry had certainly been only in jest in what he had told her that morning. In a house so furnished, and so guarded, she could have nothing to explore or to suffer, and might go to her bed-room as securely as if it had been her own chamber at Fullerton. Thus wisely fortifying her mind, as she proceeded up-

stairs, she was enabled, especially on perceiving that Miss Tilney slept only two doors from her, to enter her room with a tolerably stout heart; and her spirits were immediately assisted by the cheerful blaze of a wood fire. "How much better is this," said she, as she walked to the fender; "how much better to find a fire ready lit, than to have to wait shivering in the cold, till all the family are in bed, as so many poor girls have been obliged to do, and then to have a faithful old servant frightening one by coming in with a faggot! How glad I am that Northanger is what it is! If it had been like some other places, I do not know that, in such a night as this, I could have answered for my courage; but now, to be sure, there is nothing to alarm one."

She looked round the room. The window curtains seemed in motion. It could be nothing but the violence of the wind penetrating through the divisions of the shutters; and she stepped boldly forward, carelessly humming a tune, to assure herself of its being so, peeped courageously behind each curtain, saw nothing on either low window-seat to scare her, and on placing a hand against the shutter, felt the strongest conviction of the wind's force. A glance at the old chest, as she turned away from this examination, was not without its use; she scorned the causeless fears of an idle fancy, and began with a most happy indifference to prepare herself for bed. "She should take her time; she should not hurry herself; she did not care if she were the last person up in the house. But she would not make up her fire: *that* would seem cowardly, as if she wished for the protection of light after she were in bed." The fire, therefore, died away; and Catherine, having spent the best part of an hour in her arrangements, was beginning to think of stepping into bed, when, on giving a parting glance round the room, she was struck by the appearance of a high old-fashioned black cabinet which, though in a situation conspicuous enough, had never caught her notice before. Henry's words, the description of the ebony cabinet which was to escape her observation at first, immediately rushed across her; and though there could be nothing really in it, there was something whimsical, it was certainly a very remarkable coincidence! She took her candle and looked closely at the cabinet. It was not absolutely ebony and gold; but it was Japan, black and yellow Japan

of the handsomest kind; and as she held her candle, the yellow had very much the effect of gold.

The key was in the door, and she had a strange fancy to look into it; not, however, with the smallest expectation of finding anything, but it was so very odd, after what Henry had said. In short she could not sleep till she had examined it. So, placing the candle with great caution on a chair, she seized the key with a very tremulous hand, and tried to turn it; but it resisted her utmost strength. Alarmed, but not discouraged, she tried it another way; a bolt flew, and she believed herself successful; but how strangely mysterious! the door was still immoveable. She paused a moment in breathless wonder. The wind roared down the chimney, the rain beat in torrents against the windows, and everything seemed to speak the awfulness of her situation. To retire to bed, however, unsatisfied on such a point, would be vain, since sleep must be impossible with the consciousness of a cabinet so mysteriously closed in her immediate vicinity. Again, therefore, she applied herself to the key, and after moving it in every possible way, for some instants, with the determined celerity of hope's last effort, the door suddenly yielded to her hand: her heart leaped with exultation at such a victory, and having thrown open each folding door, the second being secured only by bolts of less wonderful construction than the lock, though in that her eye could not discern anything unusual, a double range of small drawers appeared in view, with some larger drawers above and below them, and in the centre, a small door, closed also with lock and key, secured in all probability a cavity of importance.

Catherine's heart beat quick, but her courage did not fail her. With a cheek flushed by hope, and an eye straining with curiosity, her fingers grasped the handle of a drawer and drew it forth. It was entirely empty. With less alarm and greater eagerness she seized a second, a third, a fourth—each was equally empty. Not one was left unsearched, and in not one was anything found. Well read in the art of concealing a treasure, the possibility of false linings to the drawers did not escape her, and she felt round each with anxious acuteness in vain. The place in the middle alone remained now unexplored; and though she had

"never from the first had the smallest idea of finding anything in any part of the cabinet, and was not in the least disappointed at her ill success thus far, it would be foolish not to examine it thoroughly while she was about it." It was some time, however, before she could unfasten the door, the same difficulty occurring in the management of this inner lock as of the outer; but at length it did open; and not vain, as hitherto, was her search; her quick eyes directly fell on a roll of paper pushed back into the further part of the cavity, apparently for concealment, and her feelings at that moment were indescribable. Her heart fluttered, her knees trembled, and her cheeks grew pale. She seized, with an unsteady hand, the precious manuscript, for half a glance sufficed to ascertain written characters; and while she acknowledged with awful sensations this striking exemplification of what Henry had foretold, resolved instantly to peruse every line before she attempted to rest.

The dimness of the light her candle emitted made her turn to it with alarm, but there was no danger of its sudden extinction, it had yet some hours to burn; and that she might not have any greater difficulty in distinguishing the writing than what its ancient date might occasion, she hastily snuffed it. Alas! it was snuffed and extinguished in one. A lamp could not have expired with more awful effect. Catherine, for a few moments, was motionless with horror. It was done completely; not a remnant of light in the wick could give hope to the rekindling breath. Darkness impenetrable and immoveable filled the room. A violent gust of wind, rising with sudden fury, added fresh horror to the moment. Catherine trembled from head to foot. In the pause which succeeded, a sound like receding footsteps and the closing of a distant door struck on her affrighted ear. Human nature could support no more. A cold sweat stood on her forehead, the manuscript fell from her hand, and groping her way to the bed, she jumped hastily in, and sought some suspension of agony by creeping far underneath the clothes. To close her eyes in sleep that night she felt must be entirely out of the question. With a curiosity so justly awakened, and feelings in every way so agitated, repose must be absolutely impossible. The storm, too, abroad so dreadful! She had not been used to feel alarm from wind, but now every blast seemed fraught with awful intelli-

gence. The manuscript so wonderfully found, so wonderfully accomplishing the morning's prediction, how was it to be accounted for? What could it contain? to whom could it relate? by what means could it have been so long concealed? and how singularly strange that it should fall to her lot to discover it! Till she had made herself mistress of its contents, however, she could have neither repose nor comfort; and with the sun's first rays she was determined to pursue it. But many were the tedious hours which must yet intervene. She shuddered, tossed about in her bed, and envied every quiet sleeper. The storm still raged, and various were the noises, more terrific even than the wind, which struck at intervals on her startled ear. The very curtains of her bed seemed at one moment in motion, and at another the lock of her door was agitated, as if by the attempt of somebody to enter. Hollow murmurs seemed to creep along the gallery, and more than once her blood was chilled by the sound of distant moans. Hour after hour passed away, and the wearied Catherine had heard three proclaimed by all the clocks in the house, before the tempest subsided, or she unknowingly fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER XXII

The housemaid's folding back her window-shutters at eight o'clock the next day was the sound which first roused Catherine; and she opened her eyes, wondering that they could ever have been closed, on objects of cheerfulness; her fire was already burning, and a bright morning had succeeded the tempest of the night. Instantaneously with the consciousness of existence, returned her recollection of the manuscript; and springing from the bed in the very moment of the maid's going away, she eagerly collected every scattered sheet which had burst from the roll on its falling to the ground, and flew back to enjoy the luxury of their perusal on her pillow. She now plainly saw that she must not expect a manuscript of equal length with the generality of what she had shuddered over in books; for the roll, seeming to consist entirely of small disjointed sheets, was altogether but of trifling size, and much less than she had supposed at first.

Her greedy eyes glanced rapidly over a page. She started at its import. Could it be possible, or did not her senses play her false?

An inventory of linen, in coarse and modern characters, seemed all that was before her! If the evidence of sight might be trusted, she held a washing-bill in her hand. She seized another sheet, and saw the same articles with little variation; a third, a fourth, and a fifth, presented nothing new. Shirts, stockings, cravats, and waistcoats, faced her in each. Two others, penned by the same hand, marked an expenditure scarcely more interesting, in letters, hair-powders, shoe-string, and breeches-ball, and the larger sheet, which had enclosed the rest, seemed by its first cramp line, "To poultice chestnut mare," a farrier's bill! Such was the collection of papers (left, perhaps, as she could then suppose, by the negligence of a servant, in the place whence she had taken them) which had filled her with expectation and alarm, and robbed her of half her night's rest! She felt humbled to the dust. Could not the adventure of the chest have taught her wisdom? A corner of it catching her eye as she lay, seemed to rise up in judgment against her. Nothing could now be clearer than the absurdity of her recent fancies. To suppose that a manuscript of many generations back could have remained undiscovered in a room such as that, so modern, so habitable! or that she should be the first to possess the skill of unlocking a cabinet, the key of which was open to all.

How could she have so imposed on herself? Heaven forbid that Henry Tilney should ever know her folly! And it was in a great measure his own doing, for had not the cabinet appeared so exactly to agree with his description of her adventures, she should never have felt the smallest curiosity about it. This was the only comfort that occurred. Impatient to get rid of those hateful evidences of her folly, those detestable papers then scattered over the bed, she rose directly; and folding them up as nearly as possible in the same shape as before, returned them to the same spot within the cabinet, with a very hearty wish that no untoward accident might ever bring them forward again, to disgrace her even with herself.

Why the locks should have been so difficult to open, however, was still something remarkable, for she could now manage them with perfect ease. In this there was surely something mysterious, and she indulged in the flattering suggestion for half a minute, till the possibility of the door's having been at first unlocked, and

of being herself its fastener, darted into her head and cost her another blush. . .

Something had been said the evening before of her being shewn over the house, and he¹ now offered himself as her conductor; and though Catherine had hoped to explore it accompanied only by his daughter, it was a proposal of too much happiness in itself, under any circumstances, not to be gladly accepted; for she had been already eighteen hours in the abbey, and had seen only a few of its rooms. The netting-box just leisurely drawn forth, was closed with joyful haste, and she was ready to attend him in a moment. "And when they had gone over the house, he promised himself, moreover, the pleasure of accompanying her into the shrubberies and garden." She curtsied her acquiescence. "But perhaps it might be more agreeable to her to make those her first object. The weather was at present favourable, and at this time of year the uncertainty was very great of its continuing so. Which would she prefer? He was equally at her service. Which did his daughter think would most accord with her fair friend's wishes? But he thought he could discern. Yes, he certainly read in Miss Morland's eyes, a judicious desire of making use of the present smiling weather. But when did she judge amiss? The abbey would be always safe and dry. He yielded implicitly, and would fetch his hat and attend them in a moment." He left the room, and Catherine, with a disappointed anxious face, began to speak of her unwillingness that he should be taking them out of doors against his own inclination, under a mistaken idea of pleasing her; but she was stopt by Miss Tilney's saying, with a little confusion, "I believe it will be wisest to take the morning while it is so fine; and do not be uneasy on my father's account: he always walks out at this time of day."

Catherine did not exactly know how this was to be understood. Why was Miss Tilney embarrassed? Could there be any unwillingness on the General's side to show her over the abbey? The proposal was his own. And was it not odd that he should *always* take his walk so early? Neither her father nor Mr. Allen did so. It was certainly very provoking. She was all impatience to see the house, and had scarcely any curiosity about the grounds. If Henry had been with them, indeed! but now she should not

¹ The General.

know what was picturesque when she saw it. Such were her thoughts; but she kept them to herself, and put on her bonnet in patient discontent.

She was struck, however, beyond her expectation, by the grandeur of the abbey, as she saw it for the first time from the lawn. The whole building enclosed a large court; and two sides of the quadrangle, rich in Gothic ornaments, stood forward for admiration. The remainder was shut off by knolls of old trees, or luxuriant plantations, and the steep woody hills rising behind to give it shelter were beautiful even in the leafless month of March. Catherine had seen nothing to compare with it; and her feelings of delight were so strong, that without waiting for any better authority, she boldly burst forth in wonder and praise. The General listened with assenting gratitude, and it seemed as if his own estimation of Northanger had waited unfixed till that hour.

The kitchen-garden was to be next admired, and he led the way to it across a small portion of the park.

The number of acres contained in this garden was such as Catherine could not listen to without dismay, being more than double the extent of all Mr. Allen's, as well as her father's, including churchyard and orchard. The walls seemed countless in number, endless in length; a village of hot-houses seemed to arise among them, and a whole parish to be at work within the enclosure. The General was flattered by her looks of surprise, which told him almost as plainly, as he soon forced her to tell him in words, that she had never seen any gardens at all equal to them before; and he then modestly owned that, "without any ambition of that sort himself, without any solicitude about it, he did believe them to be unrivalled in the kingdom. If he had a hobby-horse, it was *that*. He loved a garden. Though careless enough in most matters of eating, he loved good fruit; or if he did not, his friends and children did. There were great vexations, however, attending such a garden as his. The utmost care could not always secure the most valuable fruits. The pinery had yielded only one hundred in the last year. Mr. Allen, he supposed, must feel these inconveniences as well as himself."

"No, not at all. Mr. Allen did not care about the garden, and never went into it."

With a triumphant smile of self-satisfaction, the General wished he could do the same, for he never entered his without being vexed in some way or other, by its falling short of his plan.

"How were Mr. Allen's succession-houses worked?" describing the nature of his own as they entered them.

"Mr. Allen had only one small hot-house, which Mrs. Allen had the use of for her plants in winter, and there was a fire in it now and then."

"He is a happy man!" said the General, with a look of very happy contempt.

Having taken her into every division, and led her under every wall, till she was heartily weary of seeing and wondering, he suffered the girls at last to seize the advantage of an outer-door, and then expressing his wish to examine the effect of some recent alterations about the tea-house, proposed it as no unpleasant extension of their walk, if Miss Morland were not tired. "But where are you going, Eleanor? Why do you chuse that cold, damp path to it? Miss Morland will get wet. Our best way is across the park."

"This is so favourite a walk of mine," said Miss Tilney, "that I always think it the best and nearest way. But perhaps it may be damp."

It was a narrow winding path through a thick grove of old Scotch firs; and Catherine, struck by its gloomy aspect, and eager to enter it, could not, even by the General's disapprobation, be kept from stepping forward. He perceived her inclination, and having again urged the plea of health in vain, was too polite to make further opposition. He excused himself, however, from attending them: "The rays of the sun were not too cheerful for him, and he would meet them by another course." He turned away; and Catherine was shocked to find how much her spirits were relieved by the separation. The shock, however, being less real than the relief, offered it no injury; and she began to talk with easy gaiety of the delightful melancholy which such a grove inspired.

"I am particularly fond of this spot," said her companion, with a sigh. "It was my mother's favourite walk."

Catherine had never heard Mrs. Tilney mentioned in the fam-

ily before; and the interest excited by this tender remembrance shewed itself directly in her altered countenance, and in the attentive pause with which she waited for something more.

"I used to walk here so often with her," added Eleanor; "though I never loved it then as I have loved it since. At that time, indeed, I used to wonder at her choice. But her memory endears it now."

"And ought it not," reflected Catherine, "to endear it to her husband? Yet the General would not enter it." Miss Tilney continuing silent, she ventured to say, "Her death must have been a great affliction."

"A great and increasing one," replied the other, in a low voice. "I was only thirteen when it happened; and, though I felt my loss perhaps as strongly as one so young could feel it, I did not, I could not then know what a loss it was." She stopped for a moment, and then added with great firmness: "I have no sister, you know; and though Henry—though my brothers are very affectionate, and Henry is a great deal here, which I am most thankful for, it is impossible for me not to be often solitary."

"To be sure, you must miss him very much."

"A mother would have been always present; a mother would have been a constant friend; her influence would have been beyond all other."

"Was she a very charming woman? Was she handsome? Was there any picture of her in the abbey? And why had she been so partial to that grove? Was it from dejection of spirits?" were questions now eagerly poured forth. The first three received a ready affirmative, the two others were passed by; and Catherine's interest in the deceased Mrs. Tilney augmented with every question, whether answered or not. Of her unhappiness in marriage she felt persuaded. The General certainly had been an unkind husband. He did not love her walk; could he, therefore, have loved her? And besides, handsome as he was, there was a something in the turn of his features which spoke his not having behaved well to her.

"Her picture, I suppose," blushing at the consummate art of her own question, "hangs in your father's room?"

"No, it was intended for the drawing-room; but my father was dissatisfied with the painting, and for some time it had no place. Soon after her death I obtained it for my own, and hung

it in my bedchamber, where I shall be happy to shew it you: it is very like." Here was another proof. A portrait, very like, of a departed wife, not valued by her husband. He must have been dreadfully cruel to her.

Catherine attempted no longer to hide from herself the nature of the feelings which, in spite of all his attentions, he had previously excited; and what had been terror and dislike before, was now absolute aversion. Yes, aversion! His cruelty to such a charming woman made him odious to her. She had often read of such characters; characters, which Mr. Allen had been used to call unnatural and overdrawn; but here was proof positive of the contrary.

She had just settled this point, when the end of the path brought them directly upon the General; and in spite of all her virtuous indignation, she found herself again obliged to walk with him, listen to him, and even to smile when he smiled. Being no longer able, however, to receive pleasure from the surrounding objects, she soon began to walk with lassitude: the General perceived it, and with a concern for her health, which seemed to reproach her for her opinion of him, was most urgent for returning with his daughter to the house. He would follow them in a quarter of an hour. Again they parted; but Eleanor was called back in half a minute to receive a strict charge against taking her friend round the Abbey till his return. This second instance of his anxiety to delay what she so much wished for, struck Catherine as very remarkable.

CHAPTER XXIII

An hour passed away before the General came in, spent, on the part of his young guest, in no very favourable consideration of his character. "His lengthened absence, these solitary rambles, did not speak a mind at ease, or a conscience void of reproach." At length he appeared; and whatever might have been the gloom of his meditations, he could still smile with *them*. Miss Tilney, understanding, in part, her friend's curiosity to see the house, soon revived the subject; and her father being, contrary to Catherine's expectations, unprovided with any pretence for further delay, beyond that of stopping five minutes to order refreshments

to be in the room by their return, was at last ready to escort them.

They set forward, and, with a grandeur of air, a dignified step, which caught the eye, but could not shake the doubts of the well-read Catherine, he led the way across the hall, through the common drawing-room and one useless ante-chamber, into a room magnificent both in size and furniture, the real drawing-room, used only with company of consequence. It was very noble, very grand, very charming, was all that Catherine had to say, for her indiscriminating eye scarcely discerned the colour of the satin; and all minuteness of praise, all praise that had much meaning, was supplied by the General: the costliness or elegance of any room's fitting up could be nothing to her; she cared for no furniture of a more modern date than the fifteenth century. When the General had satisfied his own curiosity, in a close examination of every well-known ornament, they proceeded to the library, an apartment, in its way, of equal magnificence, exhibiting a collection of books, on which an humble man might have looked with pride. Catherine heard, admired, and wondered with more genuine feeling than before, gathered all that she could from this storehouse of knowledge, by running over the titles of half a shelf, and was ready to proceed. But suites of apartments did not spring up with her wishes. Large as was the building, she had already visited the greatest part; though, on being told that, with the addition of the kitchen, the six or seven rooms she had now seen surrounded three sides of the court, she could scarcely believe it, or overcome the suspicion of there being many chambers secreted. It was some relief, however, that they were to return to the rooms in common use, by passing through a few of less importance, looking into the court, which, with occasional passages, not wholly unintricate, connected the different sides, and she was further soothed in her progress by being told that she was treading what had once been a cloister, having traces of cells pointed out, and observing several doors that were neither opened nor explained to her; by finding herself successively in a billiard-room and in the General's private apartment, without comprehending their connexion or being able to turn aright when she left them; and lastly by passing through a

dark little room, owning Henry's authority, and strewn with his litter of books, guns, and great-coats.

From the dining-room, of which, though already seen, and always to be seen at five o'clock, the General could not forego the pleasure of pacing out the length, for the more certain information of Miss Morland, as to what she neither doubted nor cared for, they proceeded by quick communication to the kitchen—the ancient kitchen of the convent, rich in the massy walls and smoke of former days, and in the stoves and hot closets of the present. The General's improving hand had not loitered here: every modern invention to facilitate the labour of the cooks had been adopted within this their spacious theatre; and, when the genius of others had failed, his own had often produced the perfection wanted. His endowments of this spot alone might at any time have placed him high among the benefactors of the convent.

With the walls of the kitchen ended all the antiquity of the Abbey; the fourth side of the quadrangle having, on account of its decaying state, been removed by the General's father, and the present erected in its place. All that was venerable ceased here. The new building was not only new, but declared itself to be so; intended only for offices, and enclosed behind by stable-yards, no uniformity of architecture had been thought necessary. Catherine could have raved at the hand which had swept away what must have been beyond the value of all the rest, for the purposes of mere domestic economy; and would willingly have been spared the mortification of a walk through scenes so fallen, had the General allowed it: but if he had a vanity, it was in the arrangement of his offices; and as he was convinced, that, to a mind like Miss Morland's, a view of the accommodations and comforts by which the labours of her inferiors were softened, must always be gratifying, he should make no apology for leading her on. They took a slight survey of all; and Catherine was impressed, beyond her expectation, by their multiplicity and their convenience. The purposes for which a few shapeless pantries, and a comfortless scullery, were deemed sufficient at Fullerton, were here carried on in appropriate divisions, commodious and roomy. The number of servants continually appearing, did not strike her less than the number of their offices. Wherever they went, some

pattened girl stopped to curtsy, or some footman in dishabille sneaked off. Yet this was an Abbey! How inexpressibly different in these domestic arrangements from such as she had read about: from abbeys and castles, in which, though certainly larger than Northanger, all the dirty work of the house was to be done by two pair of female hands at the utmost. How they could get through it all, had often amazed Mrs. Allen; and, when Catherine saw what was necessary here, she began to be amazed herself.

They returned to the hall, that the chief staircase might be ascended, and the beauty of its wood and ornaments of rich carving might be pointed out: having gained the top, they turned in an opposite direction from the gallery in which her room lay, and shortly entered one on the same plan, but superior in length and breadth. She was here shewn successively into three large bed-chambers, with their dressing-rooms, most completely and handsomely fitted up: everything that money and taste could do, to give comfort and elegance to apartments, had been bestowed on these; and, being furnished within the last five years, they were perfect in all that would be generally pleasing, and wanting in all that could give pleasure to Catherine. As they were surveying the last, the General, after slightly naming a few of the distinguished characters by whom they had at times been honoured, turned with a smiling countenance to Catherine, and ventured to hope that henceforward some of the earliest tenants might be "our friends from Fullerton." She felt the unexpected compliment, and deeply regretted the impossibility of thinking well of a man so kindly disposed towards herself, and so full of civility to all her family.

The gallery was terminated by folding doors, which Miss Tilney, advancing, had thrown open, and passed through, and seemed on the point of doing the same by the first door to the left, in another long reach of gallery, when the General, coming forwards, called her hastily, and, as Catherine thought, rather angrily back, demanding whither she were going? And what was there more to be seen? Had not Miss Morland already seen all that could be worth her notice? And did she not suppose her friend might be glad of some refreshment after so much exercise? Miss Tilney drew back directly, and the heavy doors were closed upon the mortified Catherine, who, having seen, in a mo-

mentary glance beyond them, a narrower passage, more numerous openings, and symptoms of a winding staircase, believed herself at last within the reach of something worth her notice; and felt, as she unwillingly paced back the gallery, that she would rather be allowed to examine that end of the house than see all the finery of all the rest. The General's evident desire of preventing such an examination was an additional stimulant. Something was certainly to be concealed: her fancy, though it had trespassed lately once or twice, could not mislead her here; and what that something was, a short sentence of Miss Tilney's, as they followed the General at some distance down stairs, seemed to point out:—"I was going to take you into what was my mother's room, the room in which she died——" were all her words; but few as they were, they conveyed pages of intelligence to Catherine. It was no wonder that the General should shrink from the sight of such objects as that room must contain—a room, in all probability, never entered by him since the dreadful scene had passed which released his suffering wife, and left him to the stings of conscience.

She ventured, when next alone with Eleanor, to express her wish of being permitted to see it, as well as all the rest of that side of the house; and Eleanor promised to attend her there, whenever they should have a convenient hour. Catherine understood her: the General must be watched from home, before that room could be entered. "It remains as it was, I suppose?" said she, in a tone of feeling.

"Yes, entirely."

"And how long ago may it be that your mother died?"

"She has been dead these nine years." And nine years, Catherine knew, was a trifle of time, compared with what generally elapsed after the death of an injured wife, before her room was put to rights.

"You were with her, I suppose, to the last?"

"No," said Miss Tilney, sighing; "I was unfortunately from home. Her illness was sudden and short; and before I arrived, it was all over."

Catherine's blood ran cold with the horrid suggestions which naturally sprang from these words. Could it be possible? Could Henry's father—? And yet how many were the examples to justify

even the blackest suspicions! And when she saw him in the evening, while she worked with her friend, slowly pacing the drawing-room for an hour together in silent thoughtfulness, with downcast eyes and contracted brow, she felt secure from all possibility of wronging him. It was the air and attitude of a Montoni! What could more plainly speak the gloomy workings of a mind not wholly dead to every sense of humanity, in its fearful review of past scenes of guilt? Unhappy man! And the anxiousness of her spirits directed her eyes towards his figure so repeatedly, as to catch Miss Tilney's notice. "My father," she whispered, "often walks about the room in this way; it is nothing unusual."

"So much the worse!" thought Catherine: such ill-timed exercise was of a piece with the strange unseasonableness of his morning walks, and boded nothing good.

After an evening, the little variety and seeming length of which made her peculiarly sensible of Henry's importance among them, she was heartily glad to be dismissed; though it was a look from the General not designed for her observation which sent his daughter to the bell. When the butler would have lit his master's candle, however, he was forbidden. The latter was not going to retire. "I have many pamphlets to finish," said he to Catherine, "before I can close my eyes; and perhaps may be poring over the affairs of the nation for hours after you are asleep. Can either of us be more meetly employed? *My* eyes will be blinding for the good of others; and *yours* preparing by rest for future mischief."

But neither the business alleged, nor the magnificent compliment, could win Catherine from thinking that some very different object must occasion so serious a delay of proper repose. To be kept up for hours, after the family were in bed, by stupid pamphlets, was not very likely. There must be some deeper cause: something was to be done which could be done only while the household slept; and the probability that Mrs. Tilney yet lived, shut up for causes unknown, and receiving from the pitiless hands of her husband a nightly supply of coarse food, was the conclusion which necessarily followed. Shocking as was the idea, it was at least better than a death unfairly hastened, as in the natural course of things, she must ere long be released. The suddenness of her reputed illness, the absence of her daughter, and probably of her other children, at the time, all favoured the sup-

position of her imprisonment. Its origin—jealousy, perhaps, or wanton cruelty—was yet to be unravelled.

In revolving these matters while she undressed, it suddenly struck her as not unlikely, that she might that morning have passed near the very spot of this unfortunate woman's confinement; might have been within a few paces of the cell in which she languished out her days; for what part of the Abbey could be more fitted for the purpose than that which yet bore the traces of monastic division? In the high-arched passage, paved with stone, which already she had trodden with peculiar awe, she well remembered the doors of which the General had given no account. To what might not these doors lead? In support of the plausibility of this conjecture, it further occurred to her, that the forbidden gallery, in which lay the apartments of the unfortunate Mrs. Tilney, must be, as certainly as her memory could guide her, exactly over this suspected range of cells; and the staircase by the side of those apartments of which she had caught a transient glimpse, communicating by some secret means with those cells, might well have favoured the barbarous proceedings of her husband. Down that staircase she had perhaps been conveyed in a state of well-prepared insensibility.

Catherine sometimes started at the boldness of her own surmises, and sometimes hoped or feared that she had gone too far; but they were supported by such appearances as made their dismissal impossible.

The side of the quadrangle, in which she supposed the guilty scene to be acting, being, according to her belief, just opposite her own, it struck her that, if judiciously watched, some rays of light from the General's lamp might glimmer through the lower windows, as he passed to the prison of his wife; and, twice before she stepped into bed, she stole gently from her room to the corresponding window in the gallery, to see if it appeared, but all abroad was dark, and it must yet be too early. The various ascending noises convinced her that the servants must still be up. Till midnight, she supposed it would be in vain to watch; but then, when the clock had struck twelve, and all was quiet, she would, if not quite appalled by darkness, steal out and look once more. The clock struck twelve, and Catherine had been half an hour asleep.

The next day afforded no opportunity for the proposed examination of the mysterious apartments. It was Sunday, and the whole time between morning and afternoon service was required by the General in exercise abroad or eating cold meat at home; and great as was Catherine's curiosity, her courage was not equal to a wish of exploring them after dinner, either by the fading light of the sky between six and seven o'clock, or by the yet more partial though stronger illumination of a treacherous lamp. The day was unmarked, therefore, by anything to interest her imagination beyond the sight of a very elegant monument to the memory of Mrs. Tilney, which immediately fronted the family pew. By that her eye was instantly caught and long retained; and the perusal of the highly-strained epitaph, in which every virtue was ascribed to her by the inconsolable husband, who must have been in some way or other her destroyer, affected her even to tears.

That the General, having erected such a monument, should be able to face it, was not perhaps very strange, and yet that he could sit so boldly collected within its view, maintain so elevated an air, look so fearlessly around, nay, that he should even enter the church, seemed wonderful to Catherine. Not, however, that many instances of beings equally hardened in guilt might not be produced. She could remember dozens who had persevered in every possible vice, going on from crime to crime, murdering whomsoever they chose, without any feeling of humanity or remorse, till a violent death or a religious retirement closed their black career. The erection of the monument itself could not in the smallest degree affect her doubts of Mrs. Tilney's actual decease. Were she even to descend into the family vault where her ashes were supposed to slumber, were she to behold the coffin in which they were said to be enclosed, what could it avail in such a case? Catherine had read too much not to be perfectly aware of the ease with which a waxen figure might be introduced, and a supposititious funeral carried on.

The succeeding morning promised something better. The General's early walk, ill-timed as it was in every other view, was favourable here; and when she knew him to be out of the house,

she directly proposed to Miss Tilney the accomplishment of her promise. Eleanor was ready to oblige her; and Catherine reminding her as they went of another promise, their first visit in consequence was to the portrait in her bed-chamber. It represented a very lovely woman, with a mild and pensive countenance, justifying so far, the expectations of its new observer; but they were not in every respect answered, for Catherine had depended upon meeting with features, air, complexion, that should be the very counterpart, the very image, if not of Henry's, of Eleanor's; the only portraits of which she had been in the habit of thinking, bearing always an equal resemblance of mother and child. A face once taken was taken for generations. But here she was obliged to look, and consider, and study for a likeness. She contemplated it, however, in spite of this drawback, with much emotion, and, but for a yet stronger interest, would have left it unwillingly.

Her agitation, as they entered the great gallery, was too great for any endeavour at discourse; she could only look at her companion. Eleanor's countenance was dejected, yet sedate; and its composure spoke her enured to all the gloomy objects to which they were advancing. Again she passed through the folding-doors, again her hand was upon the important lock, and Catherine, hardly able to breathe, was turning to close the former with fearful caution, when the figure, the dreaded figure of the General himself, at the further end of the gallery, stood before her! The name of "Eleanor" at the same moment, in his loudest tone, resounded through the building, giving to his daughter the first intimation of his presence, and to Catherine terror upon terror. An attempt at concealment had been her first instinctive movement on perceiving him, yet she could scarcely hope to have escaped his eye; and when her friend, who with an apologizing look darted hastily by her, had joined and disappeared with him, she ran for safety to her own room, and, locking herself in, believed that she should never have courage to go down again. She remained there at least an hour, in the greatest agitation, deeply commiserating the state of her poor friend, and expecting a summons herself from the angry General, to attend him in his own apartment. No summons, however, arrived; and at last, on seeing a carriage drive up to the Abbey, she was emboldened to descend and meet him under the protection of visi-

tors. The breakfast-room was gay with company; and she was named to them by the General as the friend of his daughter, in a complimentary style, which so well concealed his resentful ire, as to make her feel secure at least of life for the present. And Eleanor, with a command of countenance which did honour to her concern for his character, taking an early occasion of saying to her, "My father only wanted me to answer a note," she began to hope that she had either been unseen by the General, or that from some consideration of policy she should be allowed to suppose herself so. Upon this trust she dared still to remain in his presence after the company left them, and nothing occurred to disturb it.

In the course of this morning's reflections, she came to a resolution of making her next attempt on the forbidden door alone. It would be much better in every respect that Eleanor should know nothing of the matter. To involve her in the danger of a second detection, to court her into an apartment which must wring her heart, could not be the office of a friend. The General's utmost anger could not be to herself what it might be to a daughter, and besides, she thought the examination itself would be more satisfactory if made without any companion. It would be impossible to explain to Eleanor the suspicions, from which the other had, in all likelihood, been hitherto happily exempt; nor could she therefore, in *her* presence, search for those proofs of the General's cruelty, which, however they might yet have escaped discovery, she felt confident of somewhere drawing forth, in the shape of some fragmented journal, continued to the last gasp. Of the way to the apartment she was now perfectly mistress, and as she wished to get it over before Henry's return, who was expected on the morrow, there was no time to be lost. The day was bright, her courage high; at four o'clock the sun was now two hours above the horizon, and it would be only her retiring to dress half an hour earlier than usual.

It was done; and Catherine found herself alone in the gallery before the clocks had ceased to strike. It was no time for thought: she hurried on, slipped with the least possible noise through the folding doors, and without stopping to look or breathe, rushed forward to the one in question. The lock yielded to her hand, and luckily with no sullen sound that could alarm a human being.

On tiptoe she entered: the room was before her: but it was some minutes before she could advance another step. She beheld what fixed her to the spot, and agitated every feature. She saw a large, well-proportioned apartment, an handsome dimity bed, arranged as unoccupied, with an housemaid's care, a bright Bath stove, mahogany wardrobes and neatly-painted chairs, on which the warm beams of a western sun gaily poured through two sash windows. Catherine had expected to have her feelings worked, and worked they were. Astonishment and doubt first seized them, and a shortly succeeding ray of common sense added some bitter emotions of shame. She could not be mistaken as to the room; but how grossly mistaken in everything else, in Miss Tilney's meaning, in her own calculation! This apartment, to which she had given a date so ancient, a position so awful, proved to be one end of what the General's father had built. There were two other doors in the chamber, leading probably into dressing-closets, but she had no inclination to open either. Would the veil in which Mrs. Tilney had last walked, or the volume in which she had last read, remain to tell what nothing else was allowed to whisper? No; whatever might have been the General's crimes, he had certainly too much wit to let them sue for detection. She was sick of exploring, and desired but to be safe in her own room, with her own heart only privy to its folly, and she was on the point of retreating as softly as she had entered, when the sound of footsteps, she could hardly tell where, made her pause and tremble. To be found there, even by a servant, would be unpleasant, but by the General (and he seemed always at hand when least wanted) much worse. She listened, the sound had ceased, and resolving not to lose a moment she passed through and closed the door. At that instant a door underneath was hastily opened, some one seemed with swift steps to ascend the stairs, by the head of which she had yet to pass before she could gain the gallery. She had no power to move. With a feeling of terror not very definable, she fixed her eyes on the staircase, and in a few moments it gave Henry to her view. "Mr. Tilney!" she exclaimed, in a voice of more than common astonishment. He looked astonished too. "Good God!" she continued, not attending to his address, "how came you here? How came you up that staircase?"

"How came I up that staircase?" he replied, greatly surprized. "Because it is my nearest way from the stable-yard to my own chamber; and why should I not come up it?"

Catherine recollected herself, blushed deeply, and could say no more. He seemed to be looking in her countenance for that explanation which her lips did not afford. She moved on towards the gallery. "And may I not, in my turn," said he, as he pushed back the folding doors, "ask how *you* came here? This passage is at least as extraordinary a road from the breakfast-parlour to your apartment, as that staircase can be from the stables to mine."

"I have been," said Catherine, looking down, "to see your mother's room."

"My mother's room! Is there anything extraordinary to be seen there?"

"No, nothing at all. I thought you did not mean to come back till tomorrow."

"I did not expect to be able to return sooner, when I went away; but three hours ago I had the pleasure of finding nothing to detain me. You look pale. I am afraid I alarmed you by running so fast up those stairs. Perhaps you did not know—you were not aware of their leading from the offices in common use?"

"No, I was not. You have had a very fine day for your ride."

"Very; and does Eleanor leave you to find your way into all the rooms in the house by yourself?"

"Oh, no! she shewed me over the greatest part on Saturday, and we were coming here to these rooms, but only," (dropping her voice), "your father was with us."

"And that prevented you," said Henry, earnestly regarding her. "Have you looked into all the rooms in that passage?"

"No; I only wanted to see— Is not it very late? I must go and dress."

"It is only a quarter past four," (shewing his watch), "and you are not now in Bath. No theatre, no rooms to prepare for. Half an hour at Northanger must be enough."

She could not contradict it, and therefore suffered herself to be detained, though her dread of further questions made her, for the first time in their acquaintance, wish to leave him. They

walked slowly up the gallery. "Have you had any letter from Bath since I saw you?"

"No, and I am very much surprized. Isabella promised so faithfully to write directly."

"Promised so faithfully! A faithful promise! That puzzles me. I have heard of a faithful performance; but a faithful promise—the fidelity of promising! It is a power little worth knowing, however, since it can deceive and pain you. My mother's room is very commodious, is it not? Large and cheerful looking, and the dressing-closets so well disposed. It always strikes me as the most comfortable apartment in the house; and I rather wonder that Eleanor should not take it for her own. She sent you to look at it, I suppose?"

"No."

"It has been your own doing entirely?" Catherine said nothing. After a short silence, during which he had closely observed her, he added: "As there is nothing in the room in itself to raise curiosity, this must have proceeded from a sentiment of respect for my mother's character, as described by Eleanor, which does honour to her memory. The world, I believe, never saw a better woman. But it is not often that virtue can boast an interest such as this. The domestic, unpretending merits of a person never known, do not often create that kind of fervent, venerating tenderness which would prompt a visit like yours. Eleanor, I suppose, has talked of her a great deal?"

"Yes, a great deal. That is—no, not much, but what she did say, was very interesting. Her dying so suddenly," (slowly, and with hesitation it was spoken), "and you—none of you being at home; and your father, I thought, perhaps, had not been very fond of her."

"And from these circumstances," he replied, (his quick eye fixed on hers), "you infer, perhaps, the probability of some negligence—some—" (involuntarily she shook her head), "or it may be, of something still less pardonable." She raised her eyes towards him more fully than she had ever done before. "My mother's illness," he continued, "the seizure which ended in her death, *was* sudden. The malady itself one from which she had often suffered: a bilious fever: its cause therefore constitutional. On the third

day, in short, as soon as she could be prevailed on, a physician attended her; a very respectable man, and one in whom she had always placed great confidence. Upon his opinion of her danger, two others were called in the next day, and remained in almost constant attendance for four-and-twenty hours. On the fifth day she died. During the progress of her disorder, Frederick and I (*we* were both at home) saw her repeatedly; and from our own observation can bear witness to her having received every possible attention which could spring from the affection of those about her, or which her situation in life could command. Poor Eleanor *was* absent, and at such a distance as to return only to see her mother in her coffin."

"But your father," said Catherine, "was *he* afflicted?"

"For a time, greatly so. You have erred in supposing him not attached to her. He loved her, I am persuaded, as well as it was possible for him to—We have not all, you know, the same tenderness of disposition; and I will not pretend to say that while she lived, she might not often have had much to bear; but though his temper injured her, his judgment never did. His value of her was sincere; and, if not permanently, he was truly afflicted by her death."

"I am very glad of it," said Catherine; "it would have been very shocking—"

"If I understand you rightly, you had formed a surmise of such horror as I have hardly words to—Dear Miss Morland, consider the dreadful nature of the suspicions you have entertained. What have you been judging from? Remember the country and the age in which we live. Remember that we are English: that we are Christians. Consult your own understanding, your own sense of the probable, your own observation of what is passing around you. Does our education prepare us for such atrocities? Do our laws connive at them? Could they be perpetrated without being known in a country like this, where social and literary intercourse is on such a footing; where every man is surrounded by a neighbourhood of voluntary spies; and where roads and newspapers lay everything open? Dearest Miss Morland, what ideas have you been admitting?"

They had reached the end of the gallery; and with tears of shame she ran off to her own room.

MARIA EDGEWORTH (1767-1849)

MARIA EDGEWORTH was a novelist of great natural talent. She understood character and motive, grasped the significance of manners, and had the story-teller's gift. No one could have been less revolutionary in disposition and character than she was; but her father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, under whose influence she did most of her work, was strongly imbued with revolutionary doctrines. Her works, therefore, reflect the serious ideas of her father as regards morals and behavior as they appear in respect to landlord and tenant, family life, and the education of the young. Miss Edgeworth is often, one may say usually, intentionally didactic, and even this trait of intentional didacticism has its serious effects on art, even on the art of making a moral impression. The direct inculcation of morals, though it may on occasion be effective, is an enemy to the larger and profounder effects of art, which by the awakening of thought and feeling (thus strengthening nature) is itself the most efficacious of moral teachers. One has only to think of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* or Thackeray's *Henry Esmond* in order to realize this truth. Maria Edgeworth's father shaped her work, if not toward liberty, equality, and fraternity, at least toward a persistently moral bent. In only a part of her work does her native genius shake itself free and find adequate and satisfactory expression.

Her Irish tales, beginning with the famous *Castle Rackrent* (1800) and including *The Absentee* (1809), *Ormond* (1817), and certain shorter works, are Miss Edgeworth's best and most natural utterances. Her portraits of her Irish compatriots, both high and low, and her pictures of the Irish scene are famous, and from them Scott declared that he had got the idea of exploiting Scottish character in its Scottish setting. But Miss

Edgeworth's greatness does not appear merely in her Irish works. She has always a fine conception of event and its significance and of character in general. Her *Patronage* (1814), a novel of English life, is not unworthy of comparison with the masterpieces of Trollope, Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot, if not with those of Dickens, Thackeray, Thomas Hardy, and George Meredith. Like most great novelists Miss Edgeworth had a strong sense of the dramatic. Many of her tales would make good plays, and some of them were actually written as dramas for the stage. She possessed also a keen social sense and an ability in social satire only a little inferior to that of Miss Austen, who is usually regarded as incomparable. She published two series of *Tales of Fashionable Life* in 1809 and 1812, which often show great power in the depiction of the vanities and sins of fashionable society, and some of her better known novels, such as *Belinda* (1801), *Leonora* (1806), and *Helen* (1834) reflect the same quality. She believes in good sense, good taste, and sincere behavior, and she knows how to depict these qualities and their opposites.

Besides these achievements Miss Edgeworth has been known always as a writer of tales for children. Earlier generations of English and American people, in so far as they learned to read at all, were taught from books filled with Miss Edgeworth's moral tales, and, strangely enough, children still like them, although they now incur the ridicule of more sophisticated elders. Her children's stories are almost the first examples of juvenile fiction which were written from the point of view of children rather than grown-ups. She lived in a home with many little brothers and sisters, and she knew and loved children. *The Parent's Assistant* (1796-1800) was written in order to illustrate her father's views on the moral instruction of children as expressed in his writings. *Moral Tales*, which contains several of the old favorites of the school readers, came out in 1801, and *Popular Tales*, from which the following selection is made, in 1804. Miss Edgeworth was one of those persons who are endowed throughout life with

youthful feelings and a childlike enjoyment of the smallest adventures.

In fiction she sometimes goes wrong in structure, and she lacks the unfailing objective artistry of Miss Austen; but her canvas is rather wider and more generous. As a social satirist she, a follower of the vein of Fanny Burney, has been out-distanced by such moderns as Thackeray and Meredith. Her personality still shines through her work. One still feels back of it a woman of powerful mind, penetrative intuition, and gentle sympathies; an eminently likable writer who has lived through a simple domestic experience with great faithfulness. One feels in reading her works as well as in reading her excellent letters her attachment to and admiration for her father, her love for her numerous stepmothers, and her also numerous brothers and sisters. There is in Maria Edgeworth no vanity, no self-importance, no pomposity.

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THE LIMERICK GLOVES

(Provincial Fiction)

It was Sunday morning, and a fine day in autumn; the bells of Hereford cathedral rang, and all the world smartly dressed were flocking to church.

"Mrs. Hill! Mrs. Hill!—Phoebe! Phoebe! There's the cathedral bell, I say, and neither of you ready for church, and I a verger," cried Mr. Hill, the tanner, as he stood at the bottom of his own staircase. "I'm ready, papa," replied Phoebe; and down she came, looking so clean, so fresh, and so gay, that her stern father's brows unbent, and he could only say to her, as she was drawing on a new pair of gloves, "Child, you ought to have had those gloves on before this time of day."

"Before this time of day!" cried Mrs. Hill, who was now coming downstairs completely equipped, "before this time of day! she should know better, I say, than to put on those gloves at all: more especially when going to the cathedral."

"The gloves are very good gloves, as far as I see," replied Mr. Hill. "But no matter now. It is more fitting that we should be in proper time in our pew, to set an example, as becomes us, than to stand here talking of gloves and nonsense."

He offered his wife and daughter each an arm, and set out for the cathedral; but Phoebe was too busy in drawing on her new gloves, and her mother was too angry at the sight of them, to accept of Mr. Hill's courtesy. "What I say is always nonsense, I know, Mr. Hill," resumed the matron: "but I can see as far into a millstone as other folks. Was it not I that first gave you a hint of what became of the great dog, that we lost out of our tan-yard last winter? And was it not I who first took notice to you, Mr. Hill, verger as you are, of the hole under the foundation of the cathedral? Was it not, I ask you, Mr. Hill?"

"But, my dear Mrs. Hill, what has all this to do with Phoebe's gloves?"

"Are you blind, Mr. Hill? Don't you see that they are Limerick gloves?"

"What of that?" said Mr. Hill; still preserving his composure, as it was his custom to do as long as he could, when he saw his wife was ruffled.

"What of that, Mr. Hill! why don't you know that Limerick is in Ireland, Mr. Hill?"

"With all my heart, my dear."

"Yes, and with all your heart, I suppose, Mr. Hill, you would see our cathedral blown up, some fair day or other, and your own daughter married to the person that did it; and you a verger, Mr. Hill."

"God forbid!" cried Mr. Hill, and he stopped short and settled his wig. Presently recovering himself, he added, "But, Mrs. Hill, the cathedral is not yet blown up; and our Phoebe is not yet married."

"No: but what, of that, Mr. Hill? Forewarned is forearmed, as I told you before your dog was gone; but you would not believe me, and you see how it turned out in that case; and so it will in this case, you'll see, Mr. Hill."

"But you puzzle and frighten me out of my wits, Mrs. Hill," said the verger, again settling his wig. "*In that case and in this case!* I can't understand a syllable of what you've been saying to me this half-hour. In plain English, what is there the matter about Phoebe's gloves?"

"In plain English, then, Mr. Hill, since you can understand nothing else, please to ask your daughter Phoebe who gave her those gloves. Phoebe, who gave you those gloves?"

"I wish they were burnt," said the husband, whose patience could endure no longer. "Who gave you those cursed gloves, Phoebe?"

"Papa," answered Phoebe, in a low voice, "they were a present from Mr. Brian O'Neill."

"The Irish glover!" cried Mr. Hill, with a look of terror.

"Yes," resumed the mother; "very true, Mr. Hill, I assure you. Now, you see, I had my reasons."

"Take off the gloves directly: I order you, Phoebe," said her father, in his most peremptory tone. "I took a mortal dislike to that Mr. Brian O'Neill the first time I ever saw him. He's an

Irishman, and that's enough, and too much for me. Off with the gloves, Phoebe! When I order a thing, it must be done."

Phoebe seemed to find some difficulty in getting off the gloves, and gently urged that she could not well go into the cathedral without them. This objection was immediately removed, by her mother's pulling from her pocket a pair of mittens, which had once been brown, and once been whole, but which were now rent in sundry places; and which, having been long stretched by one who was twice the size of Phoebe, now hung in huge wrinkles upon her well-turned arms.

"But papa," said Phoebe, "why should we take a dislike to him because he is an Irishman? Cannot an Irishman be a good man?"

The verger made no answer to this question, but a few seconds after it was put to him, observed that the cathedral bell had just done ringing; and, as they were now got to the church door, Mrs. Hill, with a significant look at Phoebe, remarked that it was no proper time to talk or think of good men, or bad men, or Irishmen, or any men, especially for a verger's daughter.

We pass over in silence the many conjectures that were made by several of the congregation, concerning the reason why Miss Phoebe Hill should appear in such a shameful shabby pair of gloves on a Sunday. After service was ended, the verger went, with great mystery, to examine the hole under the foundation of the cathedral; and Mrs. Hill repaired, with the grocer's and the stationer's ladies, to take a walk in the Close; where she boasted to all her female acquaintance, whom she called her friends, of her maternal discretion in prevailing upon Mr. Hill to forbid her daughter Phoebe to wear the Limerick gloves.

In the meantime, Phoebe walked pensively homewards; endeavouring to discover why her father should take a mortal dislike to a man, at first sight, merely because he was an Irishman; and why her mother had talked so much of the great dog, which had been lost last year out of the tan-yard; and of the hole under the foundation of the cathedral! What has all this to do with my Limerick gloves? thought she. The more she thought, the less connection she could perceive between these things: for as she had not taken a dislike to Mr. Brian O'Neill at first sight, because

he was an Irishman, she could not think it quite reasonable to suspect him of making away with her father's dog; nor yet of a design to blow up Hereford cathedral. As she was pondering upon these matters, she came within sight of the ruins of a poor woman's house, which a few months before this time had been burnt down. She recollected that her first acquaintance with her lover began at the time of this fire; and she thought that the courage and humanity he showed, in exerting himself to save this unfortunate woman and her children, justified her notion of the possibility that an Irishman might be a good man.

The name of the poor woman, whose house had been burnt down, was Smith: she was a widow, and she now lived at the extremity of a narrow lane in a wretched habitation. Why Phoebe thought of her with more concern than usual at this instant we need not examine, but she did; and, reproaching herself for having neglected it for some weeks past, she resolved to go directly to see the widow Smith, and to give her a crown which she had long had in her pocket, with which she had intended to have bought play tickets.

It happened that the first person she saw in the poor widow's kitchen was the identical Mr. O'Neill. "I did not expect to see anybody here but you, Mrs. Smith," said Phoebe blushing.

"So much the greater the pleasure of the meeting; to me, I mean, Miss Hill," said O'Neill, rising, and putting down a little boy, with whom he had been playing. Phoebe went on talking to the poor woman; and, after slipping the crown into her hand, said she would call again. O'Neill, surprised at the change in her manner, followed her when she left the house, and said, "It would be a great misfortune to me to have done anything to offend Miss Hill; especially if I could not conceive how or what it was, which is my case at this present speaking." And, as the spruce glover spoke, he fixed his eyes upon Phoebe's ragged gloves. She drew them up in vain; and then said, with her natural simplicity and gentleness, "You have not done anything to offend me, Mr. O'Neill; but you are some way or other displeasing to my father and mother, and they have forbid me to wear the Limerick gloves."

"And sure Miss Hill would not be after changing her opinion

of her humble servant for no reason in life, but because her father and mother, who have taken a prejudice against him, are a little contrary."

"No," replied Phoebe; "I should not change my opinion without any reason; but I have not yet had time to fix my opinion of you, Mr. O'Neill."

"To let you know a piece of my mind, then, my dear Miss Hill," resumed he, "the more contrary they are, the more pride and joy it would give me to win and wear you, in spite of 'em all; and if without a farthing in your pocket, so much the more I should rejoice in the opportunity of proving to your dear self, and all else whom it may consarn, that Brian O'Neill is no fortune-hunter, and scorns them that are so narrow-minded as to think that no other kind of cattle but them there fortune-hunters can come out of all Ireland. So, my dear Phoebe, now we understand one another, I hope you will not be paining my eyes any longer with the sight of these odious brown bags, which are not fit to be worn by any Christian arms, to say nothing of Miss Hill's, which are the handsomest, without any compliment, that ever I saw; and, to my mind, would become a pair of Limerick gloves beyond anything: and I expect she'll show her generosity and proper spirit by putting them on immediately."

"You expect, sir!" repeated Miss Hill, with a look of more indignation than her gentle countenance had ever before been seen to assume. "Expect!" If he had said hope, thought she, it would have been another thing: but expect! what right has he to expect?

Now Miss Hill, unfortunately, was not sufficiently acquainted with the Irish idiom, to know, that to expect, in Ireland, is the same thing as to hope in England; and, when her Irish admirer said I expect, he meant only in plain English, I hope. But thus it is that a poor Irishman, often, for want of understanding the niceties of the English language, says the rudest when he means to say the civillest things imaginable.

Miss Hill's feelings were so much hurt by this unlucky "I expect," that the whole of his speech, which had before made some favourable impression upon her, now lost its effect; and she replied with proper spirit, as she thought, "You expect a great deal too much, Mr. O'Neill; and more than ever I gave you

reason to do. It would be neither pleasure nor pride to me to be won and worn, as you were pleased to say, in spite of them all; and to be thrown, without a farthing in my pocket, upon the protection of one who expects so much at first setting out.—So I assure you, sir, whatever you may expect, I shall not put on the Limerick gloves.”

Mr. O'Neill was not without his share of pride and proper spirit; nay, he had, it must be confessed, in common with some others of his countrymen, an improper share of pride and spirit. Fired by the lady's coldness, he poured forth a volley of reproaches; and ended by wishing, as he said, a good morning, for ever and ever, to one who could change her opinion, point blank, like the weathercock. “I am, miss, your most obedient; and I expect you'll never think no more of poor Brian O'Neill and the Limerick gloves.”

If he had not been in too great a passion to observe anything, poor Brian O'Neill would have found out that Phoebe was not a weathercock: but he left her abruptly, and hurried away imagining all the while that it was Phoebe, and not himself, who was in a rage. Thus, to the horseman, who is galloping at full speed, the hedges, trees, and houses, seem rapidly to recede; whilst, in reality, they never move from their places. It is he that flies from them, and not they from him.

On Monday morning Miss Jenny Brown, the perfumer's daughter, came to pay Phoebe a morning visit, with face of busy joy.

“So, my dear!” said she: “fine doings in Hereford! but what makes you look so downcast? To be sure you are invited, as well as the rest of us.”

“Invited where?” cried Mrs. Hill, who was present, and who could never endure to hear of an invitation in which she was not included. “Invited where, pray, Miss Jenny?”

“La! have not you heard? Why, we all took it for granted that you and Miss Phoebe would have been the first and foremost to have been asked to Mr. O'Neill's ball.”

“Ball!” cried Mrs. Hill; and luckily saved Phoebe, who was in some agitation, the trouble of speaking. “Why, this is a mighty sudden thing: I never heard a tittle of it before.”

"Well, this is really extraordinary! And, Phoebe, have you not received a pair of Limerick gloves?"

"Yes, I have," said Phoebe, "but what then? What have my Limerick gloves to do with the ball?"

"A great deal," replied Jenny. "Don't you know that a pair of Limerick gloves is, as one may say, a ticket to this ball? for every lady that has been asked has had a pair sent to her along with the card, and I believe as many as twenty, besides myself, have been asked this morning."

Jenny then produced her new pair of Limerick gloves; and as she tried them on, and showed how well they fitted, she counted up the names of the ladies who, to her knowledge, were to be at this ball. When she had finished the catalogue, she expatiated upon the grand preparations which it was said the widow O'Neill, Mr. O'Neill's mother, was making for the supper; and concluded by condoling with Mrs. Hill for her misfortune in not having been invited. Jenny took her leave, to get her dress in readiness; "for," added she, "Mr. O'Neill has engaged me to open the ball, in case Phoebe does not go: but I suppose she will cheer up and go, as she has a pair of Limerick gloves as well as the rest of us."

There was silence for some minutes after Jenny's departure, which was broken by Phoebe, who told her mother that, early in the morning, a note had been brought to her, which she had returned unopened; because she knew, from the handwriting of the direction, that it came from Mr. O'Neill.

We must observe that Phoebe had already told her mother of her meeting with this gentleman at the poor widow's, and of all that had passed between them afterwards. This openness on her part, had softened the heart of Mrs. Hill; who was really inclined to be good-natured, provided people would allow that she had more penetration than any one else in Hereford. She was moreover a good deal piqued and alarmed by the idea that the perfumer's daughter might rival and outshine her own. Whilst she had thought herself sure of Mr. O'Neill's attachment to Phoebe, she had looked higher; especially as she was persuaded by the perfumer's lady to think that an Irishman could not but be a bad match: but now she began to suspect that the perfumer's lady had changed her opinion of Irishmen, since she did not object to her own Jenny's leading up the ball at Mr. O'Neill's.

All these thoughts passed rapidly in the mother's mind, and, with her fear of losing an admirer for her Phoebe, the value of that admirer suddenly rose in her estimation. Thus, at an auction, if a lot is going to be knocked down to a lady, who is the only person that has bid for it, even she feels discontented, and despises that which nobody covets; but if, as the hammer is falling, many voices answer to the question, Who bids more? then her anxiety to secure the prize suddenly rises; and, rather than be outbid, she will give far beyond its value.

"Why, child," said Mrs. Hill, "since you have a pair of Limerick gloves; and since certainly that note was an invitation to us to this ball; and since it is much more fitting that you should open the ball than Jenny Brown; and since, after all, it was very handsome and genteel of the young man to say he would take you without a farthing in your pocket, which shows that those were misinformed who talked of him as an Irish adventurer; and since we are not certain 'twas he made away with the dog, although he said its barking was a great nuisance; there is no great reason to suppose he was the person who made the hole under the foundation of the cathedral, or that he could have such a wicked thought as to blow it up; and since he must be in a very good way of business to be able to afford giving away four or five guineas' worth of Limerick gloves, and balls and suppers; and since, after all, it is no fault of his to be an Irishman; I give it as my vote and opinion, my dear, that you put on your Limerick gloves and go to this ball; and I'll go and speak to your father, and bring him round to our opinion; and then I'll pay the morning visit I owe to the widow O'Neill, and make up your quarrel with Brian. Love quarrels are easy to make up, you know; and then we shall have things all upon velvet again; and Jenny Brown need not come with her hypocritical condoling face to us any more."

After running this speech glibly off, Mrs. Hill, without waiting to hear a syllable from poor Phoebe, trotted off in search of her consort. It was not, however, quite so easy a task as his wife expected to bring Mr. Hill round to her opinion. He was slow in declaring himself of any opinion; but, when once he had said a thing, there was but little chance of altering his notions. On this occasion, Mr. Hill was doubly bound to his prejudice

against our unlucky Irishman; for he had mentioned with great solemnity, at the club which he frequented, the grand affair of the hole under the foundation of the cathedral; and his suspicions that there was a design to blow it up. Several of the club had laughed at this idea, others, who supposed that Mr. O'Neill was a Roman Catholic, and who had a confused notion that a Roman Catholic *must* be a very wicked, dangerous being, thought that there might be a great deal in the verger's suggestions; and observed that a very watchful eye ought to be kept upon this Irish glover, who had come to settle at Hereford nobody knew why, and who seemed to have money at command nobody knew how.

The news of this ball sounded to Mr. Hill's prejudiced imagination like the news of a conspiracy. Ay! ay! thought he; the Irishman is cunning enough! But we shall be too many for him: he wants to throw all the good sober folks of Hereford off their guard, by feasting, and dancing, and carousing, I take it; and so to perpetrate his evil designs when it is least suspected; but we shall be prepared for him, fools as he takes us plain Englishmen to be, I warrant.

In consequence of these most shrewd cogitations, our verger silenced his wife with a peremptory nod, when she came to persuade him to let Phoebe put on the Limerick gloves and go to the ball. "To this ball she shall not go; and I charge her not to put on those Limerick gloves, as she values my blessing," said Mr. Hill. "Please to tell her so, Mrs. Hill, and trust to my judgment and discretion in all things, Mrs. Hill. Strange work may be in Hereford yet: but I'll say no more; I must go and consult with knowing men, who are of my opinion."

He sallied forth, and Mrs. Hill was left in a state which only those who are troubled with the disease of excessive curiosity can rightly comprehend or compassionate. She hied her back to Phoebe, to whom she announced her father's answer; and then went gossiping to all her female acquaintance in Hereford, to tell them all that she knew, and all that she did not know; and to endeavour to find out a secret where there was none to be found.

There are trials of temper in all conditions: and no lady, in high or low life, could endure them with a better grace than Phoebe. Whilst Mr. and Mrs. Hill were busied abroad, there

came to see Phoebe one of the widow Smith's children. With artless expressions of gratitude to Phoebe, this little girl mixed the praises of O'Neill, who, she said, had been the constant friend of her mother, and had given her money every week since the fire happened. "Mammy loves him dearly, for being so good-natured," continued the child: "and he has been good to other people as well as to us."

"To whom?" said Phoebe.

"To a poor man who has lodged for these few days past next door to us," replied the child; "I don't know his name rightly, but he is an Irishman, and he goes out a-haymaking in the daytime, along with a number of others. He knew Mr. O'Neill in his own country, and he told mammy a great deal about his goodness."

As the child finished these words, Phoebe took out of a drawer some clothes, which she had made for the poor woman's children, and gave them to the little girl. It happened that the Limerick gloves had been thrown into this drawer; and Phoebe's favourable sentiments of the giver of those gloves were revived by what she had just heard, and by the confession Mrs. Hill had made, that she had no reasons, and but vague suspicions, for thinking ill of him. She laid the gloves perfectly smooth, and strewed over them, whilst the little girl went on talking of Mr. O'Neill, the leaves of a rose which she had worn on Sunday.

Mr. Hill was all this time in deep conference with those prudent men of Hereford who were of his own opinion about the perilous hole under the cathedral. The ominous circumstance of this ball was also considered, the great expense at which the Irish glover lived, and his giving away gloves, which was a sure sign he was not under any necessity to sell them; and consequently a proof that, though he pretended to be a glover, he was something wrong in disguise. Upon putting all these things together, it was resolved, by these over-wise politicians, that the best thing that could be done for Hereford, and the only possible means of preventing the immediate destruction of its cathedral, would be to take Mr. O'Neill into custody. Upon recollection, however, it was perceived that there was no legal ground on which he could be attacked. At length, after consulting an attorney, they devised what they thought an admirable mode of proceeding.

Our Irish hero had not that punctuality which English tradesmen usually observe in the payment of bills: he had, the preceding year, run up a long bill with a grocer in Hereford; and, as he had not at Christmas cash in hand to pay it, he had given a note, payable six months after date. The grocer, at Mr. Hill's request, made over the note to him; and it was determined that the money should be demanded, as it was now due, and that, if it was not paid directly, O'Neill should be that night arrested. How Mr. Hill made the discovery of this debt to the grocer agree with his former notion that the Irish glover had always money at command, we cannot well conceive, but anger and prejudice will swallow down the grossest contradictions without difficulty.

When Mr. Hill's clerk went to demand payment of the note, O'Neill's head was full of the ball which he was to give that evening. He was much surprised at the unexpected appearance of the note: he had not ready money by him to pay it; and, after swearing a good deal at the clerk, and complaining of this ungenerous and ungentleman-like behaviour in the grocer and the tanner, he told the clerk to be gone, and not to be bothering him at such an unseasonable time; that he could not have the money then, and did not deserve to have it at all.

This language and conduct were rather new to the English clerk's mercantile ears: we cannot wonder that it should seem to him, as he said to his master, more the language of a madman than a man of business. This want of punctuality in money transactions, and this mode of treating contracts as matters of favour and affection, might not have damned the fame of our hero in his own country, where such conduct is, alas! too common; but he was now in a kingdom where the manners and customs are so directly opposite, that he could meet with no allowance for his national faults. It would be well for his countrymen if they were made, even by a few mortifications, somewhat sensible of this important difference in the habits of Irish and English traders, before they come to settle in England.

But to proceed with our story. On the night of Mr. O'Neill's grand ball, as he was seeing his fair partner, the perfumer's daughter, safe home, he felt himself tapped on the shoulder by no friendly hand. When he was told that he was the king's prisoner,

he vociferated with sundry strange oaths, which we forbear to repeat, "No, I am not the king's prisoner! I am the prisoner of that shabby rascally tanner, Jonathan Hill. None but he would arrest a gentleman, in this way, for a trifle not worth mentioning."

Miss Jenny Brown screamed when she found herself under the protection of a man who was arrested, and, what between her screams and his oaths, there was such a disturbance that a mob gathered.

Among this mob there was a party of Irish haymakers, who, after returning late from a hard day's work, had been drinking in a neighbouring ale-house. With one accord they took part with their countryman, and would have rescued him from the civil officers with all the pleasure in life, if he had not fortunately possessed just sufficient sense and command of himself to restrain their party spirit, and to forbid them, as they valued his life and reputation, to interfere, by word or deed, in his defence.

He then despatched one of the haymakers home to his mother, to inform her of what had happened; and to request that she would get somebody to be bail for him as soon as possible, as the officers said they could not let him out of their sight till he was bailed by substantial people, or till the debt was discharged.

[The widow O'Neill secures bail for her son. The next morning Mr. Hill visits his tanyard and is much surprised and disturbed to find his ricks of tan-bark leveled and scattered. He resolves to consult Bampfylde the second, king of the gipsies. He enters the gipsy hut, having his pockets picked as he does so, and addresses the king.]

"Do you know a dangerous Irishman, of the name of O'Neill, who has come, for purposes known to himself, to settle at Hereford?"

"Yes, we know him well."

"Indeed! And what do you know of him?"

"That he is a dangerous Irishman."

"Right! And it was he, was it not, that pulled down, or caused to be pulled down, my rick of oak bark?"

"It was."

"And who was it that made away with my dog Jowler, that used to guard the tan-yard?"

"It was the person that you suspect."

"And was it the person whom I suspect that made the hole under the foundation of our cathedral?"

"The same, and no other."

"And for what purpose did he make that hole?"

"For a purpose that must not be named," replied the king of the gipsies, nodding his head in a mysterious manner.

"But it may be named to me," cried the verger, "for I have found it out, and I am one of the vergers; and is it not fit that a plot to blow up the Hereford cathedral should be known *to* me, and *through* me?"

"Now, take my word,
Wise men of Hereford,
None in safety may be,
Till the *bad man* doth flee."

These oracular verses, pronounced by Bampfylde with all the enthusiasm of one who was inspired, had the desired effect upon our wise man; and he left the presence of the king of the gipsies with a prodigiously high opinion of his majesty's judgment and of his own, fully resolved to impart, the next morning, to the mayor of Hereford his important discoveries.

Now it happened that, during the time Mr. Hill was putting the foregoing queries to Bampfylde the second, there came to the door or entrance of the audience-chamber an Irish haymaker, who wanted to consult the cunning man about a little leathern purse which he had lost, whilst he was making hay, in a field near Hereford. This haymaker was the same person who, as we have related, spoke so advantageously of our hero, O'Neill, to the widow Smith. As this man, whose name was Paddy M'Cormack, stood at the entrance of the gipsies' hut, his attention was caught by the name of O'Neill; and he lost not a word of all that passed. He had reason to be somewhat surprised at hearing Bampfylde assert it was O'Neill who pulled down the rick of bark. "By the holy poker," said he to himself, "the old fellow now is out there. I know more o' that matter than he does—no offence to his

majesty: he knows no more of my purse, I'll engage now, than he does of this man's rick of bark and his dog: so I'll keep my tester in my pocket, and not be giving it to this king o' the gipsies, as they call him; who, as near as I can guess, is no better than a cheat. But there is one secret which I can be telling this conjuror himself; he shall not find it such an easy matter to do all what he thinks; he shall not be after ruining an innocent countryman of my own, whilst Paddy M'Cormack has a tongue and brains."

Now Paddy M'Cormack had the best reason possible for knowing that Mr. O'Neill did not pull down Mr. Hill's rick of bark; it was M'Cormack himself, who, in the heat of his resentment for the insulting arrest of his countryman in the streets of Hereford, had instigated his fellow-haymakers to this mischief; he headed them, and thought he was doing a clever, spirited action.

There is a strange mixture of virtue and vice in the minds of the lower class of Irish; or rather a strange confusion in their ideas of right and wrong, from want of proper education. As soon as poor Paddy found out that his spirited action of pulling down the rick of bark was likely to be the ruin of his countryman, he resolved to make all the amends in his power for his folly: he went to collect his fellow-haymakers and persuaded them to assist him this night in rebuilding what they had pulled down.

They went to this work when everybody except themselves, as they thought, was asleep in Hereford. They had just completed the stack, and were all going away except Paddy, who was seated at the very top, finishing the pile, when they heard a loud voice cry out, "Here they are, Watch! Watch!"

Immediately, all the haymakers who could ran off as fast as possible. It was the watch who had been sitting up at the cathedral who gave the alarm. Paddy was taken from the top of the rick, and lodged in the watchhouse till morning. "Since I'm to be rewarded this way for doing a good action, sorrow take me," said he, "if they catch me doing another the longest day ever I live."

Happy they who have in their neighbourhood such a magistrate as Mr. Marshall! He was a man who, to an exact knowledge of the duties of his office, joined the power of discovering truth

from the midst of contradictory evidence; and the happy art of soothing, or laughing, the angry passions into good-humour. It was a common saying in Hereford—that no one ever came out of Justice Marshal's house as angry as he went into it.

Mr. Marshal had scarcely breakfasted when he was informed that Mr. Hill, the verger, wanted to speak to him on business of the utmost importance. Mr. Hill, the verger, was ushered in; and, with gloomy solemnity, took a seat opposite to Mr. Marshal.

"Sad doings in Hereford, Mr. Marshal! Sad doings, sir."

"Sad doings? Why, I was told we had merry doings in Hereford. A ball the night before last, as I heard."

"So much the worse, Mr. Marshal; so much the worse; as those think with reason that see as far into things as I do."

"So much the better, Mr. Hill," said Mr. Marshal, laughing; "so much the better; as those think with reason that see no farther into things than I do."

"But, sir," said the verger, still more solemnly, "this is no laughing matter, nor time for laughing; begging your pardon. Why, sir, the night of that there diabolical ball, our Hereford cathedral, sir, would have been blown up—blown up from the foundation, if it had not been for me, sir!"

"Indeed, Mr. Verger! And pray how, and by whom, was the cathedral to be blown up? and what was there diabolical in this ball?"

Here Mr. Hill let Mr. Marshal into the whole history of his early dislike to O'Neill, and his shrewd suspicions of him the first moment he saw him in Hereford; related in the most prolix manner all that the reader knows already, and concluded by saying that, as he was now certain of his facts, he was come to swear examinations against this villainous Irishman, who, he hoped, would be speedily brought to justice, as he deserved.

"To justice he shall be brought, as he deserves," said Mr. Marshal; "but, before I write, and before you swear, will you have the goodness to inform me how you have made yourself as certain, as you evidently are, of what you call your facts?"

"Sir, that is a secret," replied our wise man, "which I shall trust to you alone;" and he whispered into Mr. Marshal's ear that his information came from Bampfylde the second, king of gipsies.

Mr. Marshal instantly burst into laughter; then composing himself said, "My good sir, I am really glad that you have proceeded no farther in this business, and that no one in Hereford, beside myself, knows that you were on the point of swearing examinations against a man on the evidence of Bampfylde the second, king of the gipsies. My dear sir, it would be a standing joke against you to the end of your days. A grave man, like Mr. Hill; and a verger too! Why, you would be the laughing-stock of Hereford!"

Now Mr. Marshal well knew the character of the man to whom he was talking, who, above all things on earth, dreaded to be laughed at. Mr. Hill coloured all over his face, and, pushing back his wig by way of settling it, showed that he blushed not only all over his face but all over his head.

"Why, Mr. Marshal, sir," said he, "as to my being laughed at, it is what I did not look for, being as there are some men in Hereford to whom I have mentioned that hole in the cathedral, who have thought it no laughing matter, and who have been precisely of my own opinion thereupon."

"But did you tell these gentlemen that you had been consulting the king of the gipsies?"

"No, sir, no: I can't say that I did."

"Then I advise you, keep your own counsel, as I will."

Mr. Hill, whose imagination wavered between the hole in the cathedral and his rick of bark on one side, and between his rick of bark and his dog Jowler on the other, now began to talk of the dog, and now of the rick of bark; and when he had exhausted all he had to say upon these subjects, Mr. Marshal gently pulled him towards the window, and putting a spy-glass into his hand, bid him look towards his own tan-yard, and tell him what he saw. To his great surprise, Mr. Hill saw his rick of bark rebuilt. "Why, it was not there last night," exclaimed he, rubbing his eyes. "Why, some conjuror must have done this."

"No," replied Mr. Marshal, "no conjuror did it: but your friend Bampfylde the second, king of the gipsies, was the cause of its being rebuilt; and here is the man who actually pulled it down, and who actually rebuilt it."

As he said these words, Mr. Marshal opened the door of an adjoining room, and beckoned to the Irish haymaker, who had

been taken into custody about an hour before this time. The watch who took Paddy had called at Mr. Hill's house to tell him what had happened, but Mr. Hill was not then at home.

It was with much surprise that the verger heard the simple truth from this poor fellow; but no sooner was he convinced that O'Neill was innocent as to this affair, than he recurred to his other ground of suspicion, the loss of his dog.

The Irish haymaker now stepped forward, and, with a peculiar twist of the hips and shoulders, which those only who have seen it can picture to themselves, said, "Plase your honour's honour, I have a little word to say too about the dog."

"Say it then," said Mr. Marshal.

"Plase your honour, if I might expect to be forgiven, and let off for pulling down the jontleman's stack, I might be able to tell him what I know about the dog."

"If you can tell me anything about my dog," said the tanner, "I will freely forgive you for pulling down the rick: especially as you have built it up again. Speak the truth now: did not O'Neill make away with the dog?"

"Not at all at all, plase your honour," replied the haymaker: "and the truth of the matter is, I know nothing of the dog, good or bad; but I know something of his collar, if your name, plase your honour, is Hill, as I take it to be."

"My name is Hill. proceed," said the tanner, with great eagerness. "You know something about the collar of my dog Jowler?"

"Plase your honour, this much I know any way, that it is now, or was the night before last, at the pawnbroker's there, below in town; for, plase your honour, I was sent late at night (that night that Mr. O'Neill, long life to him! was arrested) to the pawnbroker's for a Jew, by Mrs. O'Neill, poor creature! she was in great trouble that same time."

"Very likely," interrupted Mr. Hill: "but go on to the collar; what of the collar?"

"She sent me,—I'll tell you the story, plase your honour, *out of the face*—she sent me to the pawnbroker's for the Jew; and, it being so late at night, the shop was shut, and it was with all the trouble in life that I got into the house any way: and, when I got in, there was none but a slip of a boy up; and he set down the light that he had in his hand, and ran up the stairs to waken

his master: and, whilst he was gone, I just made bold to look round at what sort of a place I was in, and at the old clothes and rags and scraps; there was a sort of a frieze trusty."

"A trusty!" said Mr. Hill; "what is that, pray?"

"A big coat, sure, plase your honour: there was a frieze big coat lying in a corner, which I had my eye upon, to trate myself to; I having, as I then thought, money in my little purse enough for it. Well, I won't trouble your honour's honour with telling of you now how I lost my purse in the field, as I found after; but about the big coat, as I was saying, I just lifted it off the ground, to see would it fit me; and, as I swung it round, something, plase your honour, hit me a great knock on the shins: it was in the pocket of the coat, whatever it was, I knew; so I looks into the pocket, to see what was it, plase your honour, and out I pulls a hammer and a dog-collar; it was a wonder, both together, they did not break my shins entirely: but it's no matter for my shins now: so, before the boy came down, I just out of idleness spelt out to myself the name that was upon the collar; there were two names, plase your honour; and out of the first there were so many letters hammered out I could make nothing of it at all at all; but the other name was plain enough to read any way, and it was Hill, plase your honour's honour, as sure as life: Hill, now."

This story was related in tones and gestures which were so new and strange to English ears and eyes, that even the solemnity of our verger gave way to laughter.—Mr. Marshal sent a summons for the pawnbroker, that he might learn from him how he came by the dog-collar. The pawnbroker, when he found from Mr. Marshal that he could by no other means save himself from being committed to prison, confessed that the collar had been sold to him by Bampfylde the second, king of the gipsies.

A warrant was immediately despatched for his majesty: and Mr. Hill was a good deal alarmed by the fear of its being known in Hereford that he was on the point of swearing examinations against an innocent man, upon the evidence of a dog-stealer and a gipsy.

Bampfylde the second made no sublime appearance, when he was brought before Mr. Marshal; nor could all his astrology avail upon this occasion: the evidence of the pawnbroker was so positive, as to the fact of his having sold to him the dog-collar, that

there was no resource left for Bampfylde but an appeal to Mr. Hill's mercy. He fell on his knees, and confessed that it was he who stole the dog; which used to bark at him at night so furiously that he could not commit certain petty depredations, by which, as much as by telling fortunes, he made his livelihood.

"And so," said Mr. Marshal, with a sternness of manner which till now he had never shown, "to screen yourself, you accused an innocent man; and by your vile arts would have driven him from Hereford, and have set two families for ever at variance, to conceal that you had stolen a dog."

The king of the gipsies was, without further ceremony, committed to the house of correction. We should not omit to mention, that, on searching his hut, the Irish haymaker's purse was found, which some of his majesty's train had emptied. The whole set of gipsies decamped, upon the news of the apprehension of their monarch.

Mr. Hill stood in profound silence, leaning upon his walking-stick, whilst the committal was making out for Bampfylde the second. The fear of ridicule was struggling with the natural positiveness of his temper; he was dreadfully afraid that the story of his being taken in by the king of the gipsies would get abroad; and, at the same time, he was unwilling to give up his prejudice against the Irish glover.

"But, Mr. Marshal," cried he, after a long silence, "the hole under the foundation of the cathedral has never been accounted for: that is, was, and ever will be, an ugly mystery to me; and I never can have a good opinion of this Irishman till it is cleared up; nor can I think the cathedral in safety."

"What!" said Mr. Marshal, with an arch smile, "I suppose the verses of the oracle still work upon your imagination, Mr. Hill. They are excellent in their kind. I must have them by heart that, when I am asked the reason why Mr. Hill has taken an aversion to an Irish glover, I may be able to repeat them:

Now, take my word,
Wise men of Hereford,
None in safety may be,
Till the bad man doth flee."

"You'll oblige me, sir," said the verger, "if you would never repeat those verses, sir; nor mention, in any company, the affair of the king of the gipsies."

"I will oblige you," replied Mr. Marshal, "if you will oblige me. Will you tell me honestly whether, now that you find this Mr. O'Neill is neither a dog-killer nor a puller-down of bark ricks, you feel that you could forgive him for being an Irishman, if the mystery, as you call it, of the hole under the cathedral was cleared up?"

"But that is not cleared up, I say, sir," cried Mr. Hill, striking his walking-stick forcibly upon the ground with both his hands. "As to the matter of his being an Irishman, I have nothing to say to it: I am not saying anything about that, for I know we all are born where it pleases God; and an Irishman may be as good as another. I know that much, Mr. Marshal, and I am not one of those illiberal-minded ignorant people that cannot abide a man that was not born in England. Ireland is now in His Majesty's dominions, I know very well, Mr. Marshal; and I have no manner of doubt, as I said before, that an Irishman born may be as good, almost, as an Englishman born."

"I am glad," said Mr. Marshal, "to hear you speak, almost, as reasonably as an Englishman born and every man ought to speak; and I am convinced that you have too much English hospitality to persecute an inoffensive stranger, who comes amongst us trusting to our justice and good nature."

"I would not persecute a stranger, God forbid!" replied the verger, "if he was, as you say, inoffensive."

"And if he was not only inoffensive, but ready to do every service in his power to those who are in want of his assistance, we should not return evil for good, should we?"

"That would be uncharitable, to be sure; and moreover a scandal," said the verger.

"Then," said Mr. Marshal, "will you walk with me as far as the widow Smith's, the poor woman whose house was burnt last winter? This haymaker, who lodged near her, can show us the way to her present abode."

During his examination of Paddy M'Cormack, who would tell his whole history, as he called it, *out of the face*, Mr. Marshal

heard several instances of the humanity and goodness of O'Neill, which Paddy related to excuse himself for that warmth of attachment to his cause, that had been manifested so injudiciously by pulling down the rick of bark in revenge for the arrest. Amongst other things, Paddy mentioned his countryman's goodness to the widow Smith: Mr. Marshal was determined, therefore, to see whether he had, in this instance, spoken the truth; and he took Mr. Hill with him, in hopes of being able to show him the favourable side of O'Neill's character.

Things turned out just as Mr. Marshal expected. The poor widow and her family, in the most simple and affecting manner, described the distress from which they had been relieved by the good gentleman and lady, the lady was Phoebe Hill; and the praises that were bestowed upon Phoebe were delightful to her father's ear, whose angry passions had now all subsided.

The benevolent Mr. Marshal seized the moment when he saw Mr. Hill's heart was touched, and exclaimed, "I must be acquainted with this Mr. O'Neill. I am sure we people of Hereford ought to show some hospitality to a stranger who has so much humanity. Mr. Hill, will you dine with him tomorrow at my house?"

Mr. Hill was just going to accept of this invitation, when the recollection of all he had said to his club about the hole under the cathedral came across him; and, drawing Mr. Marshal aside, he whispered, "But, sir, sir, that affair of the hole under the cathedral has not been cleared up yet."

At this instant, the widow Smith exclaimed, "Oh! here comes my little Mary" (one of her children, who came running in): "this is the little girl, sir, to whom the lady has been so good. Make your curtsy, child. Where have you been all this while?"

"Mammy," said the child, "I've been showing the lady my rat."

"Lord bless her! Gentlemen, the child has been wanting me this many a day to go to see this tame rat of hers; but I could never get time, never: and I wondered too at the child's liking such a creature. Tell the gentlemen, dear, about your rat. All I know is, that, let her have but never such a tiny bit of bread, for breakfast, or supper, she saves a little of that little for this

rat of hers: she and her brothers have found it out somewhere by the cathedral."

"It comes out of a hole under the wall of the cathedral," said one of the elder boys; "and we have diverted ourselves watching it, and sometimes we have put victuals for it, so it has grown, in a manner, tame like."

Mr. Hill and Mr. Marshal looked at one another during this speech; and the dread of ridicule again seized on Mr. Hill, when he apprehended that, after all he had said, the mountain might, at last, bring forth—a rat. Mr. Marshal, who instantly saw what passed in the verger's mind, relieved him from this fear, by refraining even from a smile on this occasion. He only said to the child, in a grave manner, "I am afraid, my dear, we shall be obliged to spoil your diversion. Mr. Verger, here, cannot suffer rat-holes in the cathedral: but, to make you amends for the loss of your favourite, I will give you a very pretty little dog, if you have a mind."

The child was well pleased with this promise; and, at Mr. Marshal's desire, she then went along with him and Mr. Hill to the cathedral, and they placed themselves at a little distance from that hole which had created so much disturbance. The child soon brought the dreadful enemy to light; and Mr. Hill, with a faint laugh, said, "I'm glad it's no worse: but there were many in our club who were of my opinion; and, if they had not suspected O'Neill too, I am sure I should never have given you so much trouble, sir, as I have done this morning. But I hope, as the club know nothing about that vagabond, that king of the gipsies, you will not let any one know anything about the prophecy, and all that? I am sure, I am very sorry to have given you so much trouble, Mr. Marshal."

Mr. Marshal assured him that he did not regret the time which he had spent in endeavouring to clear up all these mysteries and suspicions; and Mr. Hill gladly accepted his invitation to meet O'Neill at his house the next day. No sooner had Mr. Marshal brought one of the parties to reason and good-humour, than he went to prepare the other for a reconciliation. O'Neill and his mother were both people of warm but forgiving tempers: the arrest was fresh in their minds; but when Mr. Marshal repre-

sented to them the whole affair, and the verger's prejudices, in a humorous light, they joined in the good-natured laugh, and O'Neill declared that, for his part, he was ready to forgive and to forget everything, if he could but see Miss Phoebe in the Limerick gloves.

Phoebe appeared the next day, at Mr. Marshal's, in the Limerick gloves; and no perfume ever was so delightful to her lover as the smell of the rose leaves in which they had been kept.

Mr. Marshal had the benevolent pleasure of reconciling the two families. The tanner and the glover of Hereford became, from bitter enemies, useful friends to each other; and they were convinced, by experience, that nothing could be more for their mutual advantage than to live in union.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

FROM THE POINT OF VIEW of English fiction Scott presents a summation of influences. The breadth and catholicity of his taste, the versatility of his genius, the vigor of his intellect, the tenacity of his memory, and the insatiability of his curiosity enabled him to gather up into himself the points of view, the excellencies and now and then the defects of almost every kind of narrative, prose and poetry alike, which was in circulation in his day. Some of the more obvious influences are these: the author of *The Monk*, a tale of terror by Matthew Gregory Lewis, whom Scott knew personally and to whose *Tales of Wonder* Scott contributed some of his best ballads—*Glenfinlas* and *The Eve of St. John*; Mrs. Radcliffe, for whose novels Scott had great admiration; Miss Jane Porter, author of *Thaddeus of Warsaw* (1803) and *Scottish Chiefs* (1810); Gottfried August Bürger, whose ballads *Lenore* and *The Wild Huntsman* Scott translated (1795); Goethe, whose romantic tragedy *Goetz von Berlichingen* Scott also translated; Henry Mackenzie, author of *The Man of Feeling* and in Scott's youth a distinguished literary figure in Edinburgh; Cervantes, Defoe, Fielding, Smollett; and finally Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth. Miss Austen taught him to refine his portraits of people, and Miss Edgeworth showed him by her presentation of the lives and characters of Irish peasants the value of Scottish common people as materials for fiction.

Scott needed only to be shown possibilities; he hardly needed to imitate, since his narrative genius was so vigorous that it carried him with it like a tide. He knew a good story when he saw one, and, as we know, achieved distinction as a story-teller quite apart from books. There was much material around him in his boyhood, and the circumstances of his early

life, as well as the spirit of the time in which he lived, awakened his natural gift. There was a literary and antiquarian revival in Scotland in the late eighteenth century, which Scott felt. He grew up also in the age of the French Revolution, and, though it mainly filled him with revulsion, there is no doubt that he felt the stir and mental stimulation of that great social movement. A new age was present whose qualities were strongly manifested in Scotland. Burns, who was Scott's hero, had sympathized with the French Revolution, and he too had been interested in antiquarian matters—old songs, old tales, simple Scottish lives. The Highlands and the Border Country were losing their ancient warlike and turbulent quality, and circumstances, as well as his own taste for landscape and antiquarianism, gave Scott a most intimate acquaintance with his own country, particularly with those regions. Here he gathered stories, records, histories of persons and families, and oral traditions. The world had awakened to the beauties of landscape, and it was given to Scott to see man in his relation to landscape and to integrate man and his environment, so that story, character, and background are made into one in his works.

It so happens that many things about human life, particularly as lived by ordinary people, find no record until they are about to disappear, perhaps being left alive only in the memories of older people. These matters then for some reason become interesting to literary men and are eagerly sought after. So it was with Scott. He had had excellent narrative practice in his romances, *The Lay of the last Minstrel* (1805), *Marmion* (1808), *The Lady of the Lake* (1810), and others; and, when he turned to novel-writing it was to a generation of which there were still living memories. He had known men who had participated in the Jacobite Rebellion in behalf of the Stuart heir, Prince Charles Edward, in 1745. He knew stories from an older generation of smuggling and rum-running. Tales of ghosts and fairies, although perhaps not believed in by him or by men of his generation, were yet

thought of as potential and possible by persons whom he knew. He had edited a rather amorphous historical romance by Joseph Strutt, *Queenhoo Hall* (1808), and probably under that influence and other influences had done a few chapters of a prose romance in 1805 and in 1810. In the summer of 1814, according to the account of Scott's biographer, John Gibson Lockhart, just at a time when his publishing business was in some difficulty and just when his popularity as a poet had undergone eclipse by the brilliant Lord Byron, Scott, searching an old desk at Ashestiel for fishing-flies, came on perhaps as many as seven chapters of his unfinished romance. This he completed and published that summer. He called it *Waverley*, and added the significant secondary title "'Tis Sixty Years Since." He published *Waverley* anonymously, and justified himself for so doing on the ground that, if the novel should prove a failure, his reputation as a poet and literary man would not suffer. The novel became popular at once, and the mystery of the authorship of the "Waverley Novels" spread itself over the world. Scott's authorship was an open secret to many, but there is no doubt that he took an almost childish delight in disguises and mystifications. Scott now devoted for a good many years the major portion of his effort to novel-writing, but produced almost enough on the outside to occupy the time of two ordinary men. He continued to exploit the field he had opened in *Waverley*, that is, the eighteenth century in its vanishing aspects. *Guy Mannering* (1815), *The Antiquary*, *The Black Dwarf*, and *Old Mortality* (all in 1816), *Rob Roy* (1817), and *The Heart of Midlothian* (1818) appeared before the *annus mirabilis*, 1819, in which year and while he was ill he produced *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *The Legend of Montrose*, and *Ivanhoe*. He continued throughout his career to produce novels of Scottish life of a not too remote region of the past.

But in *Ivanhoe* he began a new thing, a genuine historical novel, and a much better type and kind than had ever before appeared. There had been historical features to many novels,

such as *Jack Wilton* and Defoe's *Memoirs of a Cavalier*. Specifically, Miss Porter had won popularity with her rather sentimental and inaccurate, but nevertheless very interesting books. Scott brought to the task genuine ability as a historian and a historian's respect for truth. To be sure he did not tie himself to fact, and it may also be said that his historical sources were sometimes not of the best and that he was often careless; but his historical portraits and his general sense of the status and feeling of an age were and are considered sound as well as interesting. In the form of the historical novel he went to English history for such great books as *Kenilworth* (1821) and *The Fortunes of Nigel* (1822), to French and Flemish history for *Quentin Durward* (1823), laid during the reigns of Louis XI and Charles the Bold, to the accounts of the Crusades for *The Talisman* (1825), and so on. His historical novels are enriched, not only by his almost unrivaled sense of adventure and his interpretations of historical scenes and characters, but by his portraits of common people of all classes. He is not admired for his heroes and heroines (in the narrow sense). They tend to be too perfect and too conventional; but he is unsurpassed for his plain people and for his warriors, his statesmen and his kings.

Scott loved and sought to perpetuate in his own establishment the patriarchal, if not feudal, life of an earlier time, for he was a staunch tory and loved all the virtues of an aristocratic society. His mental and moral health is like that of Shakespeare, and a splendid depiction of loyalty in all its aspects characterizes his work. He knew pride of family, personal honor, true courage, social justice, and magnanimity. His gift of humor and pathos, his downright eloquence, and his grasp of significance rank him among the greatest of literary men. His novels seem old-fashioned now largely because of their slow beginnings, but if the reader will exercise but a little patience, he will be caught up in the sweep of great fiction.

The Heart of Midlothian, an excerpt from which is given

below, is not strictly speaking a historical novel, but it is so in part and is in general an excellent representative of Scott's better works of fiction. To that is added *The Bridal of Janet Dalrymple*. It is the source of *The Bride of Lammermoor*, is contained in Scott's introduction to that romance, and has been separately published.

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From THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

(*Historical Romance*)

[Under Scotch law, the young girl Effie Deans has been sentenced to death for the murder, at birth, of her illegitimate child. Her devoted half-sister, Jeanie might have saved her by testifying in court to a lie, but this her simple Scotch piety would not permit her to do. With Effie in prison, awaiting execution, Jeanie walks the long journey to London to beg mercy from Queen Caroline, wife of George II. Jeanie's countryman, the Duke of Argyle, arranges an interview between Jeanie and the Queen.]

CHAPTER XXXVII

Encouraged as she was by the courteous manners of her noble countryman, it was not without a feeling of something like terror that Jeanie felt herself in a place apparently so lonely, with a man of such high rank. That she should have been permitted to wait on the Duke in his own house, and have been there received to a private interview, was in itself an uncommon and distinguished event in the annals of a life so simple as hers; but to find herself his travelling companion in a journey, and then suddenly to be left alone with him in so secluded a situation, had something in it of awful mystery. A romantic heroine might have suspected and dreaded the power of her own charms; but Jeanie was too wise to let such a silly thought intrude on her mind. Still, however, she had a most eager desire to know where she now was, and to whom she was to be presented.

She remarked that the Duke's dress, though still such as indicated rank and fashion (for it was not the custom of men of quality at that time to dress themselves like their own coachmen or grooms), was nevertheless plainer than that in which she had seen him upon a former occasion, and was divested, in particular, of all those badges of external decoration which intimated

superior consequence. In short, he was attired as plainly as any gentleman of fashion could appear in the streets of London in a morning; and this circumstance helped to shake an opinion which Jeanie began to entertain, that, perhaps, he intended she should plead her cause in the presence of royalty itself. "But, surely," said she to herself, "he wad hae putten on his braw star and garter, an he had thought o' coming before the face of Majesty—and after a', this is mair like a gentleman's policy than a royal palace."

There was some sense in Jeanie's reasoning; yet she was not sufficiently mistress either of the circumstances of etiquette, or the particular relations which existed betwixt the government and the Duke of Argyle, to form an accurate judgment. The Duke, as we have said, was at this time in open opposition to the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, and was understood to be out of favour with the royal family, to whom he had rendered such important services. But it was a maxim of Queen Caroline, to bear herself towards her political friends with such caution, as if there was a possibility of their one day being her enemies, and towards political opponents with the same degree of circumspection, as if they might again become friendly to her measures. Since Margaret of Anjou, no queen-consort had exercised such weight in the political affairs of England, and the personal address which she displayed on many occasions, had no small share in reclaiming from their political heresy many of those determined Tories, who, after the reign of the Stuarts had been extinguished in the person of Queen Anne, were disposed rather to transfer their allegiance to her brother the Chevalier de St. George, than to acquiesce in the settlement of the crown on the Hanover family. Her husband, whose most shining quality was courage in the field of battle, and who endured the office of King of England, without ever being able to acquire English habits, or any familiarity with English dispositions, found the utmost assistance from the address of his partner; and while he jealously affected to do everything according to his own will and pleasure, was in secret prudent enough to take and follow the advice of his more adroit consort. He entrusted to her the delicate office of determining the various degrees of favour necessary to attach

the wavering, or to confirm such as were already friendly, or to regain those whose good-will had been lost.

With all the winning address of an elegant, and, according to the times, an accomplished woman, Queen Caroline possessed the masculine soul of the other sex. She was proud by nature, and even her policy could not always temper her expressions of displeasure, although few were more ready at repairing any false step of this kind, when her prudence came up to the aid of her passions. She loved the real possession of power, rather than the show of it, and whatever she did herself that was either wise or popular, she always desired that the king should have the full credit as well as the advantage of the measure, conscious that, by adding to his respectability, she was most likely to maintain her own. And so desirous was she to comply with all his tastes, that when threatened with the gout, she had repeatedly had recourse to checking the fit, by the use of the cold bath, thereby endangering her life, that she might be able to attend the king in his walks.

It was a very consistent part of Queen Caroline's character, to keep up many private correspondences with those to whom in public she seemed unfavourable, or who, for various reasons, stood ill with the court. By this means she kept in her hands the thread of many a political intrigue, and, without pledging herself to anything, could often prevent discontent from becoming hatred, and opposition from exaggerating itself into rebellion. If by any accident her correspondence with such persons chanced to be observed or discovered, which she took all possible pains to prevent, it was represented as a mere intercourse of society, having no reference to politics; an answer with which even the prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, was compelled to remain satisfied, when he discovered that the Queen had given a private audience to Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, his most formidable and most inveterate enemy.

In thus maintaining occasional intercourse with several persons who seemed most alienated from the crown, it may readily be supposed, that Queen Caroline had taken care not to break entirely with the Duke of Argyle. His high birth, his great talents, the estimation in which he was held in his own country, the great services which he had rendered the house of Brunswick in 1715,

placed him high in that rank of persons who were not to be rashly neglected. He had, almost by his single and unassisted talents, stopped the irruption of the banded force of all the Highland chiefs; there was little doubt, that, with the slightest encouragement, he could put them all in motion, and renew the civil war; and it was well known that the most flattering overtures had been transmitted to the Duke from the court of St. Germain. The character and temper of Scotland were still little known, and it was considered as a volcano, which might, indeed, slumber for a series of years but was still liable, at a moment the least expected, to break out into a wasteful eruption. It was therefore, of the highest importance to retain some hold over so important a personage as the Duke of Argyle, and Caroline preserved the power of doing so by means of a lady, with whom, as wife of George II., she might have been supposed to be on less intimate terms.

It was not the least instance of the Queen's address, that she had contrived that one of her principal attendants, Lady Suffolk, should unite in her own person the two apparently inconsistent characters, of her husband's mistress, and her own very obsequious and complaisant confidant. By this dexterous management the Queen secured her power against the danger which might most have threatened it—the thwarting influence of an ambitious rival; and if she submitted to the mortification of being obliged to connive at her husband's infidelity, she was at least guarded against what she might think its most dangerous effects, and was besides at liberty, now and then, to bestow a few civil insults upon "her good Howard," whom, however, in general, she treated with great decorum. Lady Suffolk lay under strong obligations to the Duke of Argyle, for reasons which may be collected from Horace Walpole's *Reminiscences* of that reign, and through her means the Duke had some occasional correspondence with Queen Caroline, much interrupted, however, since the part he had taken in the debate concerning the Porteous¹ mob, an

¹ Captain Porteous, Commander of the City Guard in Edinburgh, and one of the King's officers, had been lynched in 1736 by an angry mob, because of his having ordered, unnecessarily, his men to fire upon a crowd gathered to protest the hanging of a convicted robber. The Porteous episode is closely tied in with the plot of *The Heart of Midlothian*.

affair which the Queen, though somewhat unreasonably, was disposed to resent, rather as an intended and premeditated insolence to her own person and authority, than as a sudden ebullition of popular vengeance. Still, however, the communication remained open betwixt them, though it had been of late disused on both sides. These remarks will be found necessary to understand the scene which is about to be presented to the reader.

From the narrow alley which they had traversed, the Duke turned into one of the same character, but broader and still longer. Here, for the first time since they had entered these gardens, Jeanie saw persons approaching them.

They were two ladies; one of whom walked a little behind the other, yet not so much as to prevent her from hearing and replying to whatever observation was addressed to her by the lady who walked foremost, and that without her having the trouble to turn her person. As they advanced very slowly, Jeanie had time to study their features and appearance. The Duke also slackened his pace, as if to give her time to collect herself, and repeatedly desired her not to be afraid. The lady who seemed the principal person had remarkably good features, though somewhat injured by the small-pox, that venomous scourge, which each village Esculapius (thanks to Jenner) can now tame as easily as their tutelary deity subdued the Python. The lady's eyes were brilliant, her teeth good, and her countenance formed to express at will either majesty or courtesy. Her form, though rather *embonpoint*, was nevertheless graceful; and the elasticity and firmness of her step gave no room to suspect, what was actually the case, that she suffered occasionally from a disorder the most unfavourable to pedestrian exercise. Her dress was rather rich than gay, and her manner commanding and noble.

Her companion was of lower stature, with light-brown hair and expressive blue eyes. Her features, without being absolutely regular, were perhaps more pleasing than if they had been critically handsome. A melancholy, or at least a pensive expression, for which her lot gave too much cause, predominated when she was silent, but gave way to a pleasing and good-humoured smile when she spoke to any one.

When they were within twelve or fifteen yards of these ladies, the Duke made a sign that Jeanie should stand still, and stepping:

forward himself, with the grace which was natural to him, made a profound obeisance, which was formally, yet in a dignified manner, returned by the personage whom he approached.

"I hope," she said, with an affable and condescending smile, "that I see so great a stranger at court, as the Duke of Argyle has been of late, in as good health as his friends there and elsewhere could wish him to enjoy."

The Duke replied, "That he had been perfectly well"; and added, "that the necessity of attending to the public business before the House, as well as the time occupied by a late journey to Scotland, had rendered him less assiduous in paying his duty at the levee and drawing-room than he could have desired."

"When your Grace *can* find time for a duty so frivolous," replied the Queen, "you are aware of your title to be well received. I hope my readiness to comply with the wish which you expressed yesterday to Lady Suffolk, is a sufficient proof that one of the royal family, at least, has not forgotten ancient and important services, in resenting something which resembles recent neglect." This was said apparently with great good-humour, and in a tone which expressed a desire of conciliation.

The Duke replied, "That he would account himself the most unfortunate of men, if he could be supposed capable of neglecting his duty, in modes and circumstances when it was expected, and would have been agreeable. He was deeply gratified by the honour which her Majesty was now doing to him personally; and he trusted she would soon perceive that it was in a matter essential to his Majesty's interest, that he had the boldness to give her this trouble."

"You cannot oblige me more, my Lord Duke," replied the Queen, "than by giving me the advantage of your lights and experience on any point of the King's service. Your Grace is aware, that I can only be the medium through which the matter is subjected to his Majesty's superior wisdom; but if it is a suit which respects your Grace personally, it shall lose no support by being preferred through me."

"It is no suit of mine, madam," replied the Duke; "nor have I any to prefer for myself personally, although I feel in full force my obligation to your Majesty. It is a business which concerns his Majesty, as a lover of justice and of mercy, and which, I am

convinced, may be highly useful in conciliating the unfortunate irritation which at present subsists among his Majesty's good subjects in Scotland."

There were two parts of this speech disagreeable to Caroline. In the first place, it removed the flattering notion she had adopted, that Argyle designed to use her personal intercession in making his peace with the administration, and recovering the employments of which he had been deprived; and next, she was displeased that he should talk of the discontents in Scotland as irritations to be conciliated, rather than suppressed.

Under the influence of these feelings, she answered hastily, "That his Majesty has good subjects in England, my Lord Duke, he is bound to thank God and the laws—that he has subjects in Scotland, I think he may thank God and his sword."

The Duke, though a courtier, coloured slightly, and the Queen, instantly sensible of her error, added, without displaying the least change of countenance, and as if the words had been an original branch of the sentence—"And the swords of those real Scotchmen who are friends to the House of Brunswick, particularly that of His Grace of Argyle."

"My sword, madam," replied the Duke, "like that of my fathers, has been always at the command of my lawful king, and of my native country—I trust it is impossible to separate their real rights and interests. But the present is a matter of more private concern, and respects the person of an obscure individual."

"What is the affair, my lord?" said the Queen. "Let us find out what we are talking about, lest we should misconstrue and misunderstand each other."

"The matter, madam," answered the Duke of Argyle, "regards the fate of an unfortunate young woman in Scotland, now lying under sentence of death, for a crime of which I think it highly probable that she is innocent. And my humble petition to your Majesty is, to obtain your powerful intercession with the King for a pardon."

It was now the Queen's turn to colour, and she did so over cheek and brow—neck and bosom. She paused a moment, as if unwilling to trust her voice with the first expression of her dis-

pleasure; and on assuming an air of dignity and an austere regard of control, she at length replied, "My Lord Duke, I will not ask your motives for addressing to me a request which circumstances have rendered such an extraordinary one. Your road to the King's closet, as a peer and a privy-councillor, entitled to request an audience, was open, without giving me the pain of this discussion. I, at least, have had enough of Scotch pardons."

The Duke was prepared for this burst of indignation, and he was not shaken by it. He did not attempt a reply while the Queen was in the first heat of displeasure, but remained in the same firm, yet respectful posture, which he had assumed during the interview. The Queen, trained from her situation to self-command, instantly perceived the advantage she might give against herself by yielding to passion; and added, in the same condescending and affable tone in which she had opened the interview, "You must allow me some privileges of the sex, my Lord; and do not judge uncharitably of me, though I am a little moved at the recollection of the gross insult and outrage done in your capital city to the royal authority, at the very time when it was vested in my unworthy person. Your Grace cannot be surprised that I should both have felt it at the time, and recollected it now."

"It is certainly a matter not speedily to be forgotten," answered the Duke. "My own poor thoughts of it have been long before your Majesty, and I must have expressed myself very ill if I did not convey my detestation of the murder which was committed under such extraordinary circumstances. I might, indeed, be so unfortunate as to differ with his Majesty's advisers on the degree in which it was either just or politic to punish the innocent instead of the guilty. But I trust your Majesty will permit me to be silent on a topic in which my sentiments have not the good fortune to coincide with those of more able men."

"We will not prosecute a topic on which we may probably differ," said the Queen. "One word, however, I may say in private—You know our good Lady Suffolk is a little deaf—the Duke of Argyle, when disposed to renew his acquaintance with his master and mistress, will hardly find many topics on which we should disagree."

"Let me hope," said the Duke, bowing profoundly to so flattering an intimation, "that I shall not be so unfortunate as to have found one on the present occasion."

"I must first impose on your Grace the duty of confession," said the Queen, "before I grant you absolution. What is your particular interest in this young woman? She does not seem" (and she scanned Jeanie, as she said this, with the eye of a connoisseur) "much qualified to alarm my friend the Duchess's jealousy."

"I think your Majesty," replied the Duke, smiling in his turn, "will allow my taste may be a pledge for me on that score."

"Then, though she has not much the air *d'une grande dame*, I suppose she is some thirtieth cousin in the terrible chapter of Scottish genealogy?"

"No, madam," said the Duke; "but I wish some of my nearer relations had half her worth, honesty, and affection."

"Her name must be Campbell, at least?" said Queen Caroline.

"No, madam; her name is not quite so distinguished, if I may be permitted to say so," answered the Duke.

"Ah! but she comes from Inverary or Argyleshire?" said the sovereign.

"She has never been farther north in her life than Edinburgh, madam."

"Then my conjectures are all ended," said the Queen, "and your Grace must yourself take the trouble to explain the affair of your protégée."

With that precision and easy brevity which is only acquired by habitually conversing in the higher ranks of society, and which is the diametrical opposite of that protracted style of disquisition,

Which squires call potter, and which men call prose, the Duke explained the singular law under which Effie Deans had received sentence of death, and detailed the affectionate exertions which Jeanie had made in behalf of her sister, for whose sake she was willing to sacrifice all but truth and conscience.

Queen Caroline listened with attention; she was rather fond, it must be remembered, of an argument, and soon found matter in what the Duke told her for raising difficulties to his request.

"It appears to me, my Lord," she replied, "that this is a severe law. But still it is adopted upon good grounds, I am bound to suppose, as the law of the country, and the girl has been convicted under it. The very presumptions which the law construes into a positive proof of guilt exist in her case; and all that your Grace has said concerning the possibility of her innocence may be a very good argument for annulling the Act of Parliament, but cannot, while it stands good, be admitted in favour of any individual convicted upon the statute."

The Duke saw and avoided the snare; for he was conscious, that, by replying to the argument, he must have been inevitably led to a discussion, in the course of which the Queen was likely to be hardened in her own opinion, until she became obliged, out of mere respect to consistency, to let the criminal suffer. "If your Majesty," he said, "would condescend to hear my poor countrywoman herself, perhaps she may find an advocate in your own heart, more able than I am, to combat the doubts suggested by your understanding."

The Queen seemed to acquiesce, and the Duke made a signal for Jeanie to advance from the spot where she had hitherto remained watching countenances, which were too long accustomed to suppress all apparent signs of emotion, to convey to her any interesting intelligence. Her Majesty could not help smiling at the awe-struck manner in which the quiet demure figure of the little Scotchwoman advanced towards her, and yet more at the first sound of her broad northern accent. But Jeanie had a voice low and sweetly toned, an admirable thing in a woman, and eke besought "her Ledyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature," in tones so affecting, that, like the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos.

"Stand up, young woman," said the Queen, but in a kind tone, "and tell me what sort of a barbarous people your country-folk are, where child-murder is become so common as to require the restraint of laws like yours?"

"If your Ledyship pleases," answered Jeanie, "there are mony places beside Scotland where mothers are unkind to their ain flesh and blood."

It must be observed, that the disputes between George the Second, and Frederick, Prince of Wales, were then at the highest,

and the good-natured part of the public laid the blame on the Queen. She coloured highly, and darted a glance of a most penetrating character first at Jeanie, and then at the Duke. Both sustained it unmoved; Jeanie from total unconsciousness of the offence she had given, and Duke from his habitual composure. But in his heart he thought, My unlucky protégée has, with this luckless answer, shot dead, by a kind of chance medley, her only hope of success.

Lady Suffolk, good-humouredly and skilfully, interposed in this awkward crisis. "You should tell this lady," she said to Jeanie, "the particular causes which render this crime common in your country."

"Some thinks it's the Kirk-Session—that is—it's the—it's the cutty-stool, if your Ledyship pleases," said Jeanie, looking down, and courtesying.

"The what?" said Lady Suffolk, to whom the phrase was new, and who besides was rather deaf.

"That's the stool of repentance, madam, if it pleases your Ledyship," answered Jeanie, "for light life and conversation, and for breaking the seventh command." Here she raised her eyes to the Duke, saw his hand at his chin, and, totally unconscious of what she had said out of joint, gave double effect to the innuendo, by stopping short and looking embarrassed.

As for Lady Suffolk, she retired like a covering party, which, having interposed betwixt their retreating friends and the enemy, have suddenly drawn on themselves a fire unexpectedly severe.

The deuce take the lass, thought the Duke of Argyle to himself: there goes another shot—and she has hit with both barrels right and left!

Indeed the Duke had himself his share of the confusion, for, having acted as master of ceremonies to this innocent offender, he felt much in the circumstances of a country squire, who, having introduced his spaniel into a well-appointed drawing-room, is doomed to witness the disorder and damage which arises to china and to dress-gowns, in consequence of its untimely frolics. Jeanie's last chance hit, however, obliterated the ill impression which had arisen from the first; for her Majesty had not so lost the feelings of a wife in those of a Queen, but that she could enjoy a jest at the expense of "her good Suffolk." She turned towards the

Duke of Argyle with a smile, which marked that she enjoyed the triumph, and observed, "the Scotch are a rigidly moral people." Then again applying herself to Jeanie, she asked, how she travelled up from Scotland.

"Upon my foot mostly, madam," was the reply.

"What, all that immense way upon foot?—How far can you walk in a day?"

"Five-and-twenty miles and a bittock."

"And a what?" said the Queen, looking towards the Duke of Argyle.

"And about five miles more," replied the Duke.

"I thought I was a good walker," said the Queen, "but this shames me sadly."

"May your Ledyship never hae sae weary a heart, that ye canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs!" said Jeanie.

That came better off, thought the Duke; it's the first thing she has said to the purpose.

"And I didna just a'thegither walk the haill way neither, for I had whiles the cast of a cart; and I had the cast of a horse from Ferrybridge—and divers other easements," said Jeanie, cutting short her story, for she observed the Duke made the sign he had fixed upon.

"With all these accommodations," answered the Queen, "you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and, I fear, to little purpose; since, if the King were to pardon your sister, in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite."

She will sink herself now outright, thought the Duke.

But he was wrong. The shoals on which Jeanie had touched in this delicate conversation lay underground, and were unknown to her; this rock was above water, and she avoided it.

"She was confident," she said, "that baith town and country wad rejoice to see his Majesty taking compassion on a poor unfriended creature."

"His Majesty has not found it so in a late instance," said the Queen; "but, I suppose, my Lord Duke would advise him to be guided by the votes of the rabble themselves, who should be hanged and who spared?"

"No, madam," said the Duke; "but I would advise his Majesty

to be guided by his own feelings, and those of his royal consort; and then, I am sure, punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and even then with cautious reluctance."

"Well, my Lord," said her Majesty, "all these fine speeches do not convince me of the propriety of so soon showing any marks of favour to your—I suppose I must not say rebellious—but, at least, your very disaffected and intractable metropolis. Why, the whole nation is in a league to screen the savage and abominable murderers of that unhappy man; otherwise, how is it possible but that, of so many perpetrators, and engaged in so public an action for such a length of time, one at least must have been recognized? Even this wench, for aught I can tell, may be a depository of the secret.—Hark you, young woman, had you any friends engaged in the Porteous mob?"

"No, madam," answered Jeanie, happy that the question was so framed that she could, with a good conscience, answer it in the negative.

"But I suppose," continued the Queen, "if you were possessed of such a secret, you would hold it matter of conscience to keep it to yourself?"

"I would pray to be directed and guided what was the line of duty, madam," answered Jeanie.

"Yes, and take that which suited your own inclinations," replied her Majesty.

"If it like you, madam," said Jeanie, "I would hae gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gane to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister, my puir sister Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered!—She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never, in his daily and nightly exercise, forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and a prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. Oh, madam, if ever ye kend what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live

or die, have some compassion on our misery!—Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves, that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your Leddysnip—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours—Oh, my Leddy, then it isna what we hae dune for ourselfs, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the poor thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow."

Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as, her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

"This is eloquence," said her Majesty to the Duke of Argyle. "Young woman," she continued, addressing herself to Jeanie, "I cannot grant a pardon to your sister—but you shall not want my warm intercession with his Majesty. Take this housewife case," she continued, putting a small embroidered needle-case into Jeanie's hands; "do not open it now, but at your leisure you will find something in it which will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Caroline."

Jeanie, having her suspicions thus confirmed, dropped on her knees, and would have expanded herself in gratitude; but the Duke, who was upon thorns lest she should say more or less than just enough, touched his chin once more.

"Our business is, I think, ended for the present, my Lord Duke," said the Queen, "and, I trust, to your satisfaction. Hereafter I hope to see your Grace more frequently, both at Richmond and St. James's.—Come, Lady Suffolk, we must wish his Grace good morning."

They exchanged their parting reverences, and the Duke, so soon as the ladies had turned their backs, assisted Jeanie to rise from the ground, and conducted her back through the avenue, which she trode with the feeling of one who walks in her sleep.

THE BRIDAL OF JANET DALRYMPLE

(*Romantic Tale*)

It is well known that the family of Dalrymple, which has produced, within the space of two centuries, as many men of talent, civil and military, and of literary, political, and professional eminence, as any house in Scotland, first rose into distinction in the person of James Dalrymple, one of the most eminent lawyers that ever lived, though the labours of his powerful mind were unhappily exercised on a subject so limited as Scottish Jurisprudence, on which he has composed an admirable work.

He married Margaret, daughter of Ross of Balniel, with whom he obtained a considerable estate. She was an able, politic, and high-minded woman, so successful in what she undertook, that the vulgar, no way partial to her husband or her family, imputed her success to necromancy. According to the popular belief, this Dame Margaret purchased the temporal prosperity of her family from the Master whom she served, under a singular condition, which is thus narrated by the historian of her grandson, the great Earl of Stair. "She lived to a great age, and at her death desired that she might not be put under ground, but that her coffin should be placed upright on one end of it, promising that while she remained in that situation, the Dalrymples should continue in prosperity. What was the old lady's motive for such a request, or whether she really made such a promise, I cannot take upon me to determine; but it is certain her coffin stands upright in the aisle of the church of Kirkliston, the burial place of the family." The talents of this accomplished race were sufficient to have accounted for the dignities which many members of the family attained, without any supernatural assistance. But their extraordinary prosperity was attended by some equally singular family misfortunes, of which that which befell their eldest daughter was at once unaccountable and melancholy.

Miss Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair, and

Dame Margaret Ross, had engaged herself without the knowledge of her parents to the Lord Rutherford, who was not acceptable to them either on account of his political principles, or his want of fortune. The young couple broke a piece of gold together, and pledged their troth in the most solemn manner; and it is said the young lady imprecated dreadful evils on herself should she break her plighted faith. Shortly after, a suitor who was favoured by Lord Stair, and still more so by his lady, paid his addresses to Miss Dalrymple. The young lady refused the proposal, and being pressed on the subject, confessed her secret engagement. Lady Stair, a woman accustomed to universal submission (for even her husband did not dare to contradict her), treated this objection as a trifle, and insisted upon her daughter yielding her consent to marry the new suitor, David Dunbar, son and heir to David Dunbar of Baldoon, in Wigtownshire. The first lover, a man of very high spirit, then interfered by letter, and insisted on the right he had acquired by his troth plighted with the young lady. Lady Stair sent him for answer, that her daughter, sensible of her undutiful behaviour in entering into a contract unsanctioned by her parents, had retracted her unlawful vow, and now refused to fulfil her engagement with him.

The lover, in return, declined positively to receive such an answer from any one but his mistress in person; and as she had to deal with a man who was both of a most determined character, and of too high condition to be trifled with, Lady Stair was obliged to consent to an interview between Lord Rutherford and her daughter. But she took care to be present in person, and argued the point with the disappointed and incensed lover with pertinacity equal to his own. She particularly insisted on the Levitical law, which declares, that woman shall be free of a vow which her parents dissent from. This is the passage of Scripture she founded on:—

“If a man vow a vow unto the Lord, or swear an oath to bind his soul with a bond; he shall not break his word, he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth.

“If a woman also vow a vow unto the Lord, and bind herself by a bond, being in her father’s house in her youth;

“And her father hear her vow, and her bond wherewith she hath bound her soul, and her father shall hold his peace at her:

then all her vows shall stand, and every bond wherewith she hath bound her soul shall stand.

"But if her father disallow her in the day that he heareth; not any of her vows, or of her bonds wherewith she hath bound her soul, shall stand: and the Lord shall forgive her, because her father disallowed her."—Numbers, xxx. 2, 3, 4, 5.

While the mother insisted on these topics, the lover in vain conjured the daughter to declare her own opinion and feelings. She remained totally overwhelmed, as it seemed,—mute, pale, and motionless as a statue. Only at her mother's command, sternly uttered, she summoned strength enough to restore to her plighted suitor the piece of broken gold, which was the emblem of her troth. On this he burst forth into a tremendous passion, took leave of the mother with maledictions, and as he left the apartment, turned back to say to his weak, if not fickle mistress, "For you, madam, you will be a world's wonder"; a phrase by which some remarkable degree of calamity is usually implied. He went abroad, and returned not again. If the last Lord Rutherford was the unfortunate party, he must have been the third who bore that title, and who died in 1685.

The marriage betwixt Janet Dalrymple and David Dunbar of Beldoon now went forward, the bride showing no repugnance, but being absolutely passive in every thing her mother commanded or advised. On the day of the marriage, which, as was then usual, was celebrated by a great assemblage of friends and relations, she was the same—sad, silent, and resigned, as it seemed, to her destiny. A lady, very nearly connected with the family, told the author that she had conversed on the subject with one of the brothers of the bride, a mere lad at the time, who had ridden before his sister to church. He said her hand, which lay on his as she held her arm round his waist, was as cold and damp as marble. But, full of his new dress, and the part he acted in the procession, the circumstance, which he long afterwards remembered with bitter sorrow and compunction, made no impression on him at the time.

The bridal feast was followed by dancing; the bride and bridegroom retired as usual, when of a sudden the most wild and piercing cries were heard from the nuptial chamber. It was then the custom, to prevent any coarse pleasantry which old

times perhaps admitted, that the key of the nuptial chamber should be intrusted to the bridegroom. He was called upon, but refused at first to give it up, till the shrieks became so hideous that he was compelled to hasten with others to learn the cause. On opening the door, they found the bridegroom lying across the threshold, dreadfully wounded, and streaming with blood. The bride was then sought for: She was found in the corner of the large chimney, having no covering save her shift, and that dabbled in gore. There she sat grinning at them, mopping and mowing, as I heard the expression used; in a word, absolutely insane. The only words she spoke were. "Take up your bonny bridegroom." She survived this horrible scene little more than a fortnight, having been married on the 24th of August, and dying on the 12th of September 1669.

The unfortunate Baldoon recovered from his wounds, but sternly prohibited all enquiries respecting the manner in which he had received them. If a lady, he said, asked him any question upon the subject, he would neither answer her nor speak to her again while he lived; if a gentleman, he would consider it as a mortal affront, and demand satisfaction as having received such. He did not very long survive the dreadful catastrophe, having met with a fatal injury by a fall from his horse, as he rode between Leith and Holyrood-house, of which he died the next day, 28th March 1682. Thus a few years removed all the principal actors in this frightful tragedy.

Various reports went abroad on this mysterious affair, many of them very inaccurate, though they could hardly be said to be exaggerated. It was difficult at that time to become acquainted with the history of a Scottish family above the lower rank; and strange things sometimes took place there, into which even the law did not scrupulously enquire.

The credulous Mr. Law says, generally, that the Lord President Stair had a daughter, who "being married, the night she was *bride in* (that is, bedded bride), was taken from her bridegroom and *harled* (dragged) through the house (by spirits, we are given to understand), and soon afterwards died. Another daughter," he says, "was possessed by an evil spirit."

My friend, Mr. Sharpe, gives another edition of the tale. According to his information, it was the bridegroom who wounded

the bride. The marriage, according to this account, had been against her mother's inclination, who had given her consent in these ominous words: "You may marry him, but soon shall you repent it."

I find still another account darkly insinuated in some highly scurrilous and abusive verses, of which I have an original copy. They are docketed as being written "Upon the late Viscount Stair and his family, by Sir William Hamilton of Whitelaw. The marginals by William Dunlop, writer in Edinburgh, a son of the Laird of Househill, and nephew to the said Sir William Hamilton." There was a bitter and personal quarrel and rivalry betwixt the author of this libel, a name which it richly deserves, and Lord President Stair; and the lampoon, which is written with much more malice than art, bears the following motto:—

"Stair's neck, mind, wife, sons, grandson, and the rest,
Are wry, false, witch, pests, parricide, possessed."

This malignant satirist, who calls up all the misfortunes of the family, does not forget the fatal bridal of Baldoon. He seems, though his verses are as obscure as unpoetical, to intimate, that the violence done to the bridegroom was by the intervention of the foul fiend to whom the young lady had resigned herself, in case she should break her contract with her first lover. His hypothesis is inconsistent with the account given in the note upon Law's *Memorials*, but easily reconcilable to the family tradition.

"In al Stair's offspring we no difference know,
They doe the females as the males bestow;
So he of's daughter's marriage gave the ward,
Like a true vassal, to Glenluce's Laird,
He knew what she did to her suitor plight,
If she her faith to Rutherford should slight,
Which, like his own, for greed he broke outright.
Nick did Baldoon's posterior right deride,
And, as first substitute, did seize the bride;
Whate'er he to his mistress did or said,
He threw the bridegroom from the nuptial bed,
Into the chimney did so his rival maul,
His bruised bones ne'er were cured but by the fall."

One of the marginal notes ascribed to William Dunlop, applies to the above lines. "She had betrothed herself to Lord Ruthersfoord under horrid imprecations, and afterwards married Baldoon, his nevoy, and her mother was the cause of her breach of faith."

The same tragedy is alluded to in the following couplet and note:—

"What train of curses that base brood pursues,
When the young nephew weds old uncle's spouse."

The note on the word *uncle* explains it as meaning "Ruthersfoord, who should have married the Lady Baldoon, was Baldoon's uncle." The poetry of this satire on Lord Stair and his family was, as already noticed, written by Sir William Hamilton of Whitelaw, a rival of Lord Stair for the situation of President of the Court of Session; a person much inferior to that great lawyer in talents, and equally ill-treated by the calumny or just satire of his contemporaries, as an unjust and partial judge. Some of the notes are by that curious and laborious antiquary, Robert Milne, who, as a virulent Jacobite, willingly lent a hand to blacken the family of Stair.

Another poet of the period, with a very different purpose, has left an elegy, in which he darkly hints at and bemoans the fate of the ill-starred young person, whose very uncommon calamity Whitelaw, Dunlop, and Milne, thought a fitting subject for buffoonery and ribaldry. This bard of milder mood was Andrew Symson, before the Revolution minister of Kirkinner, in Galloway, and after his expulsion as an Episcopalian, following the humble occupation of a printer in Edinburgh. He furnished the family of Baldoon, with which he appears to have been intimate, with an elegy on the tragic event in their family. In this piece he treats the mournful occasion of the bride's death with mysterious solemnity.

The verses bear this title—"On the unexpected death of the virtuous Lady Mrs. Janet Dalrymple, Lady Baldoon, younger," and afford us the precise dates of the catastrophe, which could not otherwise have been easily ascertained. "Nupta August 12. Donum Ducta August 24. Obiit September 12. Sepult. September 30, 1669." The form of the elegy is a dialogue betwixt a passenger

and a domestic servant. The first, recollecting that he had passed that way lately, and seen all around enlivened by the appearances of mirth and festivity, is desirous to know what had changed so gay a scene into mourning. We preserve the reply of the servant as a specimen of Mr. Symson's verses which are not of the first quality:—

“Sir, 'tis truth, you've told,
We did enjoy great mirth; but now, ah me!
Our joyful song's turn'd to an elegie.
A virtuous lady, not long since a bride,
Was to a hopeful plant by marriage tied,
And brought home hither. We did all rejoice,
Even for her sake. But presently our voice
Was turn'd to mourning for that little time
That she'd enjoy. She waned in her prime,
For Atropos, with her impartial knife,
Soon cut her thread, and therewithal her life;
And for the time we may it well remember,
It being in unfortunate September;
Where we must leave her till the resurrection,
'Tis then the Saints enjoy their full perfection.”

EDWARD G. E. LYTTON BULWER-LYTTON
1st Baron Lytton (1803-1873)

THE FICTITIOUS works of Lord Lytton offer examples of almost every form practised in the nineteenth century to the time of his death. One cannot say what kind of novels he wrote except to say that his published works illustrate all kinds. He was saturated in the current tradition of the English novel, so that the realistic novel of the Fielding-Smollett tradition, the rogue story, the novel of terror, the historical novel and the novel of social satire continue on into his pages, while at the same time his sensitivity to new influence caused him to adopt practically every variation of form which developed during the forty-five years of his own career. Lytton never copied anybody but imitated everybody. He did his imitations, moreover, with great vigor and intelligence and added something of his own to every form. His best talent is his undoubted ability in construction. In an age of great productivity he is conspicuous for the number of his novels; and he was, besides, a critic, a publicist, a historian, and a dramatist of very considerable output. He was always successful with the public. When one realizes that he won three anonymous reputations as a novelist in addition to his own proper reputation, one sees that he was a man of great popular gifts. His pride, his assumption of superiority, his passionate, irritable, and selfish disposition made enemies for him in his own day, and the fact that he has no self of his own and that he was so far artificial that time tends to outmode him (in a way that it does not affect Scott, Jane Austen, and Thackeray) have tended to diminish him with the ordinary readers who raised him to fame.

Lytton was a brilliant youth, well-read in a variety of lit-

erature, including not only that current in his day—Scott, Maturin, Godwin, Byron—but also Gibbon, English historians, metaphysical and occult writers, Spenser and older English literature, the old romances, and practically all that the eighteenth century produced. Add to this economics, politics, travel, and adventure. He had no doubt naturally a great memory, and this he assisted by the making of commonplace books, which, begun early, ran during his life into enormous bulk. He was a dandy in dress and demeanor, a boxer, a rider, a fencer, clever at games, and withal a poseur and an aristocrat who made a parade of his aristocracy. In 1827 he contracted his famous marriage with the consequent alienation of his mother. His marriage was followed after a few years by a separation and an odious protracted marital disagreement, which lasted for some forty years until Lytton was in his grave and beyond that.

The alienation of his mother threw him (if he meant to live like a fine gentleman) on his own resources, and he endeavored successfully to make his fortune with his pen. According to *Chambers's Cyclopoedia of English Literature*, during the next ten years he produced "twelve novels, two poems, one political pamphlet, the whole of *England and the English*, three volumes of *Athens, Its Rise and Fall*, of which only two ever were published; and all the essays and tales collected in the *Student*, to which must be added his untold contributions to the *Edinburgh*, the *Westminster*, the *New Monthly* (of which he became editor in 1831), the *Examiner*, and other serials."

He began his career as a novelist with *Falkland* (1827), which imitates Goethe's *The Sorrows of Werther* and reflects the author's own sorrows and disappointments. *Falkland* was fairly successful, and he followed it with *Pelham* (1828), a society novel after the form set by Fanny Burney and Maria Edgeworth, but much smarter and wickeder than the works of either of those good ladies. The clever dandy, who is the

hero, reflects the author in his tastes and in his experiences in Paris. Again it is noteworthy that Benjamin D'Israeli had published in 1827 *Vivian Grey*, a novel of somewhat the same kind as *Pelham*. The *Disowned* came out in 1829. It is a novel on the theme of the missing heir which shows pretty plainly what the Fielding-Smollett tradition had become. In the same year he published *Devereux*, a historical novel of the time of Queen Anne and his first imitation of Sir Walter Scott. Then came *Paul Clifford* (1830), the first of Bulwer's novels concerned with the idealizations of criminals and highwaymen. There is no special originality in the forms, for they are rogue stories and novels of adventure in which, as in other cases before and since, the author presents his criminals sympathetically. Lytton claimed that he had written in order to promote reform in the treatment of criminals, but one remembers that the novel of purpose in the hands of Godwin and others had been current for more than a generation. Lytton's great bid for superiority as a historical novelist in the wake of Scott came in 1843 with *The Last of the Barons*, which tells the story of Warwick, the Kingmaker, and is undoubtedly a very great piece of historical fiction. He continued the form in *Harold* in 1848. He differed from Scott in his selection of principal persons as his heroes and claimed "intellectual" superiority for his method. In *The Last Days of Pompeii* (1834) he established the romance of classical times, and that form has had many examples, such as Charles Kingsley's *Hypatia*, Pater's *Marius the Epicurean*, Wallace's *Ben Hur*, and Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis*. When the novel of domestic life had become established in popular favor by the novels of Dickens and Thackeray, Lytton entered also that field. He produced three novels of great excellence: *The Caxtons*, published anonymously in 1850, *My Novel* in 1853, and *What will he do with it* in 1859. These books are good, but not as satisfactory in the elapse of time as the works which brought them into being. Finally, in 1870 near the

end of his career Lytton entered the field of the utopian novel with *The Coming Race* (1870), also anonymous, two years before Butler's *Erewhon*. *The Coming Race* quite naturally introduces the criticism of current society, showing the faults brought on by an age of wealth. Lytton accordingly produced *Edward Chillingly* (1873) and *The Parisians*, which reflect again a change in Victorian fiction, this time in the direction of censure for the sterility, selfishness, radicalism, religious indifference, and political dishonesty of the later Victorian world. Kingsley's *Yeast* had appeared in 1848, Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton* in the same year, Charles Reade's *Hard Cash* in 1863, and George Eliot's *Felix Holt, the Radical* in 1866. Meredith's *The Egoist* did not appear until 1879, but Meredith had already begun his devastating criticisms of current society before Lytton wrote his latest books.

Lord Lytton was a sincere student of the occult and had more than passing belief in the reality of the supernatural. As a fiction writer he fell under strong influences which induced him to delve into the realm of the mysterious. There was the hocus-pocus of Lewis's *The Monk*, the miracles of Godwin's *St. Leon*, the mechanism of Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein*, and the great power of Maturin's *Melmoth*, a book dealing with the sale of the soul to the devil. Lytton regarded himself as a metaphysician, and exploited from time to time in his novels his own ideas and perceptions in the realm of the occult. *Zanoni* (1842) presents the realm of the mystical and the visionary, which, in the later part of the book, it blends very skilfully with the Terror in the French Revolution. *A Strange Story* (1862) is Lytton's most carefully labored effort in supernatural fiction. In it he gives a pseudoscientific coloring to ancient magic and offers a philosophic explanation of occultism. It will be remembered that Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Edgar Allan Poe, and other nineteenth century writers also followed this vein. Translated into plain terms, the fiction of the occult is the ghost story, and in this form Lytton has produced a remarkable masterpiece. It is called

The Haunted and the Haunters (1850) and is presented in slightly reduced form below. It will represent the chameleon-like genius of Lytton as well as anything else he wrote.

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THE HAUNTED AND THE HAUNTERS:
OR, THE HOUSE AND THE BRAIN

(Ghost Story)

[The narrator of the story, who is very much interested in the subject of haunted houses, hears of one in the region north of Oxford Street in London. An acquaintance of his has spent three days (the record for any tenant) there, and then had enough of it. The house had at that time been in the custody of a strange old woman. The owner, a wealthy man who has spent his life in the service of the East India Company, is as much puzzled as anybody. The caretaker is now dead, but the owner is quite willing to have the teller of the story spend a night there, as he asks permission to do. He takes with him his servant, a particularly courageous character.]

Accordingly, about half-past nine, I put the book into my pocket, and strolled leisurely towards the haunted house. I took with me a favorite dog—an exceedingly sharp, bold and vigilant bull-terrier,—a dog fond of prowling about strange ghostly corners and passages at night in search of rats—a dog of dogs for a ghost.

It was a summer night, but chilly, the sky somewhat gloomy and overcast. Still there was a moon—faint and sickly, but still a moon—and if the clouds permitted, after midnight it would be brighter.

I reached the house, knocked, and my servant opened with a cheerful smile.

“All right, sir, and very comfortable.”

“Oh!” said I, rather disappointed; “have you not seen nor heard anything remarkable?”

“Well, sir, I must own I have heard something queer.”

“What?—what?”

“The sound of feet pattering behind me; and once or twice small noises like whispers close at my ear—nothing more.”

"You are not at all frightened?"

"I! not a bit of it, sir"; and the man's bold look reassured me on one point—viz., that happen what might, he would not desert me.

We were in the hall, the street-door closed, and my attention was now drawn to my dog. He had at first run in eagerly enough, but had sneaked back to the door, and was scratching and whining to get out. After patting him on the head, and encouraging him gently, the dog seemed to reconcile himself to the situation, and followed me and F through the house, but keeping close at my heels instead of hurrying inquisitively in advance, which was his usual and normal habit in all strange places. We first visited the subterranean apartments, the kitchen and other offices, and especially the cellars, in which last there were two or three bottles of wine still left in a bin, covered with cobwebs, and evidently, by their appearance, undisturbed for many years. It was clear that the ghosts were not wine-bibbers. For the rest we discovered nothing of interest. There was a gloomy little backyard, with very high walls. The stones of this yard were very damp; and what with the damp, and what with the dust and smoke-grime on the pavement, our feet left a slight impression where we passed.

And now appeared the first strange phenomenon witnessed by myself in this strange abode. I saw, just before me, the print of a foot suddenly form itself, as it were. I stopped, caught hold of my servant, and pointed to it. In advance of that footprint as suddenly dropped another. We both saw it. I advanced quickly to the place; the footprint kept advancing before me, a small footprint—the foot of a child; the impression was too faint thoroughly to distinguish the shape, but it seemed to us both that it was the print of a naked foot. This phenomenon ceased when we arrived at the opposite wall, nor did it repeat itself on returning. We remounted the stairs, and entered the rooms on the ground floor, a dining-parlor, a small back parlor, and a still smaller third room that had been probably appropriated to a footman—all still as death. We then visited the drawing-rooms, which seemed fresh and new. In the front room I seated myself in an armchair. F placed on the table the candlestick with which he had lighted us. I told him to shut the door. As he turned to do so, a chair oppo-

site to me moved from the wall quickly and noiselessly, and dropped itself about a yard from my own chair, immediately fronting it.

"Why, this is better than the turning tables," said I, with a half-laugh; and as I laughed, my dog put back his head and howled.

F——, coming back, had not observed the movement of the chair. He employed himself now in stilling the dog. I continued to gaze on the chair, and fancied I saw on it a pale blue misty outline of a human figure, but an outline so indistinct that I could only distrust my own vision. The dog now was quiet.

"Put back that chair opposite to me," said I to F——; "put it back to the wall."

F—— obeyed. "Was that you, sir?" said he, turning abruptly.

"I!—what?"

"Why, something struck me. I felt it sharply on the shoulder—just here."

"No," said I. "But we have jugglers present, and though we may not discover their tricks, we shall catch *them* before they frighten *us*."

We did not stay long in the drawing-rooms—in fact, they felt so damp and so chilly that I was glad to get to the fire upstairs. We locked the doors of the drawing-rooms—a precaution which, I should observe, we had taken with all the rooms we had searched below. The bedroom my servant had selected for me was the best on the floor—a large one, with two windows fronting the street. The four-posted bed, which took up no inconsiderable space, was opposite to the fire, which burnt clear and bright; a door in the wall to the left, between the bed and the window communicated with the room which my servant appropriated to himself. This last was a small room with a sofa-bed, and had no communication with the landing-place—no other door but that which conducted to the bedroom I was to occupy. On either side of my fire-place was a cupboard, without locks, flush with the wall and covered with the same dull-brown paper. We examined these cupboards—only hooks to suspend female dresses—nothing else; we sounded the walls—evidently solid—the outer walls of the building. Having finished the survey of these apartments, warmed myself for a few moments, and lighted

my cigar, I then, still accompanied by F——, went forth to complete my reconnoitre. In the landing-place there was another door; it was closed firmly. "Sir," said my servant, in surprise, "I unlocked this door with all the others when I first came; it cannot have got locked from the inside, for——"

Before he had finished his sentence, the door, which neither of us then was touching, opened quietly of itself. We looked at each other a single instant. The same thought seized both—some human agency might be detected here. I rushed in first, my servant followed. A small blank dreary room without furniture—few empty boxes and hampers in a corner—a small window—the shutters closed—not even a fire-place—no other door than that by which we had entered—no carpet on the floor, and the floor seemed very old, uneven, worm-eaten, mended here and there, as was shown by the whiter patches on the wood; but no living being, and no visible place in which a living being could have hidden. As we stood gazing round, the door by which we had entered closed as quietly as it had before opened; we were imprisoned.

For the first time I felt a creep of undefinable horror. Not so my servant. "Why, they don't think to trap us, sir; I could break the trumpery door with a kick of my foot."

"Try first if it will open to your hand," said I, shaking off the vague apprehension that had seized me, "while I unclosethe shutters and see what is without."

I unbarred the shutters—the window looked on the little back yard I have before described; there was no ledge without—nothing to break the sheer descent of the wall. No man getting out of that window would have found any footing till he had fallen on the stones below.

F——, meanwhile, was vainly attempting to open the door. He now turned round to me and asked my permission to use force. And I should here state, in justice to the servant, that, far from evincing any superstitious terrors, his nerve, composure, and even gaiety amidst circumstances so extraordinary, compelled my admiration, and made me congratulate myself on having secured a companion in every way fitted to the occasion. I willingly gave him the permission he required. But though he was a remarkably strong man, his force was as idle as his milder efforts;

the door did not even shake to his stoutest kick. Breathless and panting, he desisted. I then tried the door myself, equally in vain. As I ceased from the effort, again that creep of horror came over me; but this time it was more cold and stubborn. I felt as if some strange and ghastly exhalation were rising up from the chinks of that rugged floor, and filling the atmosphere with a venomous influence hostile to human life. The door now very slowly and quietly opened as of its own accord. We precipitated ourselves into the landing-place. We both saw a large pale light—as large as the human figure but shapeless and unsubstantial—move before us, and ascend the stairs that led from the landing into the attics. I followed the light, and my servant followed me. It entered, to the right of the landing, a small garret, of which the door stood open. I entered in the same instant. The light then collapsed into a small globule, exceedingly brilliant and vivid; rested a moment on a bed in the corner, quivered, and vanished.

We approached the bed and examined it—a half-tester, such as is commonly found in attics devoted to servants. On the drawers that stood near it we perceived an old faded silk kerchief, with the needle still left in a rent half repaired. The kerchief was covered with dust; probably it had belonged to the old woman who had last died in that house, and this might have been her sleeping room. I had sufficient curiosity to open the drawers: there were a few odds and ends of female dress, and two letters tied round with a narrow ribbon of faded yellow. I took the liberty to possess myself of the letters. We found nothing else in the room worth noticing—nor did the light reappear; but we distinctly heard, as we turned to go, a pattering footfall on the floor—just before us. We went through the other attics (in all four), the footfall still preceding us. Nothing to be seen—nothing but the footfall heard. I had the letters in my hand: just as I was descending the stairs I distinctly felt my wrist seized, and a faint soft effort made to draw the letters from my clasp. I only held them the more tightly, and the effort ceased.

We regained the bedchamber appropriated to myself, and I then remarked that my dog had not followed us when we had left it. He was thrusting himself close to the fire, and trembling. I was impatient to examine the letters; and while I read them, my servant opened a little box in which he had deposited the

weapons I had ordered him to bring; took them out, placed them on a table close at my bed-head, and then occupied himself in soothing the dog, who, however, seemed to heed him very little.

The letters were short—they were dated; the dates exactly thirty-five years ago. They were evidently from a lover to his mistress, or a husband to some young wife. Not only the terms of expression, but a distinct reference to a former voyage, indicated the writer to have been a seafarer. The spelling and handwriting were those of a man imperfectly educated, but still the language itself was forcible. In the expressions of endearment there was a kind of rough wild love, but here and there were dark and unintelligible hints at some secret not of love—some secret that seemed of crime. "We ought to love each other," was one of the sentences I remember, "for how every one else would execrate us if all was known." Again: "Don't let any one be in the same room with you at night—you talk in your sleep." And again: "What's done can't be undone; and I tell you there's nothing against us unless the dead could come to life." Here there was underlined in a better handwriting (a female's), "They do!" At the end of the letter latest in date the same female hand had written these words: "Lost at sea the 4th of June, the same day as —."

I put down the letters, and began to muse over their contents.

Fearing, however, that the train of thought into which I fell might unsteady my nerves, I fully determined to keep my mind in a fit state to cope with whatever of marvellous the advancing night might bring forth. I roused myself—laid the letters on the table—stirred up the fire, which was still bright and cheering—and opened my volume of Macaulay. I read quietly enough till about half-past eleven. I then threw myself dressed upon the bed, and told my servant he might retire to his own room, but must keep himself awake. I bade him leave open the door between the two rooms. Thus alone, I kept two candles burning on the table by my bed-head. I placed my watch beside the weapons, and calmly resumed my Macaulay. Opposite to me the fire burned clear, and on the hearthrug, seemingly asleep, lay the dog. In about twenty minutes I felt an exceedingly cold air pass by my cheek, like a sudden draught. I fancied the door to my right, communicating with the landing-place, must have got open; but

no—it was closed. I then turned my glance to my left, and saw the flame of the candles violently swayed as by a wind. At the same moment the watch beside the revolver softly slid from the table—softly, softly—no visible hand—it was gone. I sprang up, seizing the revolver with the one hand, the dagger with other: I was not willing that my weapons should share the fate of the watch. Thus armed, I looked round the floor—no sign of the watch. Three slow, loud, distinct knocks were now heard at the bed-head, my servant called out, "Is that you, sir?"

"No; be on your guard."

The dog now roused himself and sat on his haunches, his ears moving quickly backwards and forwards. He kept his eyes fixed on me with a look so strange that he concentrated all my attention on himself. Slowly he rose up, all his hair bristling, and stood perfectly rigid, and with the same wild stare. I had no time, however, to examine the dog. Presently my servant emerged from his room; and if ever I saw horror in the human face, it was then. I should not have recognized him had we met in the street, so altered was every lineament. He passed by me quickly, saying in a whisper that seemed scarcely to come from his lips, "Run—run! it is after me!" He gained the door to the landing, pulled it open, and rushed forth. I followed him into the landing involuntarily, calling him to stop; but, without heeding me, he bounded down the stairs, clinging to the balusters, and taking several steps at a time. I heard, where I stood, the street-door open—heard it again clap to. I was left alone in the haunted house.

It was but for a moment that I remained undecided whether or not to follow my servant; pride and curiosity alike forbade so dastardly a flight. I re-entered my room, closing the door after me, and proceeded cautiously into the interior chamber. I encountered nothing to justify my servant's terror. I again carefully examined the walls, to see if there were any concealed door. I could find no trace of one—not even a seam in the dull-brown paper with which the room was hung. How, then, had the **THING**, whatever it was, which had so scared him, obtained ingress except through my own chamber?

I returned to my room, shut and locked the door that opened upon the interior one, and stood on the hearth, expectant and prepared. I now perceived that the dog had slunk into an angle

of the wall, and was pressing himself close against it, as if literally striving to force his way into it. I approached the animal and spoke to it; the poor brute was evidently beside itself with terror. It showed all its teeth, the slaver dropping from its jaws, and would certainly have bitten me if I had touched it. It did not seem to recognize me. Whoever has seen at the Zoological Gardens a rabbit fascinated by a serpent, cowering in a corner, may form some idea of the anguish which the dog exhibited. Finding all efforts to soothe the animal in vain, and fearing that his bite might be as venomous in that state as in the madness of hydrophobia, I left him alone, placed my weapons on the table beside the fire, seated myself, and recommenced my Macaulay.

Perhaps, in order not to appear seeking credit for a courage, or rather a coolness, which the reader may conceive I exaggerate, I may be pardoned if I pause to indulge in one or two egotistical remarks.

As I hold presence of mind, or what is called courage, to be precisely proportioned to familiarity with the circumstances that lead to it, so I should say that I had been long sufficiently familiar with all experiments that appertain to the Marvellous. I had witnessed many very extraordinary phenomena in various parts of the world—phenomena that would be either totally disbelieved if I stated them, or ascribed to supernatural agencies. Now, my theory is that the Supernatural is the Impossible, and that what is called supernatural is only a something in the laws of nature of which we have been hitherto ignorant. Therefore, if a ghost rise before me, I have not the right to say, "So, then, the supernatural is possible," but rather, "So, then, the apparition of a ghost is, contrary to received opinion, within the laws of nature—*i.e.*, not supernatural."

Now, in all that I had hitherto witnessed, and indeed in all the wonders which the amateurs of mystery in our age record as facts, a material living agency is always required. On the continent you will find still magicians who assert that they can raise spirits. Assume for the moment that they assert truly, still the living material form of the magician is present; and he is the material agency by which, from some constitutional peculiarities, certain strange phenomena are represented to your natural senses.

Accept, again, as truthful, the tales of spirit Manifestations in

America—musical or other sounds—writings on paper, produced by no discernible hand—articles of furniture moved without apparent human agency—or the actual sight and touch of hands, to which no bodies seem to belong—still there must be found the MEDIUM or living being, with constitutional peculiarities capable of obtaining these signs. In fine, in all such marvels, supposing even that there is no imposture, there must be a human being like ourselves by whom, or through whom, the effects presented to human beings are produced. It is so with the now familiar phenomena of mesmerism or electro-biology; the mind of the person operated on is affected through a material living agent. Nor, supposing it true that a mesmerised patient can respond to the will or passes of a mesmeriser a hundred miles distant, is the response less occasioned by a material fluid—call it electric, call it Odic, call it what you will—which has the power of traversing space and passing obstacles, that the material effect is communicated from one to the other. Hence all that I had hitherto witnessed, or expected to witness, in this strange house, I believed to be occasioned through some agency of medium as mortal as myself: and this idea necessarily prevented the awe with which those who regard as supernatural, things that are not within the ordinary operations of nature, might have been impressed by the adventures of that memorable night.

As, then, it was my conjecture that all that was presented, or would be presented to my senses, must originate in some human being gifted by constitution with the power so to present them, and having some motive so to do, I felt an interest in my theory which, in its way, was rather philosophical than superstitious. And I can sincerely say that I was in as tranquil a temper for observation as any practical experimentalist could be in awaiting the effect of some rare, though perhaps, chemical combination. Of course, the more I kept my mind detached from fancy, the more the temper fitted for observation would be obtained; and I therefore riveted eye and thought on the strong daylight sense in the page of my Macaulay.

I now became aware that something interposed between the page and the light—the page was over-shadowed: I looked up, and I saw what I shall find it very difficult, perhaps impossible, to describe.

It was a Darkness shaping itself forth from the air in very undefined outline. I cannot say it was of a human form, and yet it had more resemblance to a human form, or rather shadow, than to anything else. As it stood, wholly apart and distinct from the air and the light around it, its dimensions seemed gigantic, the summit nearly touching the ceiling. While I gazed, a feeling of intense cold seized me. An iceberg before me could not more have chilled me; nor could the cold of an iceberg have been more purely physical. I feel convinced that it was not the cold caused by fear. As I continued to gaze, I thought—but this I cannot say with precision—that I distinguished two eyes looking down on me from the height. One moment I fancied that I distinguished them clearly, the next they seemed gone; but still two rays of a pale-blue light frequently shot through the darkness, as from the height on which I half believed, half doubted, that I had encountered the eyes.

I strove to speak—my voice utterly failed me; I could only think to myself, "Is this fear? it is *not* fear!" I strove to rise—in vain; I felt as if weighed down by an irresistible force. Indeed, my impression was that of an immense and overwhelming Power opposed to any volition;—that sense of utter inadequacy to cope with a force beyond man's, which one may feel *physically* in a storm at sea, in a conflagration, or when confronting some terrible wild beast, or rather, perhaps, the shark of the ocean, I felt *morally*. Opposed to my will was another will, as far superior to its strength as storm, fire, and shark are superior in material force to the force of man.

And now, as this impression grew on me—now came, at last, horror—horror to a degree that no words can convey. Still I retained pride, if not courage; and in my own mind I said, "This is horror, but it is not fear; unless I fear I cannot be harmed; my reason rejects this thing; it is an illusion—I do not fear." With a violent effort I succeeded at last in stretching out my hand towards the weapon on the table: as I did so, on the arm and shoulder I received a strange shock, and my arm fell to my side powerless. And now, to add to my horror, the light began slowly to wane from the candles—they were not, as it were, extinguished, but their flame seemed very gradually withdrawn: it

was the same with the fire—the light was extracted from the fuel; in a few minutes the room was in utter darkness.

The dread that came over me, to be thus in the dark with that dark Thing, whose power was so intensely felt, brought a reaction of nerve. In fact, terror had reached that climax, that either my senses must have deserted me, or I must have burst through the spell. I did burst through it. I found voice, though the voice was a shriek. I remember that I broke forth with words like these—"I do not fear, my soul does not fear"; and at the same time I found the strength to rise. Still in that profound gloom I rushed to one of the windows—tore aside the curtain—flung open the shutters; my first thought was—*light*.—And when I saw the moon high, clear, and calm, I felt a joy that almost compensated for the previous terror. There, was the moon, there, was also the light from the gas-lamps in the deserted slumberous street. I turned to look back into the room; the moon penetrated its shadow very palely and partially—but still there was light. The dark Thing, whatever it might be, was gone—except that I could yet see a dim shadow, which seemed the shadow of that shade, against the opposite wall.

My eye now rested on the table, and from under the table (which was without cloth or cover—an old mahogany round table) there rose a hand, visible as far as the wrist. It was a hand, seemingly, as much of flesh and blood as my own, but the hand of an aged person—lean, wrinkled, small, too—a woman's hand. That hand very softly closed on the two letters that lay on the table: hand and letters both vanished. There then came the same three loud measured knocks I heard at the bed-head before this extraordinary drama had commenced.

As those sounds slowly ceased, I felt the whole room vibrate sensibly; and at the far end there rose, as from the floor, sparks or globules like bubbles of light, many-colored—green, yellow, fire-red, azure. Up and down, to and fro, hither, thither, as tiny Will-o'-the-Wisps, the sparks moved, slow or swift, each at his own caprice. A chair (as in the drawing-room below) was now advanced from the wall without apparent agency, and placed at the opposite side of the table. Suddenly, as forth from the chair, there grew a shape—a woman's shape. It was distinct as a shape of life—ghastly as a shape of death. The face was that of youth,

with a strange mournful beauty; the throat and shoulders were bare, the rest of the form in a loose robe of cloudy white. It began sleeking its long yellow hair, which fell over its shoulders; its eyes were not turned towards me, but to the door; it seemed listening, watching, waiting. The shadow of the shade in the background grew darker; and again I thought I beheld the eyes gleaming out from the summit of the shadow—eyes fixed upon that shape.

As if from the door, though it did not open, there grew out another shape, equally distinct, equally ghastly—a man's shape—a young man's. It was in the dress of the last century, or rather in a likeness of such dress (for both the male shape and the female, though defined, were evidently unsubstantial, impalpable—simulacra—phantasms); and there was something incongruous, grotesque, yet fearful, in the contrast between the elaborate finery, the courtly precision of that old-fashioned garb, with its ruffles and lace and buckles, and the corpse-like aspect and ghost-like stillness of the fitting wearer. Just as the male shape approached the female, the dark Shadow started from the wall, all three for a moment wrapped in darkness. When the pale light returned, the two phantoms were as in the grasp of the shadow that towered between them; and there was a bloodstain on the breast of the female; and the phantom male was leaning on its phantom sword, and blood seemed trickling fast from the ruffles, from the lace; and the darkness of the intermediate Shadow swallowed them up—they were gone. And again the bubbles of light shot, and sailed, and undulated, growing thicker and thicker and more wildly confused in their movements.

The closet door to the right of the fireplace now opened, and from the aperture there came the form of an aged woman. In her hand she held letters,—the very letters over which I had seen *the* Hand close; and behind her I heard a footstep. She turned round as if to listen, and then she opened the letters and seemed to read; and over her shoulder I saw a livid face, the face as of a man long drowned—bloated, bleached—seaweed tangled in its dripping hair; and at her feet lay a form as of a corpse, and beside the corpse there cowered a child, a miserable squalid child, with famine in its cheeks and fear in its eyes. And as I looked in the old woman's face, the wrinkles and lines vanished and it became

a face of youth—hard-eyed, stony, but still youth; and the Shadow darted forth, and darkened over these phantoms as it had darkened over the last.

Nothing now was left but the Shadow, and on that my eyes were intently fixed, till again eyes grew out of the Shadow—malignant, serpent eyes. And the bubbles of light again rose and fell, and in their disordered, irregular, turbulent maze, mingled with the wan moonlight. And now from these globules themselves, as from the shell of an egg, monstrous things burst out; the air grew filled with them: larvae so bloodless and so hideous that I can in no way describe them except to remind the reader of the swarming life which the solar microscope brings before his eyes in a drop of water—things transparent, supple, agile, chasing each other, devouring each other—forms like nought ever beheld by the naked eye. As the shapes were without symmetry, so their movements were without order. In their very vagrancies there was no sport; they came round me and round, thicker and faster and swifter, swarming over my head, crawling over my right arm, which was outstretched in involuntary command against all evil beings. Sometimes I felt myself touched, but not by them; invisible hands touched me. Once I felt the clutch as of cold soft fingers at my throat. I was still equally conscious that if I gave way to fear I should be in bodily peril; and I concentrated all my faculties in the single focus of resisting, stubborn will. And I turned my sight from the Shadow—above all, from those strange serpent eyes—eyes that had now become distinctly visible. For there, though in nought else around me, I was aware that there was a WILL, and a will of intense, creative, working evil, which might crush down my own.

The pale atmosphere in the room began now to redden as if in the air of some near conflagration. The larvae grew lurid as things that live in fire. Again the room vibrated; again were heard the three measured knocks; and again all things were swallowed up in the darkness of the dark Shadow, as if out of that darkness all had come, into that darkness all returned.

As the gloom receded, the Shadow was wholly gone. Slowly as it had been withdrawn, the flame grew again into the candles on the table, again into the fuel in the grate. The whole room came once more calmly, healthfully into sight.

The two doors were still closed, the door communicating with the servant's room still locked. In the corner of the wall into which he had so convulsively niched himself, lay the dog. I called to him—no movement; I approached—the animal was dead; his eyes protruded; his tongue out of his mouth; the froth gathered round his jaws. I took him in my arms; I brought him to the fire; I felt acute grief for the loss of my poor favorite—acute self-reproach; I accused myself of his death; I imagined he had died of fright. But what was my surprise on finding that his neck was actually broken. Had this been done in the dark?—must it not have been by a hand human as mine?—must there not have been a human agency all the while in that room? Good cause to suspect it. I cannot tell. I cannot do more than state the fact fairly; the reader may draw his own inference.

Another surprising circumstance—my watch was restored to the table from which it had been so mysteriously withdrawn; but it had stopped at the very moment it was so withdrawn; nor, despite all the skill of the watchmaker, has it ever gone since—that is, it will go in a strange erratic way for a few hours, and then come to a dead stop—it is worthless.

Nothing more chanced for the rest of the night. Nor, indeed, had I long to wait before the dawn broke. Nor till it was broad daylight did I quit the haunted house. Before I did so, I revisited the little blind room in which my servant and myself had been for a time imprisoned. I had a strong impression—for which I could not account—that from that room had originated the mechanism of the phenomena—if I may use the term—which had been experienced in my chamber. And though I entered it now in the clear day, with the sun peering through the filmy window, I still felt, as I stood on its floor, the creep of the horror which I had first there experienced the night before, and which had been so aggravated by what had passed in my own chamber. I could not, indeed, bear to stay more than half a minute within those walls. I descended the stairs, and again I heard the footfall before me; and when I opened the street door, I thought I could distinguish a very low laugh. I gained my own home, expecting to find my runaway servant there. But he had not presented himself; nor did I hear more of him for three days, when I received a letter from him, dated from Liverpool to this effect:—

"Honored Sir,—I humbly entreat your pardon, though I can scarcely hope that you will think I deserve it, unless—which Heaven forbid—you saw what I did. I feel that it will be years before I can recover myself; and as to being fit for service, it is out of the question. I am therefore going to my brother-in-law at Melbourne. The ship sails to-morrow. Perhaps the long voyage may set me up. I do nothing now but start and tremble, and fancy it is behind me. I humbly beg you, honored sir, to order my clothes, and whatever wages are due to me, to be sent to my mother's, at Walworth.—John knows her address."

The letter ended with additional apologies, somewhat incoherent, and explanatory details as to effects that had been under the writer's charge.

This flight may perhaps warrant a suspicion that the man wished to go to Australia, and had been somehow or other fraudulently mixed up with the events of the night. I say nothing in refutation of that conjecture; rather, I suggest it as one that would seem to many persons the most probable solution of improbable occurrences. My belief in my own theory remained unshaken. I returned in the evening to the house, to bring away in a hack cab the things I had left there, with my poor dog's body. In this task I was not disturbed, nor did any incident worth note befall me, except that still, on ascending and descending the stairs, I heard the same footfall in advance. On leaving the house, I went to Mr. J's. He was at home. I returned him the keys, told him that my curiosity was sufficiently gratified, and was about to relate quickly what had passed, when he stopped me, and said, though with much politeness, that he had no longer any interest in a mystery which none had ever solved.

I determined at least to tell him of the two letters I had read, as well as of the extraordinary manner in which they had disappeared, and I then inquired if he thought they had been addressed to the woman who had died in the house, and if there were anything in her early history which could possibly confirm the dark suspicions to which the letters gave rise. Mr. J—seemed startled, and, after musing a few moments, answered, "I am but little acquainted with the woman's earlier history, except, as I before told you, that her family were known to mine. But you revive some vague reminiscences to her prejudice. I will

make inquiries, and inform you of their result. Still, even if we could admit the popular superstition that a person who had been either the perpetrator or the victim of dark crimes in life could revisit, as a restless spirit, the scene in which those crimes had been committed, I should observe that the house was infested by strange sights and sounds before the old woman died. . .”

[The narrator reports to the owner, who tells him that the old caretaker and her husband had had charge of an orphan child which stood between them and the ownership of the haunted house. The child had died, with the suspicion of cruelty and starvation against its guardians. Shortly after that the husband went to sea and was lost. Everything went wrong with the woman, who eventually came into the workhouse from which she had been rescued and put in charge of the haunted house. The owner resolves to destroy the “suspicious unfurnished room.”]

Mr. J added that he had passed an hour alone in the unfurnished room which I had urged him to destroy, and that his impressions of dread while there were so great, though he had neither heard nor seen anything, that he was eager to have the walls bared and the floors removed as I had suggested. He had engaged persons for the work, and would commence any day I would name.

The day was accordingly fixed. I repaired to the haunted house—we went into the blind dreary room, took up the skirting, and then the floors. Under the rafters, covered with rubbish, was found a trap-door, quite large enough to admit a man. It was closely nailed down, with clamps and rivets of iron. On removing these we descended into a room below, the existence of which had never been suspected. In this room there had been a window and a flue, but they had been bricked over, evidently for many years. By the help of candles we examined this place; it still retained some mouldering furniture—three chairs, an oak settle, a table—all of the fashion of about eighty years ago. There was a chest of drawers against the wall, in which we found, half-rotted away, old-fashioned articles of a man’s dress, such as might have been worn eighty or a hundred years ago by a gentleman of some

rank—costly steel buckles and buttons, like those yet worn in court-dresses, a handsome court sword—in a waistcoat which had once been rich with gold-lace, but which was now blackened and foul with damp, we found five guineas, a few silver coins, and an ivory ticket, probably for some place of entertainment long since passed away. But our main discovery was in a kind of iron safe fixed to the wall, the lock of which it cost us much trouble to get picked.

In this safe were three shelves, and two small drawers. Ranged on the shelves were several small bottles of crystal, hermetically stopped. They contained colorless volatile essences, of the nature of which I shall only say that they were not poisons—phosphor and ammonia entered into some of them. There were also some very curious glass tubes, and a small pointed rod of iron, with a large lump of rock-crystal, and another of amber—also a load-stone of great power.

In one of the drawers we found a miniature portrait set in gold, and retaining the freshness of its colors most remarkably, considering the length of time it had probably been there. The portrait was that of a man who might be somewhat advanced in middle life, perhaps forty-seven or forty-eight.

It was a remarkable face—a most impressive face. If you could fancy some mighty serpent transformed into a man, preserving in the human lineaments the old serpent type, you would have a better idea of that countenance than long descriptions can convey: the width and flatness of frontal—the tapering elegance of contour disguising the strength of the deadly jaw—the long, large, terrible eye, glittering and green as the emerald—and withal a certain ruthless calm, as if from the consciousness of an immense power.

Mechanically I turned round the miniature to examine the back of it, and on the back was engraved a pentacle; in the middle of the pentacle a ladder, and the third step of the ladder was formed by the date 1765. Examining still more minutely, I detected a spring; this, on being pressed, opened the back of the miniature as a lid. Within the lid were engraved, 'Marianna to thee—be faithful in life and in death to——.' Here follows a name that I will not mention, but was not unfamiliar to me. I had

heard it spoken of by old men in my childhood as the name borne by a dazzling charlatan who had made a great sensation in London for a year or so, and had fled the country on the charge of a double murder within his own house—that of his mistress and his rival. I said nothing of this to Mr. J——, to whom reluctantly I resigned the miniature.

We had found no difficulty in opening the first drawer within the iron safe; we found great difficulty in opening the second: it was not locked, but it resisted all efforts till we inserted in the clinks the edge of a chisel. When we had thus drawn it forth, we found a very singular apparatus in the nicest order. Upon a small thin book, or rather tablet, was placed a saucer of crystal: this saucer was filled with a clear liquid—on that liquid floated a kind of compass, with a needle shifting rapidly round, but instead of the usual points of a compass were seven strange characters, not very unlike those used by astrologers to denote the planets.

A peculiar, but not strong nor displeasing odor came from this drawer, which was lined with a wood that we afterwards discovered to be hazel. Whatever the cause of this odor, it produced a material effect on the nerves. We all felt it, even the two workmen who were in the room—a creeping tingling sensation from the tips of the fingers to the roots of the hair. Impatient to examine the tablet, I removed the saucer. As I did so the needle of the compass went round and round with exceeding swiftness, and I felt a shock that ran through my whole frame, so that I dropped the saucer on the floor. The liquid was spilt—the saucer was broken—the compass rolled to the end of the room—and at that instant the walls shook to and fro, as if a giant had swayed and rocked them.

The two workmen were so frightened that they ran up the ladder by which we had descended from the trap-door; but seeing that nothing more happened, they were easily induced to return.

Meanwhile I had opened the tablet: it was bound in plain red leather, with a silver clasp; it contained but one sheet of thick vellum, and on that sheet were inscribed, within a double pentacle, words in old monkish Latin, which are literally to be translated thus: “On all that it can reach within these walls—sentient

or inanimate, living or dead—as moves the needle, so work my will! Accursed be the house, and restless be the dwellers therein.”

We found no more. Mr. J—— burnt the tablet and its anathema. He razed to the foundations the part of the building containing the secret room with the chamber over it. He had then the courage to inhabit the house himself for a month, and a quieter, better-conditional house could not be found in all London. Subsequently he let it to advantage, and his tenant has made no complaints.

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870)

THE LIFE OF Charles Dickens, particularly the early life, is important for the understanding of his works. Certain deeply directive impressions were given to his genius by his experiences. The basis was one of the most sensitive, gifted, and expressive natures recorded in literature. He was born at Landport, Portsea. His father, John Dickens, was a navy pay clerk, a man of somewhat impractical turn. If it is true that Dickens presented him as Micawber in *David Copperfield*, the picture is of course a caricature; but even such a caricature is suggestive. As a child Dickens was delicate and, quite according to pattern, a great reader. We have a record of his childhood in Forster's life of Dickens in the form of notes for an autobiography. We there learn that he read *Tom Jones*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Arabian Nights*, *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, and especially the works of Smollett—a list which goes far in explaining Dickens's position in the history of English fiction. He spent very little time in school, about two years in 1821 and 1822 and two years more about 1824-1825. The Dickens family lived in Camden Town in London in 1822-1823. In 1824 John Dickens was in Marshalsea Prison for debt, and after selling or pawning almost everything they had the family went to live at Marshalsea. During this period of family distress Dickens worked in a blacking warehouse. He naturally loved praise, success, and happiness, and his own sufferings and the sufferings of his family, his own neglect and mortification and the ills of those he loved entered his heart. He was one of those geniuses who record their own life experiences in their work, and these days of misery come out in the prison scenes in *Pickwick Papers*, *David Copperfield*, and *Little Dorrit*. His experiences in childhood—every kind

or unkind act or word, every piece of neglect, every shade of disgrace, every hour of drudgery—served to intensify his sympathy for children and his bias in favor of the under-dog. He became a social reformer in his works. Many critics have thought that the works were injured thereby, but sincerity and the ability to present a cause are so rare that one can dispense with some literary excellence for the sake of human value. He was perhaps not a great social philosopher, but he was certainly a powerful advocate of fair play and a just share of human happiness for all.

The family fortunes improved and Dickens had two years at school. In 1827-1828 he was a lawyer's clerk. He studied shorthand and became an expert. He became a court reporter, then in the gallery of the House of Commons a reporter of debates for newspapers, then by 1835 a general reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*. His travels as a reporter gave him his remarkable knowledge of London and its environs and even of many towns and cities in the provinces. In 1833 Dickens had begun writing for magazines, and his first book, *Sketches by Boz* (1836), is a collection of the best pieces he had written by that time. He was naturally a dextrous workman, and his experiences as a shorthand writer and newspaper reporter gave him his education. It was by chance that he became a novelist. The new firm of publishers, Chapman and Hall, in 1836 formed a project for publishing some "Cockney sporting plates" (those were the days when Robert Surtees had made the sporting novel fashionable) to be made by the artist Robert Seymour. Dickens was employed to write a current commentary for the plates. The author and the artist worked together. The change came when Dickens "thought of Mr. Pickwick." After two numbers Seymour killed himself. William Bass did the plates for the third number, and after that H. K. Brown, now clearly following Dickens's lead, continued the illustrations to the end. The project met with immediate success, and Dickens's fortune was made. Kindliness and shrewdness under the mask of farce entered the

growing novel in the fifth number in the person of Sam Weller.

Dickens, who had always a good eye to business and was an industrious, swift, and skilful worker, understood exactly what he had done, and before *Pickwick Papers* were through with their serial publication he had *Oliver Twist* (1837-1838) well on the way, and before *Oliver Twist* was complete *Nicholas Nickleby* (1838-1839) had been begun. There is nothing precisely new to the English novel in these two books except their magnificent ebullient spirit. They are both more or less biographical, both have studious virtue rising through injustice and oppression, both have villains *sui generis* (Monks in the one, Ralph Nickleby in the other), both have commonplace, sentimental love stories, both have (and this is Dickens's characteristic contribution) pitiful pictures of the wrongs against childhood, advocacy of the cause of the underprivileged, and a style which carries their readers into the realm of all the five or the eleven senses.

Dickens was now famous, and he enjoyed his fame. He became known to all the great men of his time. He wrote more novels, *Old Curiosity Shop* (1840) and *Barnaby Rudge* (1841), both of which continue his earlier vein. *Barnaby Rudge* adds none too successfully to the form of the historical novel. Then came his visit to America (1842) with the severely critical *American Notes* and a great novel in the old manner using the American experience, *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843). For several years Dickens traveled in Switzerland and France and did nothing quite so important as the great series of Christmas books, beginning with *A Christmas Carol in Prose* in 1843. In 1846-1848, with the eyes of the whole world on him, he published *Dombey and Son*, which is perhaps his soundest study of English commercial life. But we are at a turn in his career. In his next novel, *David Copperfield* (1849-1850), remarkable for its autobiographical elements, he seemed to be taking stock of all he knew about life and all that life meant to him.

A new feature was already making itself felt, and that element is the third of the great influences on Dickens's work. He had always been fond of the theater, had been in amateur theatricals in school, had probably never missed a chance to act in plays. He took part in a number of famous amateur or semi-professional revivals, *Every Man in his Humour* (1845 and 1850), *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (1848); also in new plays. He wrote plays himself, but the important thing is that as a novelist he seems even in *David Copperfield*, certainly in all his later novels, to have written with the stage in mind. Nearly all his later novels have been dramatized successfully. The effect of this was the sharpening and pointing of the plot. This feature affected the novel not only of his immediate followers but of the novelists of the next generation. In 1849 Dickens became editor of *Household Words*. In it he printed his novels of purpose, *Bleak House* (1852-1853) with its attack on the Courts of Chancery, *Hard Times* (1854) with its cruel pictures of industrial injustice, and *Little Dorrit* (1856-1857) with its *exposé* of incompetence and corruption in the departments of government. These books did not add greatly to Dickens's fame. He was overworked, his mannerisms are more marked, his humor more forced, and his satire more bitter and unjust. His plea for social justice was, moreover, resented by his countrymen. He began his public readings in 1858, and later became world-famous as a reader from his own works. He made great sums of money, twenty thousand pounds on the occasion of his second visit to America (1868), but the exertion ultimately cost him his life.

Dickens's last period begins in 1859. In that year he gave up the editorship of *Household Words* and founded *All the Year Round*. The Christmas books were reduced to Christmas stories, and in them his genius seems unabated. Other contributors to *All the Year Round* wrote such stories, and Dickens's only requirement was that they should write in such a way as to alleviate sorrow and discouragement. In 1859 came out his most carefully finished work (not that there is ever

any slovenliness in Dickens), *The Tale of Two Cities*, a historical novel of the Terror, perhaps rightly considered his masterpiece. He knew Carlyle and Carlyle's *French Revolution*. The parallel between the two works, though not detailed, is genuine. As editor and mainly during this last period, Dickens exercised his greatest literary influence. His contributors, who were also his friends, were greatly affected. Purpose novels became the fashion. Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton* (1848) and *North and South* (1855) deal with the social hardships wrought by the industrial revolution; likewise Kingsley's *Alton Locke* (1850). Charles Reade, who no doubt influenced Dickens himself by his insistence on dramatic method in fiction, wrote *It Is Never Too Late to Mend* (1856) to correct prison abuses, *Hard Cash* (1862) to correct the abuses in lunatic asylums, *Put Yourself in His Place* (1870) to secure industrial reforms, and other books for other purposes. In William Wilkie Collins we have a collaborator with Dickens and a more immediate disciple. Collins was a very conscious artist, in the use of the dramatic method, and his careful search after effects may be reflected in *Great Expectations* (1860-1861), *Our Mutual Friend* (1864-1865), and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (1870) left unfinished by Dickens's death. Certainly in the last mentioned case we have Dickens trying his hand at the thing for which Collins was famous, namely, the detective novel. Collins was not the first to write detective fiction; Poe had preceded him by a good many years, but Collins in *The Woman in White* (1860), *The Moonstone* (1868), and others set the fashion for a great many novels, good and bad. Miss M. E. Braddon, Mrs. Henry Wood, author of *East Lynne*, Marie Corelli, and Hall Caine. As Miss Helen Sard Hughes observes, even Hardy, Blackmore, Stevenson, and Conrad participate in the production of the great body of fictional literature which rests on mystery.

Of the two selections from Dickens which follow, *The Poor Relation's Story* shows Dickens's love for children, his sympathy for the unfortunate, his vein of fantasy, and his

extreme gentleness in the realm of human feelings; the account of the trial of Bardell against Pickwick from *Pickwick Papers* is an example of Dickens's humor in its early and most racy form.

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From
THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB
(*Novel of Humours*)

[*Mrs. Bardell, Mr. Pickwick's landlady, has mistaken her lodger's intentions, and as a result has brought suit against him for breach of promise of marriage.*]

CHAPTER XXXIV

is wholly devoted to a full and faithful report of the memorable trial of Bardell against Pickwick

"I wonder what the foreman of the jury, whoever he'll be, has got for breakfast," said Mr. Snodgrass, by way of keeping up a conversation on the eventful morning of the fourteenth of February.

"Ah!" said Perker, "I hope he's got a good one."

"Why so?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Highly important, very important, my dear sir," replied Perker. "A good, contented, well-breakfasted jurymen, is a capital thing to get hold of. Discontented or hungry jurymen, my dear sir, always find for the plaintiff."

"Bless my heart," said Mr. Pickwick, looking very blank; "what do they do that for?"

"Why, I don't know," replied the little man, coolly; "saves time, I suppose. If it's near dinner-time, the foreman takes out his watch when the jury has retired, and says, 'Dear me, gentlemen, ten minutes to five, I declare! I dine at five, gentlemen.' 'So do I,' says everybody else, except two men who ought to have dined at three, and seem more than half disposed to stand out in consequence. The foreman smiles, and puts up his watch:—'Well, gentlemen, what do we say, plaintiff or defendant, gentlemen? I rather think, so far as I am concerned, gentlemen,—I say, I rather think,

—but don't let that influence you—I *rather* think the plaintiff's the man.' Upon this, two or three other men are sure to say that they think so too—as of course they do; and then they get on very unanimously and comfortably. Ten minutes past nine!" said the little man, looking at his watch. "Time we were off, my dear sir; breach of promise trial—court is generally full in such cases. You had better ring for a coach, my dear sir, or we shall be rather late."

Mr. Pickwick immediately rang the bell; and a coach having been procured, the four Pickwickians and Mr. Perker ensconced themselves therein, and drove to Guildhall; Sam Weller, Mr. Lowten, and the blue bag, following in a cab.

"Lowten," said Perker, when they reached the outer hall of the court, "put Mr. Pickwick's friends in the students' box; Mr. Pickwick himself had better sit by me. This way, my dear sir, this way." Taking Mr. Pickwick by the coat-sleeve, the little man led him to the low seat just beneath the desks of the King's Counsel, which is constructed for the convenience of attorneys, who from that spot can whisper into the ear of the leading counsel in the case, any instructions that may be necessary during the progress of the trial. The occupants of this seat are invisible to the great body of spectators, inasmuch as they sit on a much lower level than either the barristers or the audience, whose seats are raised above the floor. Of course they have their backs to both, and their faces towards the judge.

"That's the witness-box, I suppose?" said Mr. Pickwick, pointing to a kind of pulpit, with a brass rail, on his left hand.

"That's the witness-box, my dear sir," replied Perker, disinterring a quantity of papers from the blue bag, which Lowten had just deposited at his feet.

"And that," said Mr. Pickwick, pointing to a couple of enclosed seats on his right, "that's where the jurymen sit, is it not?"

"The identical place, my dear sir," replied Perker, tapping the lid of his snuff-box.

Mr. Pickwick stood up in a state of great agitation, and took a glance at the court. There were already a pretty large sprinkling of spectators in the gallery, and a numerous muster of gentlemen in wigs, in the barristers' seats: who presented, as a body, all that pleasing and extensive variety of nose and whisker for which the

bar of England is so justly celebrated. Such of the gentlemen as had a brief to carry, carried it in as conspicuous a manner as possible, and occasionally scratched their noses therewith, to impress the fact more strongly on the observation of the spectators. Other gentlemen, who had no briefs to show, carried under their arms goodly octavos, with a red label behind, and that underdone-piecrust-coloured cover, which is technically known as "law calf." Others, who had neither briefs nor books, thrust their hands into their pockets and looked as wise as they conveniently could; others, again, moved here and there with great restlessness and earnestness of manner, content to awaken thereby the admiration and astonishment of the uninitiated strangers. The whole, to the great wonderment of Mr. Pickwick, were divided into little groups, who were chatting and discussing the news of the day in the most unfeeling manner possible,—just as if no trial at all were coming on.

A bow from Mr. Phunky, as he entered, and took his seat behind the row appropriated to the King's Counsel, attracted Mr. Pickwick's attention; and he had scarcely returned it, when Mr. Serjeant Snubbin appeared, followed by Mr. Mallard, who half hid the Serjeant behind a large crimson bag, which he placed on his table, and, after shaking hands with Perker, withdrew. Then there entered two or three more Serjeants; and among them, one with a fat body and a red face, who nodded in a friendly manner to Mr. Serjeant Snubbin, and said it was a fine morning.

"Who's that red-faced man, who said it was a fine morning, and nodded to our counsel?" whispered Mr. Pickwick.

"Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz," replied Perker. "He's opposed to us; he leads on the other side. That gentleman behind him is Mr. Skimpin, his junior."

Mr. Pickwick was on the point of inquiring, with great abhorrence of the man's cold-blooded villainy, how Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, who was counsel for the opposite party, dared to presume to tell Mr. Serjeant Snubbin, who was counsel for him, that it was a fine morning, when he was interrupted by a general rising of the barristers, and a loud cry of "Silence!" from the officers of the court. Looking round, he found that this was caused by the entrance of the judge.

"Mr. Justice Stareleigh (who sat in the absence of the Chief

Justice, occasioned by indisposition) was a most particularly short man, and so fat, that he seemed all face and waistcoat. He rolled in, upon two little turned legs, and having bobbed gravely to the bar, who bobbed gravely to him, put his little legs underneath his table, and his little three-cornered hat upon it; and when Mr. Justice Stareleigh had done this, all you could see of him was two queer little eyes, one broad pink face, and somewhere about half of a big and very comical-looking wig.

The judge had no sooner taken his seat, than the officer on the floor of the court called out "Silence!" in a commanding tone, upon which another officer in the gallery cried "Silence!" in an angry manner, whereupon three or four more ushers shouted "Silence!" in a voice of indignant remonstrance. This being done, a gentleman in black, who sat below the judge, proceeded to call over the names of the jury; and after a great deal of bawling, it was discovered that only ten special jurymen were present. Upon this, Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz prayed a *tales*; the gentleman in black then proceeded to press into the special jury, two of the common jurymen; and a green-grocer and a chemist were caught directly.

"Answer to your names, gentlemen, that you may be sworn," said the gentleman in black. "Richard Upwitch."

"Here," said the green-grocer.

"Thomas Groffin."

"Here," said the chemist.

"Take the book, gentlemen. You shall well and truly try—"

"I beg this court's pardon," said the chemist, who was a tall, thin, yellow-visaged man, "but I hope this court will excuse my attendance."

"On what grounds, sir?" said Mr. Justice Stareleigh.

"I have no assistant, my Lord," said the chemist.

"I can't help that, sir," replied Mr. Justice Stareleigh. "You should hire one."

"I can't afford it, my Lord," rejoined the chemist.

"Then you ought to be able to afford it, sir," said the judge, reddening; for Justice Stareleigh's temper bordered on the irritable, and brooked not contradiction.

"I know I *ought* to do, if I got on as well as I deserved, but I don't, my Lord," answered the chemist.

"Swear the gentleman," said the judge, peremptorily.

The officer had got no further than the "You shall well and truly try," when he was again interrupted by the chemist.

"I am to be sworn, my Lord, am I?" said the chemist.

"Certainly, sir," replied the testy little judge.

"Very well, my Lord," replied the chemist, in a resigned manner. "Then there'll be murder before this trial's over; that's all. Swear me, if you please, sir;" and sworn the chemist was, before the judge could find words to utter.

"I merely wanted to observe, my Lord," said the chemist, taking his seat with great deliberation, "that I've left nobody but an errand-boy in my shop. He is a very nice boy, my Lord, but he is not acquainted with drugs; and I know that the prevailing impression on his mind is, that Epsom salts means oxalic acid; and syrup of senna, laudanum. That's all, my Lord." With this, the tall chemist composed himself into a comfortable attitude, and, assuming a pleasant expression of countenance, appeared to have prepared himself for the worst.

Mr. Pickwick was regarding the chemist with feelings of the deepest horror, when a slight sensation was perceptible in the body of the court; and immediately afterwards Mrs. Bardell, supported by Mrs. Cluppins, was led in, and placed in a drooping state, at the other end of the seat on which Mr. Pickwick sat. An extra sized umbrella was then handed in by Mr. Dodson, and a pair of pattens by Mr. Fogg, each of whom had prepared a most sympathising and melancholy face for the occasion. Mrs. Sanders then appeared, leading in Master Bardell. At sight of her child, Mrs. Bardell started; suddenly recollecting herself, she kissed him in a frantic manner; then relapsing into a state of hysterical imbecility, the good lady requested to be informed where she was. In reply to this, Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders turned their heads away and wept, while Messrs. Dodson and Fogg intreated the plaintiff to compose herself. Serjeant Buzfuz rubbed his eyes very hard with a large white handkerchief, and gave an appealing look towards the jury, while the judge was visibly affected, and several of the beholders tried to cough down their emotions.

"Very good notion, that, indeed," whispered Perker to Mr. Pickwick. "Capital fellows those Dodson and Fogg; excellent ideas of effect, my dear sir, excellent."

As Perker spoke, Mrs. Bardell began to recover by slow degrees, while Mrs. Cluppins, after a careful survey of Master Bardell's buttons and the button-holes to which they severally belonged, placed him on the floor of the court in front of his mother,—a commanding position in which he could not fail to awaken the full commiseration and sympathy of both judge and jury. This was not done without considerable opposition, and many tears, on the part of the young gentleman himself, who had certain inward misgivings that the placing him within the full glare of the judge's eye was only a formal prelude to his being immediately ordered away for instant execution, or for transportation beyond the seas, during the whole term of his natural life, at the very least.

"Bardell and Pickwick," cried the gentleman in black, calling on the case, which stood first on the list.

"I am for the plaintiff, my Lord," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Who is with you, brother Buzfuz?" said the judge. Mr. Skimpin bowed, to intimate that he was.

"I appear for the defendant, my Lord," said Mr. Serjeant Snubbin.

"Anybody with you, brother Snubbin?" inquired the court.

"Mr. Phunky, my Lord," replied Serjeant Snubbin.

"Serjeant Buzfuz and Mr. Skimpin for the plaintiff," said the judge, writing down the names in his note-book, and reading as he wrote; "for the defendant, Serjeant Snubbin and Mr. Monkey."

"Beg your Lordship's pardon, Phunky."

"Oh, very good," said the judge; "I never had the pleasure of hearing the gentleman's name before." Here Mr. Phunky bowed and smiled, and the judge bowed and smiled too, and then Mr. Phunky, blushing into the very whites of his eyes, tried to look as if he didn't know that everybody was gazing at him: a thing which no man ever succeeded in doing yet, or in all reasonable probability, ever will.

"Go on," said the judge.

The ushers again called silence, and Mr. Skimpin proceeded to "open the case"; and the case appeared to have very little inside it when he had opened it, for he kept such particulars as he knew, completely to himself, and sat down, after a lapse of three min-

utes, leaving the jury in precisely the same advanced stage of wisdom as they were in before.

Serjeant Buzfuz then rose with all the majesty and dignity which the grave nature of the proceedings demanded, and having whispered to Dodson, and conferred briefly with Fogg, pulled his gown over his shoulders, settled his wig, and addressed the jury.

Serjeant Buzfuz began by saying, that never, in the whole course of his professional experience—never, from the very first moment of his applying himself to the study and practice of the law—had he approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon him—a responsibility, he would say, which he could never have supported, were he not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong, that it amounted to positive certainty that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of his much-injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom he now saw in that box before him.

Counsel usually begin in this way, because it puts the jury on the very best terms with themselves, and makes them think what sharp fellows they must be. A visible effect was produced immediately; several jurymen beginning to take voluminous notes with the utmost eagerness.

“You have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen,” continued Serjeant Buzfuz, well knowing that, from the learned friend alluded to, the gentlemen of the jury had heard just nothing at all—“you have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at £1,500. But you have not heard from my learned friend, inasmuch as it did not come within my learned friend’s province to tell you, what are the facts and circumstances of the case. Those facts and circumstances, gentlemen, you shall hear detailed by me, and proved by the unimpeachable female whom I will place in that box before you.”

Here Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, with a tremendous emphasis on the word “box,” smote his table with a mighty sound, and glanced at Dodson and Fogg, who nodded admiration of the serjeant, and indignant defiance of the defendant.

"The plaintiff, gentlemen," continued Serjeant Buzfuz, in a soft and melancholy voice, "the plaintiff is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying, for many years, the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford."

At this pathetic description of the decease of Mr. Bardell, who had been knocked on the head with a quart-pot in a public-house cellar, the learned serjeant's voice faltered, and he proceeded with emotion:

"Some time before his death, he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front parlour-window a written placard, bearing this inscription—'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within.' " Here Serjeant Buzfuz paused, while several gentlemen of the jury took a note of the document.

"There is no date to that, is there, sir?" inquired a juror.

"There is no date, gentlemen," replied Serjeant Buzfuz; "but I am instructed to say that it was put in the plaintiff's parlour-window just this time three years. I intreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document, 'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman'! Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear, she had no distrust, she had no suspicion, all was confidence and reliance. 'Mr. Bardell,' said the widow; 'Mr. Bardell was a man of honour, Mr. Bardell was a man of his word, Mr. Bardell was no deceiver, Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation; *in* single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let.' Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught the innocent boy to her maternal bosom,

and put the bill up in her parlour-window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlour-window three days—three days—gentlemen—a Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant.”

Serjeant Buzfuz, who had proceeded with such volubility that his face was perfectly crimson, here paused for breath. The silence awoke Mr. Justice Stareleigh, who immediately wrote down something with a pen without any ink in it, and looked unusually profound, to impress the jury with the belief that he always thought most deeply with his eyes shut. Serjeant Buzfuz proceeded.

“Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villainy.”

Here Mr. Pickwick, who had been writhing in silence for some time, gave a violent start, as if some vague idea of assaulting Serjeant Buzfuz, in the august presence of justice and law, suggested itself to his mind. An admonitory gesture from Perker restrained him, and he listened to the learned gentleman's continuation with a look of indignation, which contrasted forcibly with the admiring faces of Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders.

“I say systematic villainy, gentlemen,” said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking through Mr. Pickwick, and talking *at* him; “and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them; and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one

or the other, or the first, or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson."

This little divergence from the subject in hand, had of course, the intended effect of turning all eyes to Mr. Pickwick. Serjeant Buzfuz, having partially recovered from the state of moral elevation into which he had lashed himself, resumed:

"I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired and prepared it for wear, when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and after inquiring whether he had won any *alley tors* or *commoneys* lately (both of which I understand to be a particular species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression: 'How should you like to have another father?' I shall prove to you, gentlemen, that about a year ago, Pickwick suddenly began to absent himself from home, during long intervals, as if with the intention of gradually breaking off from my client; but I shall show you also, that his resolution was not at that time sufficiently strong, or that his better feelings conquered, if better feelings he has, or that the charms and accomplishments of my client prevailed against his unmanly intentions; by proving to you, that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms, offered her marriage: previously however, taking special care that there should be no witness to their solemn contract; and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends,—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen—most unwilling witnesses—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments."

A visible impression was produced upon the auditors by this

part of the learned serjeant's address. Drawing forth two very small scraps of paper, he proceeded:

"And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, under-handed communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—'Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick.' Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomato sauce! Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away, by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which in itself is suspicious. 'Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.' And then follows this very remarkable expression. 'Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan.' The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!"

Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz paused in this place, to see whether the jury smiled at his joke: but as nobody took it but the greengrocer, whose sensitiveness on the subject was very probably occasioned by his having subjected a chaise-cart to the process in question on that identical morning, the learned serjeant considered it advisable to undergo a slight relapse into the dismal before he concluded.

"But enough of this, gentlemen," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, "it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his 'alley tors' and his 'commonneys' are alike neglected; he forgets the long familiar cry of 'knuckle down' and at tip-cheese, or odd and even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless Tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages—is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathising, a contemplative jury of her civilised countrymen." With this beautiful peroration, Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz sat down, and Mr. Justice Stareleigh woke up.

"Call Elizabeth Cluppins," said Serjeant Buzfuz, rising a minute afterwards, with renewed vigour. . . .

[*Mrs. Cluppins, an inquisitive neighbor of Mrs. Bardell's, testifies that "quite by accident" she overheard the conversation between Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell in which Pickwick had seemingly compromised himself. The next witness is one of the members of the Corresponding Society of the Pickwick Club,*

and as Pickwick's good friend he is eager to do him a good turn.]

"Nathaniel Winkle!" said Mr. Skimpin.

"Here!" replied a feeble voice. Mr. Winkle entered the witness box, and having been duly sworn, bowed to the judge with considerable deference.

"Don't look at me, sir," said the judge, sharply, in acknowledgment of the salute; "look at the jury."

Mr. Winkle obeyed the mandate, and looked at the place where he thought it most probable the jury might be; for seeing anything in his then state of intellectual complication was wholly out of the question.

Mr. Winkle was then examined by Mr. Skimpin, who, being a promising young man of two or three and forty, was of course anxious to confuse a witness who was notoriously predisposed in favour of the other side, as much as he could.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Skimpin, "have the goodness to let his Lordship and the jury know what your name is, will you?" and Mr. Skimpin inclined his head on one side to listen with great sharpness to the answer, and glanced at the jury meanwhile, as if to imply that he rather expected Mr. Winkle's natural taste for perjury would induce him to give some name which did not belong to him.

"Winkle," replied the witness.

"What's your Christian name, sir?" angrily inquired the little judge.

"Nathaniel, sir."

"Daniel,—any other name?"

"Nathaniel, sir—my Lord, I mean."

"Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel?"

"No, my Lord, only Nathaniel; not Daniel at all."

"What did you tell me it was Daniel for, then, sir?" inquired the judge.

"I didn't, my Lord," replied Mr. Winkle.

"You did, sir," replied the judge, with a severe frown. "How could I have got Daniel on my notes, unless you told me so, sir?" This argument was, of course, unanswerable.

"Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory, my Lord," interposed

Mr. Skimpin, with another glance at the jury. "We shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done with him, I dare say."

"You had better be careful, sir," said the little judge, with a sinister look at the witness.

Poor Mr. Winkle bowed, and endeavoured to feign an easiness of manner, which, in his then state of confusion, gave him rather the air of a disconcerted pickpocket. . . .

"Pray, Mr. Winkle, do you remember calling on the defendant Pickwick at these apartments in the plaintiff's house in Goswell Street, on one particular morning, in the month of July last?"

"Yes, I do."

"Were you accompanied on that occasion by a friend of the name of Tupman, and another of the name of Snodgrass?"

"Yes, I was."

"Are they here?"

"Yes, they are," replied Mr. Winkle, looking very earnestly towards the spot where his friends were stationed.

"Pray attend to me, Mr. Winkle, and never mind your friends," said Mr. Skimpin, with another expressive look at the jury. "They must tell their stories without any previous consultation with you, if none has yet taken place (another look at the jury). Now, sir, tell the gentlemen of the jury what you saw on entering the defendant's room, on this particular morning. Come; out with it, sir; we must have it, sooner or later."

"The defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff in his arms, with his hands clasping her waist," replied Mr. Winkle with natural hesitation, "and the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away."

"Did you hear the defendant say anything?"

"I heard him call Mrs. Bardell a good creature, and I heard him ask her to compose herself, for what a situation it was, if anybody should come, or words to that effect."

"Now, Mr. Winkle, I have only one more question to ask you, and I beg you to bear in mind his lordship's caution. Will you undertake to swear that Pickwick, the defendant, did not say on the occasion in question, 'My dear Mrs. Bardell, you're a good creature; compose yourself to this situation, for to this situation you must come,' or words to *that* effect?"

"I—I didn't understand him so, certainly," said Mr. Winkle, astounded at this ingenious dove-tailing of the few words he had heard, "I was on the staircase, and couldn't hear distinctly; the impression on my mind is—"

"The gentlemen of the jury want none of the impressions on your mind, Mr. Winkle, which I fear would be of little service to honest, straightforward men," interposed Mr. Skimpin. "You were on the staircase, and didn't distinctly hear; but you will not swear that Pickwick did not make use of the expressions I have quoted? Do I understand that?"

"No, I will not," replied Mr. Winkle; and down sat Mr. Skimpin with a triumphant countenance.

Mr. Pickwick's case had not gone off in so particularly happy a manner, up to this point, that it could very well afford to have any additional suspicion cast upon it. But as it could afford to be placed in a rather better light, if possible, Mr. Phunky rose for the purpose of getting something important out of Mr. Winkle in cross-examination. Whether he did get anything important out of him, will immediately appear.

"I believe, Mr. Winkle," said Mr. Phunky, "that Mr. Pickwick is not a young man?"

"Oh no," replied Mr. Winkle, "old enough to be my father."

"You have told my learned friend that you have known Mr. Pickwick a long time. Had you ever any reason to suppose or believe that he was about to be married?"

"Oh no; certainly not;" replied Mr. Winkle with so much eagerness, that Mr. Phunky ought to have got him out of the box with all possible dispatch. Lawyers hold that there are two kinds of particularly bad witnesses: a reluctant witness, and a too-willing witness; it was Mr. Winkle's fate to figure in both characters.

"I will even go further than this, Mr. Winkle," continued Mr. Phunky in a most smooth and complacent manner. "Did you ever see anything in Mr. Pickwick's manner, and conduct towards the opposite sex, to induce you to believe that he ever contemplated matrimony of late years, in any case?"

"Oh no; certainly not," replied Mr. Winkle.

"Has his behaviour, when females have been in the case, always been that of a man, who, having attained a pretty advanced

period of life, content with his own occupations and amusements, treats them only as a father might his daughters?"

"Not the least doubt of it," replied Mr. Winkle, in the fulness of his heart. "That is—yes—oh yes—certainly."

"You have never known anything in his behaviour towards Mrs. Bardell, or any other female, in the least degree suspicious?" said Mr. Phunky, preparing to sit down; for Serjeant Snubbin was winking at him.

"N—n—no," replied Mr. Winkle, "except on one trifling occasion, which, I have no doubt, might be easily explained."

Now, if the unfortunate Mr. Phunky had sat down when Serjeant Snubbin winked at him, or if Serjeant Buzfuz had stopped this irregular cross-examination at the outset (which he knew better than to do; observing Mr. Winkle's anxiety, and well knowing it would, in all probability, lead to something serviceable to him), this unfortunate admission would not have been elicited. The moment the words fell from Mr. Winkle's lips, Mr. Phunky sat down, and Serjeant Snubbin rather hastily told him he might leave the box, which Mr. Winkle prepared to do with great readiness, when Serjeant Buzfuz stopped him.

"Stay, Mr. Winkle, stay!" said Serjeant Buzfuz, "will your lordship have the goodness to ask him, what this one instance of suspicious behaviour towards females on the part of this gentleman, who is old enough to be his father, was?"

"You hear what the learned counsel says, sir," observed the judge, turning to the miserable and agonised Mr. Winkle. "Describe the occasion to which you refer."

"My lord," said Mr. Winkle, trembling with anxiety, "I—I'd rather not."

"Perhaps so," said the little judge; "but you must."

Amid the profound silence of the whole court, Mr. Winkle faltered out, that the trifling circumstance of suspicion was Mr. Pickwick's being found in a lady's sleeping apartment at midnight; which had terminated, he believed, in the breaking off of the projected marriage of the lady in question, and had led, he knew, to the whole party being forcibly carried before George Nupkins, Esq., magistrate and justice of the peace, for the borough of Ipswich!

"You may leave the box, sir," said Serjeant Snubbin. Mr. Winkle *did* leave the box, and rushed with delirious haste to the George and Vulture, where he was discovered some hours after, by the waiter, groaning in a hollow and dismal manner, with his head buried beneath the sofa cushions.

Tracy Tupman, and Augustus Snodgrass, were severally called into the box; both corroborated the testimony of their unhappy friend; and each was driven to the verge of desperation by excessive badgering.

Susannah Sanders was then called, and examined by Serjeant Buzfuz, and cross-examined by Serjeant Snubbin. Had always said and believed that Pickwick would marry Mrs. Bardell; knew that Mrs. Bardell's being engaged to Pickwick was the current topic of conversation in the neighbourhood, after the fainting in July; had been told it herself by Mrs. Mudberry which kept a mangle, and Mrs. Bunkin which clear-starched, but did not see either Mrs. Mudberry or Mrs. Bunkin in court. Had heard Pickwick ask the little boy how he should like to have another father. Did not know that Mrs. Bardell was at that time keeping company with the baker, but did know that the baker was then a single man and is now married. Couldn't swear that Mrs. Bardell was not very fond of the baker, but should think that the baker was not very fond of Mrs. Bardell, or he wouldn't have married somebody else. Thought Mrs. Bardell fainted away on the morning in July, because Pickwick asked her to name the day; knew that she (witness) fainted away stone dead when Mr. Sanders asked *her* to name the day, and believed that everybody as called herself a lady would do the same, under similar circumstances. Heard Pickwick ask the boy the question about the marbles, but upon her oath did not know the difference between an alley tor and a commoney.

By the COURT.—During the period of her keeping company with Mr. Sanders, had received love letters, like other ladies. In the course of their correspondence Mr. Sanders had often called her a "duck," but never "chops," nor yet "tomato sauce." He was particularly fond of ducks. Perhaps if he had been as fond of chops and tomato sauce, he might have called her that, as a term of affection.

Serjeant Buzfuz now rose with more importance than he had yet exhibited, if that were possible, and vociferated: "Call Samuel Weller."

It was quite unnecessary to call Samuel Weller; for Samuel Weller stepped briskly into the box the instant his name was pronounced; and placing his hat on the floor, and his arms on the rail, took a bird's-eye view of the bar, and a comprehensive survey of the bench, with a remarkably cheerful and lively aspect.

"What's your name, sir?" inquired the judge.

"Sam Weller, my lord," replied that gentleman.

"Do you spell it with a 'V' or a 'W'?" inquired the judge.

"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord," replied Sam; "I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a 'V.'"

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed aloud, "Quite right too, Samivel, quite right. Put it down a we, my lord, put it down a we."

"Who is that, who dares to address the court?" said the little judge, looking up. "Usher."

"Yes, my lord."

"Bring that person here instantly."

"Yes, my lord."

But as the usher didn't find the person, he didn't bring him; and, after a great commotion, all the people who had got up to look for the culprit, sat down again. The little judge turned to the witness as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak, and said,

"Do you know who that was, sir?"

"I rayther suspect it was my father, my lord," replied Sam.

"Do you see him here now?" said the judge.

"No, I don't, my lord," replied Sam, staring right up into the lantern in the roof of the court.

"If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly," said the judge.

Sam bowed his acknowledgments and turned, with unimpaired cheerfulness of countenance, towards Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, sir," replied Sam.

"I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller."

"I mean to speak up, sir," replied Sam; "I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'man, and a very good service it is."

"Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, with jocularly.

"Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," replied Sam.

"You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, sir," interposed the judge, "it's not evidence."

"Very good, my lord," replied Sam.

"Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant; eh, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Yes I do, sir," replied Sam.

"Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was."

"I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury," said Sam, "and that was a very partickler and uncommon circumstance vith me in those days."

Hereupon there was a general laugh; and the little judge, looking with an angry countenance over his desk, said, "You had better be careful, sir."

"So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord," replied Sam; "and I was very careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes; very careful indeed, my lord."

The judge looked sternly at Sam for full two minutes, but Sam's features were so perfectly calm and serene that the judge said nothing, and motioned Serjeant Buzfuz to proceed.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, folding his arms emphatically, and turning half-round to the jury, as if in mute assurance that he would bother the witness yet: "Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?"

"Certainly not," replied Sam. "I was in the passage 'till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there."

"Now, attend, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, dipping a large pen into the inkstand before him, for the purpose of

frightening Sam with a show of taking down his answer. "You were in the passage, and yet saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?"

"Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam, "and that's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my wision's limited."

At this answer, which was delivered without the slightest appearance of irritation, and with the most complete simplicity and equanimity of manner, the spectators tittered, the little judge smiled, and Serjeant Buzfuz looked particularly foolish. After a short consultation with Dodson and Fogg, the learned Serjeant again turned towards Sam, and said, with a painful effort to conceal his vexation, "Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please."

"If you please, sir," rejoined Sam, with the utmost good-humour.

"Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house, one night in November last?"

"Oh yes, very well."

"Oh, you *do* remember that, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, recovering his spirits; "I thought we should get at something at last."

"I rayther thought that, too, sir," replied Sam; and at this the spectators tittered again.

"Well; I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial—eh, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking knowingly at the jury.

"I went up to pay the rent; but we *did* get a talkin' about the trial," replied Sam.

"Oh, you did get a talking about the trial," said Serjeant Buzfuz, brightening up with the anticipation of some important discovery. "Now what passed about the trial; will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?"

"Vith all the pleasure in life, sir," replied Sam. "Arter a few unimportant obserwations from the two wirtuous females as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a very great state o' admiration at the honourable conduct of Mr. Dodson and

Fogg—them two gen'l'men as is settin' near you now." This, of course, drew general attention to Dodson and Fogg, who looked as virtuous as possible.

"The attorneys for the plaintiff," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz. "Well! They spoke in high praise of the honourable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?"

"Yes," said Sam, "they said what a wery gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothing at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick."

At this very unexpected reply, the spectators tittered again, and Dodson and Fogg, turning very red, leant over to Serjeant Buzfuz, and in a hurried manner whispered something in his ear.

"You are quite right," said Serjeant Buzfuz aloud, with affected composure. "It's perfectly useless, my lord, attempting to get at any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir."

"Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anythin'?" inquired Sam, taking up his hat, and looking round most deliberately.

"Not I, Mr. Weller, thank you," said Serjeant Snubbin, laughing.

"You may go down, sir," said Serjeant Buzfuz, waving his hand impatiently. Sam went down accordingly, after doing Messrs. Dodson and Fogg's case as much harm as he conveniently could, and saying just as little respecting Mr. Pickwick as might be, which was precisely the object he had had in view all along.

"I have no objection to admit, my lord," said Serjeant Snubbin, "if it will save the examination of another witness, that Mr. Pickwick has retired from business, and is a gentleman of considerable independent property."

"Very well," said Serjeant Buzfuz, putting in the two letters to be read, "Then that's my case, my lord."

Serjeant Snubbin then addressed the jury on behalf of the defendant; and a very long and a very emphatic address he delivered, in which he bestowed the highest possible eulogiums on the conduct and character of Mr. Pickwick; but inasmuch as our readers are far better able to form a correct estimate of that gentleman's merits and deserts, than Serjeant Snubbin could pos-

sibly be, we do not feel called upon to enter at any length into the learned gentleman's observations. He attempted to show that the letters which had been exhibited, merely related to Mr. Pickwick's dinner, or to the preparations for receiving him in his apartments on his return from some country excursion. It is sufficient to add in general terms, that he did the best he could for Mr. Pickwick; and the best, as everybody knows, on the infallible authority of the old adage, could do no more.

Mr. Justice Stareleigh summed up, in the old-established and most approved form. He read as much of his notes to the jury as he could decipher on so short a notice, and made running comments on the evidence as he went along. If Mrs. Bardell were right, it was perfectly clear that Mr. Pickwick was wrong, and if they thought the evidence of Mrs. Cluppins worthy of credence they would believe it, and, if they didn't, why they wouldn't. If they were satisfied that a breach of promise of marriage had been committed, they would find for the plaintiff with such damages as they thought proper; and if, on the other hand, it appeared to them that no promise of marriage had ever been given, they would find for the defendant with no damages at all. The jury then retired to their private room to talk the matter over, and the judge retired to *his* private room, to refresh himself with a mutton chop and a glass of sherry.

An anxious quarter of an hour elapsed; the jury came back; the judge was fetched in. Mr. Pickwick put on his spectacles, and gazed at the foreman with an agitated countenance and a quickly beating heart.

"Gentlemen," said the individual in black, "are you all agreed upon your verdict?"

"We are," replied the foreman.

"Do you find for the plaintiff, gentlemen, or for the defendant?"

"For the plaintiff."

"With what damages, gentlemen?"

"Seven hundred and fifty pounds."

Mr. Pickwick took off his spectacles, carefully wiped the glasses, folded them into their case, and put them in his pocket; then having drawn on his gloves with great nicety, and stared at

the foreman all the while, he mechanically followed Mr. Perker and the blue bag out of court.

They stopped in a side room while Perker paid the court fees; and here, Mr. Pickwick was joined by his friends. Here, too, he encountered Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, rubbing their hands with every token of outward satisfaction.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Well, sir," said Dodson: for self and partner.

"You imagine you'll get your costs, don't you, gentlemen?" said Mr. Pickwick.

Fogg said they thought it rather probable. Dodson smiled, and said they'd try.

"You may try, and try, and try again, Messrs. Dodson and Fogg," said Mr. Pickwick vehemently, "but not one farthing of costs or damages do you ever get from me, if I spend the rest of my existence in a debtor's prison."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Dodson. "You'll think better of that, before next term, Mr. Pickwick."

"He, he, he! We'll soon see about that, Mr. Pickwick," grinned Fogg.

Speechless with indignation, Mr. Pickwick allowed himself to be led by his solicitor and friends to the door, and there assisted into a hackney-coach, which had been fetched for the purpose, by the ever watchful Sam Weller.

Sam had put up the steps, and was preparing to jump upon the box, when he felt himself gently touched on the shoulder; and looking round, his father stood before him. The old gentleman's countenance wore a mournful expression, as he shook his head gravely, and said, in warning accents:

"I know'd what 'ud come o' this here mode o' doin' bisness. Oh Sammy, Sammy, vy worn't there a alleybi!"

THE POOR RELATION'S STORY

(*Story of Sentiment*)

He was very reluctant to take precedence of so many respected members of the family, by beginning the round of stories they were to relate as they sat in a goodly circle by the Christmas fire; and he modestly suggested that it would be more correct if "John our esteemed host" (whose health he begged to drink) would have the kindness to begin. For as to himself, he said he was so little used to lead the way that really—But as they all cried out here, that he must begin, and agreed with one voice that he might, could, would, and should begin, he left off rubbing his hands, and took his legs out from under his arm-chair and did begin.

I have no doubt (said the poor relation) that I shall surprise the assembled members of our family, and particularly John our esteemed host to whom we are so much indebted for the great hospitality with which he has this day entertained us, by the confession I am going to make. But, if you do me the honour to be surprised at anything that falls from a person so unimportant in the family as I am, I can only say that I shall be scrupulously accurate in all I relate.

I am not what I am supposed to be. I am quite another thing. Perhaps before I go further, I had better glance at what I *am* supposed to be.

It is supposed, unless I mistake—the assembled members of our family will correct me if I do, which is very likely (here the poor relation looked mildly about him for contradiction); that I am nobody's enemy but my own. That I never met with any particular success in anything. That I failed in business because I was unbusiness-like and credulous—in not being prepared for the interested designs of my partner. That I failed in love, because I was ridiculously trustful—in thinking it impossible that Christiana could deceive me. That I failed in my expectations from my

uncle Chill, on account of not being as sharp as he could have wished in worldly matters. That, through life, I have been rather put upon and disappointed in a general way. That I am at present a bachelor of between fifty-nine and sixty years of age, living on a limited income in the form of a quarterly allowance, to which I see that John our esteemed host wishes me to make no further allusion.

The supposition as to my present pursuits and habits is to the following effect.

I live in a lodging in the Clapham Road—a very clean back room, in a very respectable house—where I am expected not to be at home in the day time, unless poorly; and which I usually leave in the morning at nine o'clock, on pretence of going to business. I take my breakfast—my roll and butter, and my half-pint of coffee—at the old established coffee-shop near Westminster Bridge; and then I go into the City—I don't know why—and sit in Garraway's Coffee House, and on 'Change, and walk about, and look into a few offices and counting-houses where some of my relations or acquaintance are so good as to tolerate me, and where I stand by the fire if the weather happens to be cold. I get through the day in this way until five o'clock, and then I dine: at a cost, on the average, of one and three pence. Having still a little money to spend on my evening's entertainments, I look into the old-fashioned coffee-shop as I go home, and take my cup of tea, and perhaps my bit of toast. So, as the large hand of the clock makes its way round to the morning hour again, I make my way round to the Clapham Road again, and go to bed when I get to my lodging—fire being expensive, and being objected to by the family on account of its giving trouble and making a dirt.

Sometimes, one of my relations or acquaintances is so obliging as to ask me to dinner. Those are holiday occasions, and then I generally walk in the Park. I am a solitary man, and seldom walk with anybody. Not that I am avoided because I am shabby; for I am not at all shabby, having always a very good suit of black on (or rather Oxford mixture, which has the appearance of black and wears much better); but I have got into a habit of speaking low, and being rather silent, and my spirits are not high, and I am sensible that I am not an attractive companion.

The only exception to this general rule is the child of my first cousin, Little Frank. I have a particular affection for that child, and he takes very kindly to me. He is a diffident boy by nature; and in a crowd he is soon run over, as I may say, and forgotten. He and I, however, get on exceedingly well. I have a fancy that the poor child will in time succeed to my peculiar position in the family. We talk but little; still, we understand each other. We walk about, hand in hand; and without much speaking he knows what I mean, and I know what he means. When he was very little indeed, I used to take him to the windows of the toy-shops, and show him the toys inside. It is surprising how soon he found out that I would have made him a great many presents if I had been in circumstances to do it.

Little Frank and I go and look at the outside of the Monument—he is very fond of the Monument—and at the Bridges, and at all the sights that are free. On two of my birthdays, we have dined on a-la-mode beef, and gone at half-price to the play, and been deeply interested. I was once walking with him in Lombard Street, which we often visit on account of my having mentioned to him that there are great riches there—he is very fond of Lombard Street—when a gentleman said to me as he passed by, “Sir, your little son has dropped his glove.” I assure you, if you will excuse my remarking on so trivial a circumstance, this accidental mention of the child as mine, quite touched my heart and brought the foolish tears to my eyes.

When little Frank is sent to school in the country, I shall be very much at a loss what to do with myself, but I have the intention of walking down there once a month and seeing him on a half holiday. I am told he will then be at play upon the Heath; and if my visits should be objected to, as unsettling the child, I can see him from a distance without his seeing me, and walk back again. His mother comes of a highly genteel family, and rather disapproves, I am aware, of our being too much together. I know that I am not calculated to improve his retiring disposition; but I think he would miss me beyond the feeling of the moment if we were wholly separated.

When I die in the Clapham Road, I shall not leave much more in this world than I shall take out of it; but, I happen to have a miniature of a bright-faced boy, with a curling head, and an

open shirt-frill waving down his bosom (my mother had it taken for me, but I can't believe that it was ever like), which will be worth nothing to sell, and which I shall beg may be given to Frank. I have written my dear boy a little letter with it, in which I have told him that I felt very sorry to part from him, though bound to confess that I knew no reason why I should remain here. I have given him some short advice, the best in my power, to take warning of the consequences of being nobody's enemy but his own; and I have endeavoured to comfort him for what I fear he will consider a bereavement, by pointing out to him, that I was only a superfluous something to every one but him; and that having by some means failed to find a place in this great assembly, I am better out of it.

Such (said the poor relation, clearing his throat and beginning to speak a little louder) is the general impression about me. Now, it is a remarkable circumstance, which forms the aim and purpose of my story, that this is all wrong. This is not my life, and these are not my habits. I do not even live in the Clapham Road. Comparatively speaking, I am very seldom there. I reside, mostly, in a—I am almost ashamed to say the word, it sounds so full of pretension—in a Castle. I do not mean that it is an old baronial habitation, but still it is a building always known to every one by the name of a Castle. In it, I preserve the particulars of my history; they run thus:—

It was when I first took John Spatter (who had been my clerk) into partnership, and when I was still a young man of not more than five-and-twenty, residing in the house of my Uncle Chill, from whom I had considerable expectations, that I ventured to propose to Christiana. I had loved Christiana a long time. She was very beautiful, and very winning in all respects. I rather mistrusted her widowed mother, who I feared was of a plotting and mercenary turn of mind; but, I thought as well of her as I could, for Christiana's sake. I never had loved any one but Christiana, and she had been all the world, and oh, far more than all the world, to me, from our childhood!

Christiana accepted me with her mother's consent, and I was rendered very happy indeed. My life at my Uncle Chill's was of a spare dull kind, and my garret chamber was as dull, and bare, and cold, as an upper prison room in some stern northern fortress.

But, having Christiana's love, I wanted nothing upon earth. I would not have changed my lot with any human being.

Avarice was, unhappily, my Uncle Chill's master-vice. Though he was rich, he pinched, and scraped, and clutched, and lived miserably. As Christiana had no fortune, I was for some time a little fearful of confessing our engagement to him; but, at length I wrote him a letter, saying how it all truly was. I put it into his hand one night, on going to bed.

As I came down-stairs next morning, shivering in the cold December air; colder in my uncle's unwarmed house than in the street, where the winter sun did sometimes shine, and which was at all events enlivened by cheerful faces and voices passing along; I carried a heavy heart towards the long, low breakfast-room in which my uncle sat. It was a large room with a small fire, and there was a great bay window in it which the rain had marked in the night as if with the tears of houseless people. It stared upon a raw yard, with a cracked stone pavement, and some rusted iron railings half uprooted, whence an ugly out-building, that had once been a dissecting-room (in the time of the great surgeon who had mortgaged the house to my uncle), stared at it.

We rose so early always, that at that time of the year, we breakfasted by candle-light. When I went into the room, my uncle was so contracted by the cold, and so huddled together in his chair behind the one dim candle, that I did not see him until I was close to the table.

As I held out my hand to him, he caught up his stick (being infirm, he always walked about the house with a stick), and made a blow at me, and said, "You fool!"

"Uncle," I returned, "I didn't expect you to be so angry as this." Nor had I expected it, though he was a hard and angry old man.

"You didn't expect!" said he; "when did you ever expect? When did you ever calculate, or look forward, you contemptible dog?"

"These are hard words, uncle!"

"Hard words? Feathers, to pelt such an idiot as you with," said he. "Here! Betsy Snap! Look at him!"

Betsy Snap was a withered, hard-favoured, yellow old woman—our only domestic—always employed at this time of the morn-

ing, in rubbing my uncle's legs. As my uncle adjured her to look at me, he put his lean grip on the crown of her head, she kneeling beside him, and turned her face towards me. An involuntary thought connecting them both with the Dissecting Room, as it must often have been in the surgeon's time, passed across my mind in the midst of my anxiety.

"Look at the snivelling milk-sop!" said my uncle. "Look at the baby! This is the gentleman who, people say, is nobody's enemy but his own. This is the gentleman who can't say no. This is the gentleman who was making such large profits in his business that he must needs take a partner, t'other day. This is the gentleman who is going to marry a wife without a penny, and who falls into the hands of Jezebels who are speculating on my death!"

I knew, now, how great my uncle's rage was; for nothing short of his being almost beside himself would have induced him to utter that concluding word, which he held in such repugnance that it was never spoken or hinted at before him on any account.

"On my death," he repeated, as if he were defying me by defying his own abhorrence of the word. "On my death—death—Death! But I'll spoil the speculation. Eat your last under this roof, you feeble wretch, and may it choke you!"

You may suppose that I had not much appetite for the breakfast to which I was bidden in these terms; but I took my accustomed seat. I saw that I was repudiated henceforth by my uncle; still I could bear that very well, possessing Christiana's heart.

He emptied his basin of bread and milk as usual, only that he took it on his knees with his chair turned away from the table where I sat. When he had done, he carefully snuffed out the candle; and the cold, slate-coloured, miserable day looked in upon us.

"Now, Mr. Michael," said he, "before we part, I should like to have a word with these ladies in your presence."

"As you will, sir," I returned; "but you deceive yourself, and wrong us cruelly, if you suppose that there is any feeling at stake in this contract but pure, disinterested, faithful love."

To this, he only replied, "You lie!" and not one other word.

We went, through half-thawed snow and half-frozen rain, to the house where Christiana and her mother lived. My uncle knew

them very well. They were sitting at their breakfast, and were surprised to see us at that hour.

"Your servant, ma'am," said my uncle to the mother. "You divine the purpose of my visit, I dare say, ma'am. I understand there is a world of pure, disinterested, faithful love cooped up here. I am happy to bring it all it wants, to make it complete. I bring you your son-in-law, ma'am—and you, your husband, miss. The gentleman is a perfect stranger to me, but I wish him joy of his wise bargain."

He snarled at me as he went out, and I never saw him again.

It is altogether a mistake (continued the poor relation) to suppose that my dear Christiana, over-persuaded and influenced by her mother, married a rich man, the dirt from whose carriage wheels is often, in these changed times, thrown upon me, as she rides by. No, no. She married me.

The way we came to be married rather sooner than we intended, was this. I took a frugal lodging and was saving and planning for her sake, when one day she spoke to me with great earnestness, and said:—

"My dear Michael, I have given you my heart. I have said that I loved you, and I have pledged myself to be your wife. I am as much yours through all changes of good and evil as if we had been married on the day when such words passed between us. I know you well, and know that if we should be separated and our union broken off, your whole life would be shadowed, and all that might, even now, be stronger in your character for the conflict with the world would then be weakened to the shadow of what it is!"

"God help me, Christiana!" said I. "You speak the truth."

"Michael!" said she, putting her hand in mine, in all maidenly devotion, "let us keep apart no longer. It is but for me to say that I can live contented upon such means as you have, and I well know you are happy. I say so from my heart. Strive no more alone; let us strive together. My dear Michael, it is not right that I should keep secret from you what you do not suspect, but what distresses my whole life. My mother—without considering that what you have lost, you have lost for me, and on the assurance of my faith—sets her heart on riches and urges another suit

upon us, to my misery. I cannot bear this, for to bear it is to be untrue to you. I would rather share your struggles than look on. I want no better home than you can give me. I know that you will aspire and labour with a higher courage if I am wholly yours, and let it be so when you will!"

I was blest indeed, that day, and a new world opened to me. We were married in a very little while, and I took my wife to our happy home. That was the beginning of the residence I have spoken of; the Castle we have ever since inhabited together, dates from that time. All our children have been born in it. Our first child—now married—was a little girl, whom we called Christiana. Her son is so like Little Frank, that I hardly know which is which.

The current impression as to my partner's dealings with me is also quite erroneous. He did not begin to treat me coldly, as a poor simpleton, when my uncle and I so fatally quarrelled; nor did he afterwards gradually possess himself of our business and edge me out. On the contrary, he behaved to me with the utmost good faith and honour.

Matters between us took this turn:—On the day of my separation from my uncle, and even before the arrival at our counting-house of my trunks (which he sent after me, *not* carriage paid), I went down to our room of business, on our little wharf, overlooking the river; and there I told John Spatter what had happened. John did not say, in reply, that rich old relatives were palpable facts, and that love and sentiment were moonshine and fiction. He addressed me thus:—

"Michael," said John, "we were at school together, and I generally had the knack of getting on better than you, and making a higher reputation."

"You had, John," I returned.

"Although," said John, "I borrowed your books and lost them; borrowed your pocket-money, and never repaid it; got you to buy my damaged knives at a higher price than I had given for them new; and to own to the windows that I had broken."

"All not worth mentioning, John Spatter," said I, "but certainly true."

"When you were first established in this infant business, which

promises to thrive so well," pursued John, "I came to you, in my search for almost any employment, and you made me your clerk."

"Still not worth mentioning, my dear John Spatter," said I; "still, equally true."

"And finding that I had a good head for business, and that I was really useful *to* the business, you did not like to retain me in that capacity, and thought it an act of justice soon to make me your partner."

"Still less worth mentioning than any of those other little circumstances you have recalled, John Spatter," said I; "for I was, and am, sensible of your merits and my deficiencies."

"Now, my good friend," said John, drawing my arm through his, as he had had a habit of doing at school; while two vessels outside the windows of our counting-house—which were shaped like the stern windows of a ship—went lightly down the river with the tide, as John and I might then be sailing away in company, and in trust and confidence, on our voyage of life; "let there, under these friendly circumstances, be a right understanding between us. You are too easy, Michael. You are nobody's enemy but your own. If I were to give you that damaging character among our connection, with a shrug, and a shake of the head, and a sigh; and if I were further to abuse the trust you place in me—"

"But you never will abuse it at all, John," I observed.

"Never!" said he; "but I am putting a case—I say, and if I were further to abuse that trust by keeping this piece of our common affairs in the dark, and this other piece in the light, and again this other piece in the twilight, and so on, I should strengthen my strength, and weaken your weakness, day by day, until at last I found myself on the high road to fortune, and you left behind on some bare common, a hopeless number of miles out of the way."

"Exactly so," said I.

"To prevent this, Michael," said John Spatter, "or the remotest chance of this, there must be perfect openness between us. Nothing must be concealed, and we must have but one interest."

"My dear John Spatter," I assured him, "that is precisely what I mean."

"And when you are too easy," pursued John, his face glowing with friendship, "you must allow me to prevent that imperfection in your nature from being taken advantage of, by any one; you must not expect me to humour it—"

"My dear John Spatter," I interrupted, "I *don't* expect you to humour it. I want to correct it."

"And I too," said John.

"Exactly so!" cried I. "We both have the same end in view; and, honourably seeking it, and fully trusting one another, and having but one interest, ours will be a prosperous and happy partnership."

"I am sure of it!" returned John Spatter. And we shook hands most affectionately.

I took John home to my Castle, and we had a very happy day. Our partnership thrived well. My friend and partner supplied what I wanted, as I had foreseen that he would; and by improving both the business and myself, amply acknowledged any little rise in life to which I had helped him.

I am not (said the poor relation, looking at the fire as he slowly rubbed his hands) very rich, for I never cared to be that; but I have enough, and am above all moderate wants and anxieties. My Castle is not a splendid place, but it is very comfortable, and it has a warm and cheerful air, and is quite a picture of Home.

Our eldest girl, who is very like her mother, married John Spatter's eldest son. Our two families are closely united in other ties of attachment. It is very pleasant of an evening, when we are all assembled together—which frequently happens—and when John and I talk over old times, and the one interest there has always been between us.

I really do not know, in my Castle, what loneliness is. Some of our children or grandchildren are always about it, and the young voices of my descendants are delightful—oh, how delightful!—to me to hear. My dearest and most devoted wife, ever faithful, ever loving, ever helpful and sustaining and consoling, is the priceless blessing of my house; from whom all its other blessings spring. We are rather a musical family, and when Christiana sees me, at any time, a little weary or depressed, she steals to the

piano and sings a gentle air she used to sing when we were first betrothed. So weak a man am I, that I cannot bear to hear it from any other source. They played it once, at the Theatre, when I was there with Little Frank, and the child said wondering, "Cousin Michael, whose hot tears are these that have fallen on my hand!"

Such is my Castle, and such are the real particulars of my life therein preserved. I often take Little Frank home there. He is very welcome to my grandchildren, and they play together. At this time of the year—the Christmas and New Year time—I am seldom out of my Castle. For, the associations of the season seem to hold me there, and the precepts of the season seem to teach me that it is well to be there.

"And the Castle is—" observed a grave, kind voice among the company.

"Yes, My Castle," said the poor relation, shaking his head as he still looked at the fire, "is in the Air. John our esteemed host suggests its situation accurately. My Castle is in the Air! I have done. Will you be so good as to pass the story."

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863)

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY was born near Calcutta in India. His people were in good circumstances, and after the custom of their class they sent him at the age of six home to England to be educated. He went to school at Southampton and in London, six years (1822-1828) at the Charterhouse, which school appears in his works, particularly in *The Newcomes*, as Greyfriars. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in February 1829. Like his hero Arthur Pendennis, Thackeray led a gay and, as regards his studies, a somewhat neglectful life in college and left after a year and a half. He did not seem to be a marked man as did his college-mate Alfred Tennyson, but like Tennyson made lasting friendships with important men. Thackeray's greatest friends were William Henry Brookfield and Edward Fitzgerald. After leaving Cambridge Thackeray spent a year abroad mainly at the interesting old city of Weimar, at that time a ducal court of some quaintness (subsequently exploited in *Vanity Fair*) and, as the home of Goethe, a literary center. After this Thackeray read law for a time in the Middle Temple, but, when he came into his property at the age of twenty-one, gave up the law and went to Paris. His small fortune quickly disappeared, mainly through a bank-failure, but, by his own admission, in part through playing cards for money with men of the stripe of Mr. Deuceace. There must, however, have been enough left for Thackeray to become proprietor of a weekly paper, *The National Standard*. He was at this time hesitating between his two talents—the one an easy and fluent style of writing and the other an ability as an artist with a pencil. Though he used both these talents for its

salvation, the weekly went on the rocks in February, 1834. Thackeray went to Paris to study art. He apparently had little success as a painter and must about this time have discovered his talent for humorous drawing. In April, 1836, Thackeray became Paris correspondent for a short-lived London daily and, on the strength of his prospects, got married. When the paper ceased publication, Thackeray found himself obliged to go to work in earnest in order to support himself and his family. By 1837 he was embarked on those ten years of miscellaneous writing which produced so much valuable literature and yet, as compared with Thackeray's later work, may be regarded as mere apprenticeship. He had during these years and before a varied and interesting experience and a great training in observation. He was naturally a remarkably clever man, and he built up the great literary power which he was later to display in his novels.

Two things are to be especially remembered: he was a great reader and specifically a lover of eighteenth-century literature; secondly, his early work was issued either anonymously or under pseudonyms. The former fact laid the basis of a great style, and the second gave him a degree of freedom and boldness he could hardly otherwise have developed and enjoyed. Anonymity, thrown off with *Vanity Fair*, of course robbed him of the chance to secure personal reputation. As Charles James Yellowplush, a footman, he wrote the *Yellowplush Papers*; as Major Goliah O'Grady Gahagan, he wrote biography, reminiscences, tales, sketches, and adventures connected with that Irish teller of tall tales; as Ikey Solomons, junior, he wrote *Catherine* (1839-1840), a rogue story after the pattern of Fielding's *Jonathan Wild*; as George Fitz-Boodle, he was the author, not only of *The Fitz-Boodle Papers* (1842-1843), but of *Men's Wives* (1845) and *The Luck of Barry Lyndon* (1846); and finally as Michael Angelo Titmarsh, he wrote many works. Of these assumed personalities M. A. Titmarsh is closest to W. M. Thackeray, for under that name were published *The Paris Sketch Book* (1840), *The*

Great Hoggarty Diamond (1841), *Bluebeard's Ghost* (1843), *The Irish Sketch Book* (1843), *A Legend of the Rhine* (1845), *Jeames's Diary* (1845-1846), *Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo* (1846), and the series of Christmas books—*Mrs. Perkins's Ball* (1847), *Our Street* (1848), *Dr. Birch and his Young Friends* (1849), *The Kickleburys on the Rhine* (1850), *Rebecca and Rowena* (1850)—burlesque of Scott's *Ivanhoe*—and the famous *The Rose and the Ring* (1855). For *Punch* in strict anonymity Thackeray had written most of his poems, *The Book of Snobs* (1846-1847), *Punch's Prize Novelists* (1847), and many other works.

We thus see that Thackeray when he began his writing of longer fiction was already a genius of the greatest versatility—novelist, essayist, poet, cartoonist, writer of travels, critic of society, and master of satire and burlesque. It is plain that he had been a great observer of all kinds of people and places, and a student of social attitudes and situations. It is also plain that he had acquired a style of the greatest ease and distinction. Perhaps he was anxious to put into practice a theory of realism different from that exemplified in Dickens; perhaps the time had come for him to give adequate expression to a highly developed talent long concealed; in any case, there began to be issued from the office of *Punch* in 1847 the monthly parts of *Vanity Fair*. We often think of a first novel as experimental and relatively immature, but this judgment does not apply to Thackeray's first. It is a carefully planned and brilliantly written novel fully expressive of his narrative genius. Thackeray never surpassed it unless it be in *The History of Henry Esmond*, and *Esmond* is a novel of a different and a somewhat more restricted sort. *Vanity Fair* presents a large and varied canvas on which are pictured ordinary persons in the situations of ordinary life. Its characters are not heroic, and their stories are tied together by very ordinary human bonds. The aggregate of the various stories which make up the complicated plot derives unity, not only from Becky Sharp, who plays in and out of every

story, but from the masterly dramatic conception in Thackeray's mind of the means and ends, the inevitable interrelationships, of life in families and social groups. *Vanity Fair* is a book of marvelous sprightliness and vitality. The author, as was usual with him always, stops when he pleases to comment and digress, but never to the point of damaging his story. His realism is already at its best and resides largely in an attitude of his mind toward his characters. They are free and are at the farthest pole from the condition known as "plot-ridden." They seem to come in like strangers or casual acquaintances both to the reader and to the author, and to talk and act as they will, like ordinary people in society, until he and we alike know them and their dispositions, histories, characters, and motives; so that it is a commonplace to say that Thackeray's books are like life. He is not only objective in his treatment of his characters, he is something more, he is impartial.

Pendennis (1848-1850) is closest to *Vanity Fair* both in temper and in workmanship, though toward the end it is softer and kindlier. In it Thackeray yields more often to tender sentiment than he does in *Vanity Fair*. *The History of Henry Esmond* (1852), the only one of Thackeray's novels to be completely finished before publication began, is possibly the greatest of historical novels, and so great in every way that it is an honor to English literature. Its unique quality comes from the fact that Thackeray has brought into an era of the past (in this case his favorite age of Queen Anne) his realistic conception of men and manners. Not only is the book great as a story and as a model of technical excellence in the art of fiction, but it is also great as the resurrection of an age gone by. Romantic coloring is eschewed and the age is represented as it appears in its most characteristic records. *The Newcomes* (1853-1855) continues the tone and temper and in part the persons of *Pendennis*, and *The Virginians* (1857-1859) those of *Henry Esmond*. Both novels are great and moving studies, but as works of fiction are too rambling and

discursive to bear comparison with Thackeray's first three. *The Adventures of Philip* (1862) is a less buoyant and less interesting *Pendennis*. *Denis Duval* (1864) was left unfinished at Thackeray's death. In subject it is closely connected with historical events in the French Revolution and is so gracefully written and so carefully poised in its art that one regards its unfinished state as a calamity.

In the following selections there is a lively chapter from *Vanity Fair* about what was going on in the city of Brussels while Waterloo was being fought; also one of *The Novels by Eminent Hands*, "George de Barnwell," in which Thackeray pours ridicule on Lord Lytton's pretentious novels of crime.

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"GEORGE DE BARNWELL"
from THE NOVELS BY EMINENT HANDS

(Parody)

In the Morning of Life the Truthful wooed the Beautiful, and their offspring was Love. Like his Divine parents, He is eternal. He has his Mother's ravishing smile: his Father's steadfast eyes. He rises every day, fresh and glorious as the untired Sun-God. He is Eros, the ever young. Dark, dark were this world of ours had either Divinity left it—dark without the day-beams of the Latonian Charioteer, darker yet without the dædal Smile of the God of the Other Bow! Dost know him, reader?

Old is he, Eros, the ever young. He and Time were children together. Chronos shall die, too; but Love is imperishable. Brightest of the Divinities, where hast thou not been sung? Other worship pass away; the idols for whom pyramids were raised lie in the desert crumbling and almost nameless; the Olympians are fled, their fanes no longer rise among the quivering olive-groves of Illissus, or crown the emerald-islets of the amethyst Ægean! These are gone, but thou remainest. There is still a garland for thy temple, a heifer for thy stone. A heifer? Ah, many a darker sacrifice. Other blood is shed at thy altars, Remorseless One, and the Poet Priest who ministers at thy Shrine draws his auguries from the bleeding hearts of men!

While Love hath no end, Can the Bard ever cease singing? In Kingly and Heroic ages, 'twas of Kings and Heroes that the Poet spake. But in these, our times, the Artisan hath his voice as well as the Monarch. The people Today is King, and we chronicle his woes, as They of old did the sacrifice of the princely Iphigenia, or the fate of the crowned Agamemnon.

Is Odysseus less august in his rags than in his purple? Fate, Passion, Mystery, the Victim, the Avenger, the Hate that harms, the Furies that tear, the Love that bleeds, are not these with us Still? are not these still the weapons of the Artist? the colours

of his palette? the chords of his lyre? Listen! I tell thee a tale—not of Kings—but of Men—not of Thrones, but of Love, and Grief, and Crime. Listen, and but once more. 'Tis for the last time (probably) these fingers shall sweep the Strings.

E. L. B. L.

NOONDAY IN CHEPE

'Twas noonday in Chepe. High Tide in the mighty River City!—its banks well-nigh overflowing with the myriad-waved Stream of Man! The toppling wains, bearing the produce of a thousand marts; the gilded equipage of the Millionary; the humbler, but yet larger vehicle from the green metropolitan suburbs (the Hanging Gardens of our Babylon), in which every traveller might, for a modest remuneration, take a republican seat; the mercenary caroché, with its private freight; the brisk curricule of the letter-carrier, robed in Royal scarlet: these and a thousand others were labouring and pressing onward, and locked and bound and hustling together in the narrow channel of Chepe. The imprecations of the charioteers were terrible. From the noble's brodered hammercloth, or the driving-seat of the common coach, each driver assailed the other with floods of ribald satire. The pavid matron within the one vehicle (speeding to the Bank for her semestrial pittance) shrieked and trembled; the angry Dives hastening to his office (to add another thousand to his heap) thrust his head over the blazoned panels, and displayed an eloquence of oburgation which his very Menials could not equal; the dauntless street urchins, as they gaily threaded the Labyrinth of Life, enjoyed the perplexities and quarrels of the scene, and exacerbated the already furious combatants by their poignant infantile satire. And the Philosopher, as he regarded the hot strife and struggle of these Candidates in the race for Gold, thought with a sigh of the Truthful and the Beautiful, and walked on, melancholy and serene.

'Twas noon in Chepe. The ware-rooms were thronged. The flaunting windows of the mercers attracted many a purchaser; the glittering panes behind which Birmingham had glazed its simulated silver, induced rustics to pause; although only noon,

the savoury odours of the Cook-Shops tempted the over-hungry citizen to the bun of Bath, or to the fragrant potage that mocks the turtle's flavour—the turtle! *O dapibus supremi grata testudo Jovis!* I am an Alderman when I think of thee! Well: it was noon in Chepe.

But were all battling for gain there? Among the many brilliant shops whose casements shone upon Chepe, there stood one a century back (about which period our tale opens) devoted to the sale of Colonial produce. A rudely carved image of a negro, with a fantastic plume and apron of variegated feathers, decorated the lintel. The East and West had sent their contributions to replenish the window.

The poor slave had toiled, died perhaps, to produce yon pyramid of swarthy sugar marked "Only 6½ d."—that catty box, on which was the epigraph "STRONG FAMILY CONGOU ONLY 3s. 9d.," was from the country of Confutzee—that heap of dark produce bore the legend "TRY OUR REAL NUT"—'twas Cocoa—and that nut the Cocoa-nut, whose milk has refreshed the traveller and perplexed the natural philosopher. The shop in question was, in a word, a Grocer's.

In the midst of the shop and its gorgeous contents sat one who, to judge from his appearance (though 'twas a difficult task, as, in sooth, his back was turned), had just reached that happy period of life when the Boy is expanding into the Man. O Youth, Youth! Happy and Beautiful! O fresh and roseate dawn of life; when the dew yet lies on the flowers, ere they have been scorched and withered by Passion's fiery Sun! Immersed in thought or study, and indifferent to the din around him, sat the boy. A careless guardian was he of the treasures confided to him. The crowd passed in Chepe: he never marked it. The sun shone on Chepe: he only asked that it should illumine the page he read. The knave might filch his treasures: he was heedless of the knave. The customer might enter: but his book was all in all to him.

And indeed a customer *was* there; a little hand was tapping on the counter with a pretty impatience; a pair of arch eyes were gazing at the boy, admiring, perhaps, his manly proportions through the homely and tightened garments he wore.

"Ahem! sir! I say, young man!" the customer exclaimed.

"*Ton d'apameibomenos prosephe,*" read on the student, his

voice choked with emotion. “What language!” he said; “how rich, how noble, how sonorous! *prosephe podas*——”

The customer burst out into a fit of laughter so shrill and cheery, that the young Student could not but turn round, and blushing, for the first time remarked her. “A pretty grocer’s boy you are,” she cried, “with your applepiebomenos and your French and lingo. Am I to be kept waiting for hever?”

“Pardon, fair Maiden,” said he, with high-bred courtesy; “’twas not French I read, ’twas the Godlike language of the blind old bard. In what can I be serviceable to ye, lady?” and to spring from his desk, to smooth his apron, to stand before her the obedient Shop-Boy, the Poet no more, was the work of a moment.

“I might have prigged this box of figs,” the damsel said good-naturedly, “and you’d never have turned round.”

“They came from the country of Hector,” the boy said. “Would you have currants, lady? These once bloomed in the island gardens of the blue Ægean. They are uncommon fine ones, and the figure is low; they’re fourpence-halfpenny a pound. Would ye mayhap make trial of our teas? We do not advertise, as some folks do: but sell as low as any other house.”

“You’re precious young to have all these good things,” the girl exclaimed, not unwilling, seemingly, to prolong the conversation. “If I was you, and stood behind the counter, I should be eating figs the whole day long.”

“Time was,” answered the lad, “and not long since, I thought so too. I thought I never should be tired of figs. But my old uncle bade me take my fill, and now in sooth I am aweary of them.”

“I think you gentlemen are always so,” the coquette said.

“Nay, say not so, fair stranger!” the youth replied, his face kindling as he spoke, and his eagle eyes flashing fire. “Figs pall; but oh! the Beautiful never does. Figs rot; but oh! the Truthful is eternal. I was born, lady, to grapple with the Lofty and the Ideal. My soul yearns for the Visionary. I stand behind the counter, it is true; but I ponder here upon the deeds of heroes, and muse over the thoughts of sages. What is grocery for one who has ambition? What sweetness hath muscovado to him who hath tasted of Poesy? The Ideal, lady, I often think, is the true

Real, and the Actual but a visionary hallucination. But pardon me; with what may I serve thee?"

"I came only for sixpenn'orth of tea-dust," the girl said with a faltering voice; "but oh, I should like to hear you speak on for ever!"

Only for sixpenn'orth of tea-dust? Girl, thou camest for other things! Thou lovedst his voice? Siren! what was the witchery of thine own? He deftly made up the packet, and placed it in the little hand. She paid for her small purchase, and with a farewell glance of her lustrous eyes she left him. She passed slowly through the portal, and in a moment more was lost in the crowd. It was noon in Chepe. And George de Barnwell was alone.

VOL. II

We have selected the following episodic chapter in preference to anything relating to the mere story of George de Barnwell, with which most readers are familiar.

Up to this passage (extracted from the beginning of Vol. II.) the tale is briefly thus—

The rogue of a Millwood has come back every day to the grocer's shop in Chepe, wanting some sugar, or some nutmeg, or some figs, half-a-dozen times in the week.

She and George de Barnwell have vowed to each other an eternal attachment.

This flame acts violently upon George. His bosom swells with ambition. His genius breaks out prodigiously. He talks about the Good, the Beautiful, the Ideal, &c., in and out of all season, and is virtuous and eloquent almost beyond belief—in fact like Devereux, or P. Clifford, or E. Aram, Esquires.

Inspired by Millwood and love, George robs the till, and mingles in the world which he is destined to ornament. He outdoes all the dandies, all the wits, all the scholars, and all the voluptuaries of the age—an indefinite period of time between Queen Anne and George II.—dines with Curll at St. John's Gate, pinks Colonel Charteris in a duel behind Montague House, is initiated into the intrigues of the Chevalier St. George, whom he entertains at his sumptuous pavilion at Hampstead, and likewise in disguise at the shop in Cheapside.

His uncle, the owner of the shop, a surly curmudgeon with very little taste for the True and Beautiful, has retired from business to the pastoral village in Cambridgeshire from which the noble Barnwells came. George's cousin Annabel is, of course, consumed with a secret passion for him.

Some trifling inaccuracies may be remarked in the ensuing brilliant little chapter; but it must be remembered that the author wished to present an age at a glance; and the dialogue is quite as fine and correct as that in the “Last of the Barons,” or in “Eugene Aram,” or other works of our author, in which Sentiment and History, or the True and Beautiful, are united.

CHAPTER XXIV

Button's in Pall Mall

Those who frequent the dismal and enormous Mansions of Silence which society has raised to Ennui in that Omphalos of town, Pall Mall, and which, because they knock you down with their dulness, are called Clubs no doubt; those who yawn from a bay-window in St. James's Street, at a half-score of other dandies gaping from another bay-window over the way, those who consult a dreary evening paper for news, or satisfy themselves with the jokes of the miserable *Punch* by way of wit; the men about town of the present day, in a word, can have but little idea of London some six or eight score years back. Thou pudding-sided old dandy of St. James's Street, with thy lacquered boots, thy dyed whiskers, and thy suffocating waistband, what art thou to thy brilliant predecessor in the same quarter? The brougham from which thou descendest at the portal of the “Carlton” or the “Traveller's” is like everybody else's; thy black coat has no more plaits, nor buttons, nor fancy in it than thy neighbour's; thy hat was made on the very block on which Lord Addlepaté's was cast, who has just entered the Club before thee. You and he yawn together out of the same omnibus-box every night; you fancy yourselves men of pleasure; you fancy yourselves men of fashion; you fancy yourselves men of taste; in fancy, in taste, in opinion, in philosophy, the newspaper legislates for you; it is there you get your jokes and your thoughts, and your facts

and your wisdom—poor Pall Mall dullards. Stupid slaves of the press, on that ground which you at present occupy, there were men of wit and pleasure and fashion, some five-and-twenty lustres ago.

We are at Button's—the well-known sign of the "Turk's Head." The crowd of periwigged heads at the windows—the swearing chairmen round the steps (the blazoned and coronalled panels of whose vehicles denote the lofty rank of their owners),—the throng of embroidered beaux entering or departing, and rendering the air fragrant with the odours of pulvillio and pomander, proclaim the celebrated resort of London's Wit and Fashion. It is the corner of Regent Street. Carlton House has not yet been taken down.

A stately gentleman in crimson velvet and gold is sipping chocolate at one of the tables, in earnest converse with a friend whose suit is likewise embroidered, but stained by time, or wine mayhap, or wear. A little deformed gentleman in iron-grey is reading the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper by the fire, while a divine, with a broad brogue, and a shovel hat and cassock, is talking freely with a gentleman, whose star and riband, as well as the unmistakable beauty of his Phidian countenance, proclaim him to be a member of Britain's aristocracy.

Two ragged youths, the one tall, gaunt, clumsy, and scrofulous, the other with a wild, careless, beautiful look, evidently indicating Race, are gazing in at the window, not merely at the crowd in the celebrated Club, but at Timothy the waiter, who is removing a plate of that exquisite dish, the muffin (then newly invented), at the desire of some of the revellers within.

"I would, Sam," said the wild youth to his companion, "that I had some of my mother Macclesfield's gold, to enable us to eat of those cates and mingle with yon springalds and beaux."

"To vaunt a knowledge of the stoical philosophy," said the youth addressed as Sam, "might elicit a smile of incredulity upon the cheek of the parasite of pleasure; but there are moments in life when History fortifies endurance: and past study renders present deprivation more bearable. If our pecuniary resources be exiguous, let our resolution, Dick, supply the deficiencies of Fortune. The muffin we desire today would little benefit us tomorrow. Poor and hungry as we are, are we less happy, Dick,

than yon listless voluptuary who banquets on the food which you covet?”

And the two lads turned away up Waterloo Place, and past the “Parthenon” Club-house, and disappeared to take a meal of cow-heel at a neighbouring cook’s shop. Their names were Samuel Johnson and Richard Savage.

Meanwhile the conversation at Button’s was fast and brilliant. “By Wood’s thirteens, and the divvle go wid ’em,” cried the Church dignitary in the cassock, “is it in blue and goold ye are this morning, Sir Richard, when you ought to be in seebles?”

“Who’s dead, Dean?” said the nobleman, the dean’s companion.

“Faix, mee Lard Bolingbroke, as sure as mee name’s Jonathan Swift—and I’m not so sure of that neither, for who knows his father’s name?—there’s been a mighty cruel murther committed entirely. A child of Dick Steele’s has been barbarously slain, dthrawn, and quarthered, and it’s Joe Addison yondther has done it. Ye should have killed one of your own, Joe, ye thief of the world.”

“I!” said the amazed and Right Honourable Joseph Addison; “I kill Dick’s child! I was godfather to the last.”

“And promised a cup and never sent it,” Dick ejaculated. Joseph looked grave.

“The child I mean is Sir Roger de Coverley, Knight and Baronet. What made ye kill him, ye savage Mohock? The whole town is in tears about the good knight; all the ladies at Church this afternoon were in mourning; all the booksellers are wild; and Lintot says not a third of the copies of the *Spectator* are sold since the death of the brave old gentleman.” And the Dean of St. Patrick’s pulled out the *Spectator* newspaper, containing the well-known passage regarding Sir Roger’s death. “I bought it but now in Wellington Street,” he said; “the news-boys were howling all down the Strand.”

“What a miracle is Genius—Genius, the Divine and Beautiful,” said a gentleman leaning against the same fireplace with the deformed cavalier in iron-grey, and addressing that individual, who was in fact Mr. Alexander Pope. “What a marvellous gift is this, and Royal privilege of Art! To make the Ideal more credible than the Actual: to enchain our hearts, to command our hopes, our regrets, our tears, for a mere brain-born Emanation: to invest

with life the Incorporeal, and to glamour the cloudy into substance,—these are the lofty privileges of the Poet, if I have read poesy aright; and I am as familiar with the sounds that rang from Homer's lyre, as with the strains which celebrate the loss of Belinda's lovely locks"—(Mr. Pope blushed and bowed, highly delighted)—"these, I say, sir, are the privileges of the Poet—the Poietes—the Maker—he moves the world, and asks no lever; if he cannot charm death into life, as Orpheus feigned to do, he can create Beauty out of Nought, and defy Death by rendering Thought Eternal. Ho! Jemmy, another flask of Nantz."

And the boy—for he who addressed the most brilliant company of wits in Europe was little more—emptied the contents of the brandy-flask into a silver flagon, and quaffed it gaily to the health of the company assembled. 'Twas the third he had taken during the sitting. Presently, and with a graceful salute to the Society, he quitted the coffee-house, and was seen cantering on a magnificent Arab past the National Gallery.

"Who is yon spark in blue and silver? He beats Joe Addison himself, in drinking, and pious Joe is the greatest toper in the three kingdoms," Dick Steele said good-naturedly.

"His paper in the *Spectator* beats thy best, Dick, thou slug-gard," the Right Honourable Mr. Addison exclaimed. "He is the author of that famous No. 996, for which you have all been giving me the credit."

"The rascal foiled me at capping verses," Dean Swift said, "and won a tenpenny piece of me, plague take him!"

"He has suggested an emendation in my 'Homer,' which proves him a delicate scholar," Mr. Pope exclaimed.

"He knows more of the French King than any man I have met with; and we must have an eye upon him," said Lord Bolingbroke, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and beckoning a suspicious-looking person who was drinking at a side-table, whispered to him something.

Meantime who was he? where was he, this youth who had struck all the wits of London with admiration? His galloping charger had returned to the City; his splendid court-suit was doffed for the citizen's gabardine and grocer's humble apron.

George de Barnwell was in Chepe—in Chepe, at the feet of Martha Millwood.

VOL. III

The Condemned Cell

"*Quid me mollibus implicas lacertis*, my Ellinor? Nay," George added, a faint smile illumining his wan but noble features, "why speak to thee in the accents of the Roman poet, which thou comprehendest not? Bright One, there be other things in Life, in Nature, in this Inscrutable Labyrinth, this Heart on which thou leanest, which are equally unintelligible to thee! Yes, my pretty one, what is the Unintelligible but the Ideal? what is the Ideal but the Beautiful? what the Beautiful but the Eternal? And the Spirit of Man that would commune with these is like Him who wanders by the *thina poluphloisboio thalasses*, and shrinks awestruck before that Azure Mystery."

Emily's eyes filled with fresh-gushing dew. "Speak on, speak ever thus, my George," she exclaimed. Barnwell's chains rattled as the confiding girl clung to him. Even Snoggin, the Turnkey appointed to sit with the Prisoner, was affected by his noble and appropriate language, and also burst into tears.

"You weep, my Snoggin," the Boy said; "and why? Hath Life been so charming to me that I should wish to retain it? Hath Pleasure no after-Weariness? Ambition no Deception; Wealth no Care; and Glory no Mockery? Psha! I am sick of Success, palled of Pleasure, weary of Wine and Wit, and—nay, start not, my Adelaide—and Woman. I fling away all these things as the Toys of Boyhood. Life is the Soul's Nursery. I am a Man, and pine for the Illimitable! Mark you me! Has the Morrow any terrors for me, think ye? Did Socrates falter at his poison? Did Seneca blench in his bath? Did Brutus shirk the sword when his great stake was lost? Did even weak Cleopatra shrink from the Serpent's fatal nip? And why should I? My great Hazard hath been played, and I pay my forfeit. Lie sheathed in my heart, thou flashing Blade! Welcome to my bosom, thou faithful Serpent; I hug thee, peace-bearing Image of the Eternal! Ha, the hemlock cup! Fill high, boy, for my soul is thirsty for the Infinite! Get ready the bath, friends; prepare me for the feast Tomorrow—bathe my limbs in odours, and put ointment in my hair."

"Has for a bath," Snoggin interposed, "they're not to be 'ad in

this ward of the prison; but I dussay Hemmy will git you a little hoil for you 'air."

The Prisoned One laughed loud and merrily. "My guardian understands me not, pretty one—and thou? what sayest thou? From those dear lips methinks—*plura sunt oscula quam sententie*—I kiss away thy tears, dove!—they will flow apace when I am gone, then they will dry, and presently these fair eyes will shine on another, as they have beamed on poor George Barnwell. Yet wilt thou not all forget him, sweet one. He was an honest fellow, and had a kindly heart for all the world said—"

"That, that he had," cried the gaoler and the girl in voices gurgling with emotion. And you who read! you unconvicted Convict—you murderer, though haply you have slain no one—you Felon *in posse* if not *in esse*—deal gently with one who has used the Opportunity that has failed thee—and believe that the Truthful and the Beautiful bloom sometimes in the dock and the convict's tawny Gabardine!

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In the matter for which he suffered, George could never be brought to acknowledge that he was at all in the wrong. "It may be an error of judgment," he said to the Venerable Chaplain of the gaol, "but it is no crime. Were it Crime, I should feel Remorse. Where there is no remorse, Crime cannot exist. I am not sorry: therefore, I am innocent. Is the proposition a fair one?"

The excellent Doctor admitted that it was not to be contested.

"And wherefore, sir, should I have sorrow," the Boy resumed, "for ridding the world of a sordid worm;¹ of a man whose very soul was dross, and who never had a feeling for the Truthful and the Beautiful? When I stood before my uncle in the moonlight, in the gardens of the ancestral halls of the De Barnwells, I felt that it was the Nemesis come to overthrow him. 'Dog,' I said to

¹ [Thackeray's note] This is a gross plagiarism. the above sentiment is expressed much more eloquently in the ingenious romance of "Eugene Aram"—"The burning desires I have known—the resplendent visions I have nursed—the sublime aspirings that have lifted me so often from sense and clay. these tell me, that whether for good or ill, I am the thing of an immortality, and the creature of a God . . . I have destroyed a man noxious to the world! with the wealth by which he afflicted society, I have been the means of blessing many."

the trembling slave, ‘tell me where thy Gold is. *Thou* hast no use for it. I can spend it in relieving the Poverty on which thou tramplest; in aiding Science, which thou knowest not; in uplifting Art, to which thou art blind. Give Gold, and thou art free.’ But he spake not, and I slew him.”

“I would not have this doctrine vulgarly promulgated,” said the admirable chaplain, ‘for its general practice might chance to do harm. Thou, my son, the Refined, the Gentle, the Loving and Beloved, the Poet and Sage, urged by what I cannot but think a grievous error, hast appeared as Avenger. Think what would be the world’s condition, were men without any Yearning after the Ideal to attempt to reorganise Society, to redistribute Property, to avenge Wrong.”

“A rabble of pigmies scaling Heaven,” said the noble though misguided young Prisoner. “Prometheus was a Giant, and he fell.”

“Yes, indeed, my brave youth!” the benevolent Doctor Fuzwig exclaimed, clasping the Prisoner’s marble and manacled hand; “and the Tragedy of Tomorrow will teach the World that Homicide is not to be permitted even to the most amiable Genius, and that the lover of the Ideal and the Beautiful, as thou art, my son, must respect the Real likewise.”

“Look! here is supper!” cried Barnwell gaily. “This is the Real, Doctor; let us respect it and fall to.” He partook of the meal as joyously as if it had been one of his early festals; but the worthy chaplain could scarcely eat it for tears.

From VANITY FAIR

(*Ironic Realism*)

[*The gathering storm of the Battle of Waterloo finds in Brussels most of the main personages in Vanity Fair. The call to arms, however, takes away most of the men, and leaves Mrs. O'Dowd, wife of Major O'Dowd, gallant professional soldier; Becky Sharp, now wife to Rawdon Crawley; Amelia, the sweet and sentimental wife of George Osborne, who is at the moment infatuated with Becky; and Amelia's brother, Jos Sedley, fat and cowardly, and also in the toils of Becky's charms.*]

CHAPTER XXXII

In which Jos takes flight, and the war is brought to a close

We of peaceful London City have never beheld—and please God never shall witness—such a scene of hurry and alarm as that which Brussels presented. Crowds rushed to the Namur gate, from which direction the noise proceeded, and many rode along the level *chaussée*, to be in advance of any intelligence from the army. Each man asked his neighbour for news; and even great English lords and ladies condescended to speak to persons whom they did not know. The friends of the French went abroad, wild with excitement, and prophesying the triumph of their Emperor. The merchants closed their shops, and came out to swell the general chorus of alarm and clamour. Women rushed to the churches, and crowded the chapels, and knelt and prayed on the flags and steps. The dull sound of the cannon went on rolling, rolling. Presently carriages with travellers began to leave the town, galloping away by the Ghent barrier. The prophecies of the French partisans began to pass for facts. “He has cut the armies in two,” it was said. “He is marching straight on Brussels. He will overpower the English, and be here tonight.” “He will over-

power the English," shrieked Isidor to his master, "and will be here tonight." The man bounded in and out from the lodgings to the street, always returning with some fresh particulars of disaster. Jos's face grew paler and paler. Alarm began to take entire possession of the stout civilian. All the champagne he drank brought no courage to him. Before sunset he was worked up to such a pitch of nervousness as gratified his friend Isidor to behold, who now counted surely upon the spoils of the owner of the laced coat.

The women were away all this time. After hearing the firing for a moment, the stout Major's wife bethought her of her friend in the next chamber, and ran in to watch, and if possible to console, Amelia. The idea that she had that helpless and gentle creature to protect, gave additional strength to the natural courage of the honest Irishwoman. She passed five hours by her friend's side, sometimes in remonstrance, sometimes talking cheerfully, oftener in silence, and terrified mental supplication. "I never let go her hand once," said the stout lady afterwards, "until after sunset, when the firing was over." Pauline, the *bonne*, was on her knees at church hard by, praying for *son homme à elle*.

When the noise of the cannonading was over, Mrs. O'Dowd issued out of Amelia's room into the parlour adjoining, where Jos sate with two emptied flasks, and courage entirely gone. Once or twice he had ventured into his sister's bedroom, looking very much alarmed, and as if he would say something. But the Major's wife kept her place, and he went away without disburthening himself of his speech. He was ashamed to tell her that he wanted to fly.

But when she made her appearance in the dining-room, where he sate in the twilight in the cheerless company of his empty champagne-bottles, he began to open his mind to her.

"Mrs. O'Dowd," he said, "hadn't you better get Amelia ready?"

"Are you going to take her out for a walk?" said the Major's lady; "sure she's too weak to stir."

"I—I've ordered the carriage," he said, "and—and post-horses; Isidor is gone for them," Jos continued.

"What do you want with driving tonight?" answered the lady. "Isn't she better on her bed? I've just got her to lie down."

"Get her up," said Jos; "she must get up, I say": and he

stamped his foot energetically. "I say the horses are ordered—yes, the horses are ordered. It's all over, and——"

"And what?" asked Mrs. O'Dowd.

"I'm off for Ghent," Jos answered. "Everybody is going; there's a place for you! We shall start in half-an-hour."

The Major's wife looked at him with infinite scorn. "I don't move till O'Dowd gives me the route," said she. "You may go if you like, Mr. Sedley; but, faith, Amelia and I stop here."

"She *shall* go," said Jos, with another stamp of his foot. Mrs. O'Dowd put herself with arms akimbo before the bedroom door.

"Is it her mother you're going to take her to?" she said; "or do you want to go to mamma yourself, Mr. Sedley? Good marning—a pleasant journey to ye, sir. *Bon voyage*, as they say, and take my counsel, and shave off them mustachios, or they'll bring you into mischief."

"D—n!" yelled out Jos, wild with fear, rage, and mortification; and Isidor came in at this juncture, swearing in his turn. "*Pas de chevaux, sacrebleu!*" hissed out the furious domestic. All the horses were gone. Jos was not the only man in Brussels seized with panic that day.

But Jos's fears, great and cruel as they were already, were destined to increase to an almost frantic pitch before the night was over. It has been mentioned how Pauline, the *bonne*, had *son homme à elle* also in the ranks of the army that had gone out to meet the Emperor Napoleon. This lover was a native of Brussels, and a Belgian hussar. The troops of his nation signalled themselves in this war for anything but courage, and young Van Cutsum, Pauline's admirer, was too good a soldier to disobey his Colonel's orders to run away. Whilst in garrison at Brussels young Regulus (he had been born in the revolutionary times) found his great comfort, and passed almost all his leisure moments in Pauline's kitchen; and it was with pockets and holsters crammed full of good things from her larder, that he had taken leave of his weeping sweetheart, to proceed upon the campaign a few days before.

As far as his regiment was concerned, this campaign was over now. They had formed a part of the division under the command of his Sovereign apparent, the Prince of Orange, and as respected length of swords and mustachios, and the richness of

uniform and equipments, Regulus and his comrades looked to be as gallant a body of men as ever trumpet sounded for.

When Ney dashed upon the advance of the allied troops, carrying one position after the other, until the arrival of the great body of the British army from Brussels changed the aspect of the combat of Quatre Bras, the squadrons among which Regulus rode showed the greatest activity in retreating before the French, and were dislodged from one post and another which they occupied with perfect alacrity on their part. Their movements were only checked by the advance of the British in their rear. Thus forced to halt, the enemy's cavalry (whose bloodthirsty obstinacy cannot be too severely reprehended) had at length an opportunity of coming to close quarters with the brave Belgians before them; who preferred to encounter the British rather than the French, and at once turning tail rode through the English regiments that were behind them, and scattered in all directions. The regiment in fact did not exist any more. It was nowhere. It had no headquarters. Regulus found himself galloping many miles from the field of action, entirely alone; and whither should he fly for refuge so naturally as to that kitchen and those faithful arms in which Pauline had so often welcomed him?

At some ten o'clock the clinking of a sabre might have been heard up the stair of the house where the Osbornes occupied a storey in the continental fashion. A knock might have been heard at the kitchen door; and poor Pauline, come back from church, fainted almost with terror as she opened it and saw before her her haggard hussar. He looked as pale as the midnight dragoon who came to disturb Leonora. Pauline would have screamed, but that her cry would have called her masters, and discovered her friend. She stifled her scream, then, and leading her hero into the kitchen, gave him beer, and the choice bits from the dinner which Jos had not had the heart to taste. The hussar showed he was no ghost by the prodigious quantity of flesh and beer which he devoured—and during the mouthfuls he told his tale of disaster.

His regiment had performed prodigies of courage, and had withstood for a while the onset of the whole French army. But they were overwhelmed at last, as was the whole British army by this time. Ney destroyed each regiment as it came up. The Bel-

gians in vain interposed to prevent the butchery of the English. The Brunswickers were routed and had fled—their Duke was killed. It was a general *débâcle*. He sought to drown his sorrow for the defeat in floods of beer.

Isidor, who had come into the kitchen, heard the conversation and rushed out to inform his master. "It is all over," he shrieked to Jos. "Milor Duke is a prisoner, the Duke of Brunswick is killed; the British army is in full flight; there is only one man escaped, and he is in the kitchen now—come and hear him." So Jos tottered into that apartment where Regulus still sate on the kitchen table, and clung fast to his flagon of beer. In the best French which he could muster, and which was in sooth of a very ungrammatical sort, Jos besought the hussar to tell his tale. The disasters deepened as Regulus spoke. He was the only man of his regiment not slain on the field. He had seen the Duke of Brunswick fall, the black hussars fly, the Ecossais pounded down by the cannon.

"And the —th—" gasped Jos.

"Cut in pieces," said the hussar—upon which Pauline cried out, "Oh my mistress, *ma bonne petite dame*," went off fairly into hysterics, and filled the house with her screams.

Wild with terror, Mr. Sedley knew not how or where to seek for safety. He rushed from the kitchen back to the sitting-room, and cast an appealing look at Amelia's door, which Mrs. O'Dowd had closed and locked in his face; but he remembered how scornfully the latter had received him, and after pausing and listening for a brief space at the door, he left it, and resolved to go into the street, for the first time that day. So, seizing a candle, he looked about for his gold-laced cap, and found it lying in its usual place, on a console-table, in the anteroom, placed before a mirror at which Jos used to coquet, always giving his side-locks a twirl, and his cap the proper cock over his eye, before he went forth to make appearance in public. Such is the force of habit, that even in the midst of his terror he began mechanically to twiddle with his hair, and arrange the cock of his hat. Then he looked amazed at the pale face in the glass before him, and especially at his mustachios, which had attained a rich growth in the course of near seven weeks, since they had come into the

world. They *will* mistake me for a military man, thought he, remembering Isidor's warning, as to the massacre with which all the defeated British army was threatened; and staggering back to his bed-chamber, he began wildly pulling the bell which summoned his valet.

Isidor answered that summons. Jos had sunk in a chair—he had torn off his neckcloths, and turned down his collars, and was sitting with both his hands lifted to his throat.

"*Coupez-moi*, Isidor," shouted he; "*vite! coupez-moi!*"

Isidor thought for a moment he had gone mad, and that he wished his valet to cut his throat.

"*Les moustaches*," gasped Jos; "*les moustaches—coupy, rasy, vite!*"—his French was of this sort—voluble, as we have said, but not remarkable for grammar.

Isidor swept off the mustachios in no time with the razor, and heard with inexpressible delight his master's orders that he should fetch a hat and a plain coat. "*Ne porty ploo—habit militair—bonny—bonny a voo, prenny dehors*"—were Jos's words,—the coat and cap were at last his property.

This gift being made, Jos selected a plain black coat and waist-coat from his stock, and put on a large white neckcloth, and a plain beaver. If he could have got a shovel-hat he would have worn it. As it was, you would have fancied he was a flourishing, large parson of the Church of England.

"*Venny maintenong*," he continued, "*sweevy—ally—party—dong la roo.*" And so having said, he plunged swiftly down the stairs of the house, and passed into the street.

Although Regulus had vowed that he was the only man of his regiment or of the allied army, almost, who had escaped being cut to pieces by Ney, it appeared that his statement was incorrect, and that a good number more of the supposed victims had survived the massacre. Many scores of Regulus's comrades had found their way back to Brussels, and—all agreeing that they had run away—filled the whole town with an idea of the defeat of the allies. The arrival of the French was expected hourly; the panic continued, and preparations for flight went on everywhere. No horses! thought Jos in terror. He made Isidor inquire of scores of persons, whether they had any to lend or sell, and his

heart sank within him, at the negative answers returned everywhere. Should he take the journey on foot? Even fear could not render that ponderous body so active.

Almost all the hotels occupied by the English in Brussels face the Parc, and Jos wandered irresolutely about in this quarter, with crowds of other people, oppressed as he was by fear and curiosity. Some families he saw more happy than himself, having discovered a team of horses, and rattling through the streets in retreat, others again there were whose case was like his own, and who could not for any bribes or entreaties procure the necessary means of flight. Amongst these would-be fugitives, Jos remarked the Lady Bareacres and her daughter, who sate in their carriage in the *porte-cochère* of their hotel, all their imperials packed, and the only drawback to whose flight was the same want of motive power which kept Jos stationary.

Rebecca Crawley occupied apartments in this hotel; and had before this period had sundry hostile meetings with the ladies of the Bareacres family. My lady Bareacres cut Mrs. Crawley on the stairs when they met by chance; and in all places where the latter's name was mentioned, spoke perseveringly ill of her neighbour. The Countess was shocked at the familiarity of General Tufto with the aide-de-camp's wife. The Lady Blanche avoided her as if she had been an infectious disease. Only the Earl himself kept up a sly occasional acquaintance with her, when out of the jurisdiction of his ladies.

Rebecca had her revenge now upon these insolent enemies. It became known in the hotel that Captain Crawley's horses had been left behind, and when the panic began, Lady Bareacres condescended to send her maid to the Captain's wife with her Ladyship's compliments, and a desire to know the price of Mrs. Crawley's horses. Mrs. Crawley returned a note with her compliments, and an intimation that it was not her custom to transact bargains with ladies' maids.

This curt reply brought the Earl in person to Becky's apartment; but he could get no more success than the first ambassador. "Send a lady's maid to *me!*" Mrs. Crawley cried in great anger; "why didn't my Lady Bareacres tell me to go and saddle the horses! Is it her Ladyship that wants to escape, or her Lady-

ship's *femme de chambre*?" And this was all the answer that the Earl bore back to his Countess.

What will not necessity do? The Countess herself actually came to wait upon Mrs. Crawley on the failure of her second envoy. She entreated her to name her own price; she even offered to invite Becky to Bareacres House, if the latter would but give her the means of returning to that residence. Mrs. Crawley sneered at her.

"I don't want to be waited on by bailiffs in livery," she said; "you will never get back though most probably—at least not you and your diamonds together. The French will have those. They will be here in two hours, and I shall be half-way to Ghent by that time. I would not sell you my horses, no, not for the two largest diamonds that your Ladyship wore at the ball." Lady Bareacres trembled with rage and terror. The diamonds were sewed into her habit, and secreted in my Lord's padding and boots. "Woman, the diamonds are at the banker's and I *will* have the horses," she said. Rebecca laughed in her face. The infuriate Countess went below, and sate in her carriage; her maid, her courier, and her husband were sent once more through the town, each to look for cattle; and woe betide those who came last! Her Ladyship was resolved on departing the very instant the horses arrived from any quarter—with her husband or without him.

Rebecca had the pleasure of seeing her Ladyship in the horseless carriage, and keeping her eyes fixed upon her, and bewailing, in the loudest tone of voice, the Countess's perplexities. "Not to be able to get horses!" she said, "and to have all those diamonds sewed into the carriage cushions! What a prize it will be for the French when they come!—the carriage and the diamonds, I mean; not the lady!" She gave this information to the landlord, to the servants, to the guests, and the innumerable stragglers about the courtyard. Lady Bareacres could have shot her from the carriage window.

It was while enjoying the humiliation of her enemy that Rebecca caught sight of Jos, who made towards her directly he perceived her.

That altered, frightened, fat face, told his secret well enough. He too wanted to fly, and was on the look-out for the means of

escape. "*He* shall buy my horses," thought Rebecca, "and I'll ride the mare."

Jos walked up to his friend, and put the question for the hundredth time during the past hour, "Did she know where horses were to be had?"

"What, *you fly*?" said Rebecca, with a laugh. "I thought you were the champion of all the ladies, Mr. Sedley."

"I—I'm not a military man," gasped he.

"And Amelia?—Who is to protect that poor little sister of yours?" asked Rebecca. "You surely would not desert her?"

"What good can I do her, suppose—suppose the enemy arrive?" Jos answered. "They'll spare the women, but my man tells me that they have taken an oath to give no quarter to the men—the dastardly cowards."

"Horrid!" cried Rebecca, enjoying his perplexity.

"Besides, I don't want to desert her," cried the brother. "She *shan't* be deserted. There is a seat for her in my carriage, and one for you, dear Mrs. Crawley, if you will come; and if we can get horses——" sighed he.

"I have two to sell," the lady said. Jos could have flung himself into her arms at the news. "Get the carriage, Isidor," he cried; "we've found them—we have found them."

"My horses never were in harness," added the lady. "Bullfinch would kick the carriage to pieces, if you put him in the traces."

"But he is quiet to ride?" asked the civilian.

"As quiet as a lamb, and as fast as a hare," answered Rebecca.

"Do you think he is up to my weight?" Jos said. He was already on his back, in imagination, without even so much as a thought for poor Amelia. What person who loved a horse-speculation could resist such a temptation?

In reply, Rebecca asked him to come into her room, whither he followed her quite breathless to conclude the bargain. Jos seldom spent a half-hour in his life which cost him so much money. Rebecca, measuring the value of the goods which she had for sale by Jos's eagerness to purchase, as well as by the scarcity of the article, put upon her horses a price so prodigious as to make even the civilian draw back. "She would sell both or neither," she said, resolutely. Rawdon had ordered her not to part with them for a price less than that which she specified.

Lord Bareacres below would give her the same money—and with all her love and regard for the Sedley family, her dear Mr. Joseph must conceive that poor people must live—nobody, in a word, could be more affectionate, but more firm about the matter of business.

Jos ended by agreeing, as might be supposed of him. The sum he had to give her was so large that he was obliged to ask for time; so large as to be a little fortune to Rebecca, who rapidly calculated that with this sum, and the sale of the residue of Rawdon's effects, and her pension as a widow should he fall, she would now be absolutely independent of the world, and might look her weeds steadily in the face.

Once or twice in the day she certainly had herself thought about flying. But her reason gave her better counsel. "Suppose the French do come," thought Becky, "what can they do to a poor officer's widow? Bah! The times of sacks and sieges are over. We shall be let to go home quietly, or I may live pleasantly abroad with a snug little income."

Meanwhile Jos and Isidor went off to the stables to inspect the newly-purchased cattle. Jos bade his man saddle the horses at once. He would ride away that very night, that very hour. And he left the valet busy in getting the horses ready, and went home-wards himself to prepare for his departure. It must be secret. He would go to his chamber by the back entrance. He did not care to face Mrs. O'Dowd and Amelia, and own to them that he was about to run.

By the time Jos's bargain with Rebecca was completed, and his horses had been visited and examined, it was almost morning once more. But though midnight was long passed, there was no rest for the city; the people were up, the lights in the houses flamed, crowds were still about the doors, and the streets were busy. Rumours of various natures went still from mouth to mouth: one report averred that the Prussians had been utterly defeated; another that it was the English who had been attacked and conquered; a third that the latter had held their ground. This last rumour gradually got strength. No Frenchmen had made their appearance. Stragglers had come in from the army bringing reports more and more favourable: at last an aide-de-camp actually reached Brussels with despatches for the Com-

mandant of the place, who placarded presently through the town an official announcement of the success of the allies at Quatre Bras, and the entire repulse of the French under Ney after a six hours' battle. The aide-de-camp must have arrived some time while Jos and Rebecca were making their bargain together, or the latter was inspecting his purchase. When he reached his own hotel, he found a score of its numerous inhabitants on the threshold discoursing of the news; there was no doubt as to its truth. And he went up to communicate it to the ladies under his charge. He did not think it was necessary to tell them how he had intended to take leave of them, how he had bought horses, and what a price he had paid for them.

But success or defeat was a minor matter to them, who had only thought for the safety of those they loved. Amelia, at the news of the victory, became still more agitated even than before. She was for going that moment to the army. She besought her brother with tears to conduct her thither. Her doubts and terrors reached their paroxysm; and the poor girl, who for many hours had been plunged into stupor, raved and ran hither and thither in hysteric insanity—a piteous sight. No man writhing in pain on the hard-fought field fifteen miles off, where lay, after their struggles, so many of the brave—no man suffered more keenly than this poor harmless victim of the war. Jos could not bear the sight of her pain. He left his sister in the charge of her stouter female companion, and descended once more to the threshold of the hotel, where everybody still lingered, and talked, and waited for more news.

It grew to be broad daylight as they stood here, and fresh news began to arrive from the war, brought by men who had been actors in the scene. Waggons and long country carts laden with wounded came rolling into the town, ghastly groans came from within them, and haggard faces looked up sadly from out of the straw. Jos Sedley was looking at one of these carriages with a painful curiosity—the moans of the people within were frightful—the wearied horses could hardly pull the cart. “Stop! Stop!” a feeble voice cried from the straw, and the carriage stopped opposite Mr. Sedley’s hotel.

“It is George, I know it is!” cried Amelia, rushing in a moment to the balcony, with a pallid face and loose flowing hair. It was

not George, however, but it was the next best thing: it was news of him.

It was poor Tom Stubble, who had marched out of Brussels so gallantly twenty-four hours before, bearing the colours of the regiment, which he had defended very gallantly upon the field.

A French lancer had speared the young ensign in the leg, who fell, still bravely holding to his flag. At the conclusion of the engagement, a place had been found for the poor boy in a cart, and he had been brought back to Brussels.

"Mr. Sedley, Mr. Sedley!" cried the boy faintly, and Jos came up almost frightened at the appeal. He had not at first distinguished who it was that called him.

Little Tom Stubble held out his hot and feeble hand. "I'm to be taken in here," he said. "Osborne—and—and Dobbin said I was; and you are to give the man two napoleons: my mother will pay you." This young fellow's thoughts, during the long feverish hours passed in the cart, had been wandering to his father's parsonage which he had quitted only a few months before, and he had sometimes forgotten his pain in that delirium.

The hotel was large, and the people kind, and all the inmates of the cart were taken in and placed on various couches. The young ensign was conveyed upstairs to Osborne's quarters. Amelia and the Major's wife had rushed down to him, when the latter had recognised him from the balcony. You may fancy the feelings of these women when they were told that the day was over, and both their husbands were safe; in what mute rapture Amelia fell on her good friend's neck, and embraced her; in what a grateful passion of prayer she fell on her knees, and thanked the Power which had saved her husband.

Our young lady, in her fevered and nervous condition, could have had no more salutary medicine prescribed for her by any physician than that which chance put in her way. She and Mrs. O'Dowd watched incessantly by the wounded lad, whose pains were very severe, and in the duty thus forced upon her, Amelia had not time to brood over her personal anxieties, or to give herself up to her own fears and forebodings after her wont. The young patient told in his simple fashion the events of the day, and the actions of our friends of the gallant —th. They had

suffered severely. They had lost very many officers and men. The Major's horse had been shot under him as the regiment charged, and they all thought that O'Dowd was gone, and that Dobbin had got his majority, until on their return from the charge to their old ground, the Major was discovered seated on Pyramus's carcase, refreshing himself from a case-bottle. It was Captain Osborne that cut down the French lancer who had speared the ensign. Amelia turned so pale at the notion, that Mrs. O'Dowd stopped the young ensign in his story. And it was Captain Dobbin who at the end of the day, though wounded himself, took up the lad in his arms and carried him to the surgeon, and thence to the cart which was to bring him back to Brussels. And it was he who promised the driver two louis if he would make his way to Mr. Sedley's hotel in the city; and tell Mrs. Captain Osborne that the action was over, and that her husband was unhurt and well.

"Indeed, but he has a good heart that William Dobbin," Mrs. O'Dowd said, "though he is always laughing at me."

Young Stubble vowed there was not such another officer in the army, and never ceased his praises of the senior captain, his modesty, his kindness, and his admirable coolness in the field. To these parts of the conversation, Amelia lent a very distracted attention: it was only when George was spoken of that she listened, and when he was not mentioned, she thought about him.

In tending her patient, and in thinking of the wonderful escapes of the day before, her second day passed away not too slowly with Amelia. There was only one man in the army for her: and as long as he was well, it must be owned that its movements interested her little. All the reports which Jos brought from the streets fell very vaguely on her ears; though they were sufficient to give that timorous gentleman, and many other people then in Brussels, every disquiet. The French had been repulsed certainly, but it was after a severe and doubtful struggle, and with only a division of the French army. The Emperor, with the main body, was away at Ligny, where he had utterly annihilated the Prussians, and was now free to bring his whole force to bear upon the allies. The Duke of Wellington was retreating upon the capitol, and a great battle must be fought under its walls probably, of which the chances were

more than doubtful. The Duke of Wellington had but twenty thousand British troops on whom he could rely, for the Germans were raw militia, the Belgians disaffected; and with this handful his Grace had to resist a hundred and fifty thousand men that had broken into Belgium under Napoleon. Under Napoleon! What warrior was there, however famous and skilful, that could fight at odds with him?

Jos thought of all these things, and trembled. So did all the rest of Brussels—where people felt that the fight of the day before was but the prelude to the greater combat which was imminent. One of the armies opposed to the Emperor was scattered to the winds already. The few English that could be brought to resist him would perish at their posts, and the conqueror would pass over their bodies into the city. Woe be to those whom he found there! Addresses were prepared, public functionaries assembled and debated secretly, apartments were got ready, and tricoloured banners and triumphal emblems manufactured, to welcome the arrival of His Majesty the Emperor and King.

The emigration still continued, and wherever families could find means of departure, they fled. When Jos, on the afternoon of the 17th of June, went to Rebecca's hotel, he found that the great Bareacres' carriage had at length rolled away from the *porte-cochère*. The Earl had procured a pair of horses somehow, in spite of Mrs. Crawley, and was rolling on the road to Ghent. Louis the Desired was getting ready his portmanteau in that city, too. It seemed as if Misfortune was never tired of worrying into motion that unwieldy exile.

Jos felt that the delay of yesterday had been only a respite, and that his dearly bought horses must of a surety be put into requisition. His agonies were very severe all this day. As long as there was an English army between Brussels and Napoleon, there was no need of immediate flight; but he had his horses brought from their distant stables, to the stables in the courtyard of the hotel where he lived; so that they might be under his own eyes, and beyond the risk of violent abduction. Isidor watched the stable-door constantly, and had the horses saddled, to be ready for the start. He longed intensely for that event.

After the reception of the previous day, Rebecca did not care

to come near her dear Amelia. She clipped the bouquet which George had brought her, and gave fresh water to the flowers, and read over the letter which he had sent her.¹ "Poor wretch," she said, twirling round the little bit of paper in her fingers, "how I could crush her with this!—and it is for a thing like this that she must break her heart, forsooth—for a man who is stupid—a coxcomb—and who does not care for her. My poor good Rawdon is worth ten of this creature." And then she fell to thinking what she should do if—if anything happened to poor good Rawdon, and what a great piece of luck it was that he had left his horses behind.

In the course of this day too, Mrs. Crawley, who saw not without anger the Bareacres party drive off, bethought her of the precaution which the Countess had taken, and did a little needlework for her own advantage; she stitched away the major part of her trinkets, bills, and bank-notes about her person, and so prepared, was ready for any event—to fly if she thought fit, or to stay and welcome the conqueror, were he Englishman or Frenchman. And I am not sure that she did not dream that night of becoming a duchess and Madame la Maréchale, while Rawdon wrapped in his cloak, and making his bivouac under the rain at Mount Saint John, was thinking, with all the force of his heart, about the little wife whom he had left behind him.

The next day was a Sunday. And Mrs. Major O'Dowd had the satisfaction of seeing both her patients refreshed in health and spirits by some rest which they had taken during the night. She herself had slept on a great chair in Amelia's room, ready to wait upon her poor friend or the ensign, should either need her nursing. When morning came, this robust woman went back to the house where she and her Major had their billet; and here performed an elaborate and splendid toilette, befitting the day. And it is very possible that whilst alone in that chamber, which her husband had inhabited, and where his cap still lay on the pillow, and his cane stood in the corner, one prayer at least was sent up to Heaven for the welfare of the brave soldier, Michael O'Dowd.

¹ George Osborne, who has been married for only six weeks to Amelia, had slipped a note into a bouquet, begging Becky to elope with him.

When she returned she brought her prayer-book with her, and her uncle the Dean's famous book of sermons, out of which she never failed to read every Sabbath, not understanding all, haply, not pronouncing many of the words aright, which were long and abstruse—for the Dean was a learned man, and loved long Latin words—but with great gravity, vast emphasis, and with tolerable correctness in the main. How often has my Mick listened to these sermons, she thought, and me reading in the cabin of a calm! She proposed to resume this exercise on the present day, with Amelia and the wounded ensign for a congregation. The same service was read on that day in twenty thousand churches at the same hour; and millions of British men and women, on their knees, implored protection of the Father of all.

They did not hear the noise which disturbed our little congregation at Brussels. Much louder than that which had interrupted them two days previously, as Mrs. O'Dowd was reading the service in her best voice, the cannon of Waterloo began to roar.

When Jos heard that dreadful sound, he made up his mind that he would bear this perpetual recurrence of terrors no longer, and would fly at once. He rushed into the sick man's room, where our three friends had paused in their prayers, and further interrupted them by a passionate appeal to Amelia.

"I can't stand it any more, Emmy," he said; "I won't stand it; and you must come with me. I have bought a horse for you—never mind at what price—and you must dress and come with me, and ride behind Isidor."

"God forgive me, Mr. Sedley, but you are no better than a coward," Mrs. O'Dowd said, laying down the book.

"I say come, Amelia," the civilian went on; "never mind what she says; why are we to stop here and be butchered by the Frenchmen?"

"You forget the —th, my boy," said the little Stubble, the wounded hero, from his bed—"and—and you won't leave me, will you, Mrs. O'Dowd?"

"No, my dear fellow," said she, going up and kissing the boy. "No harm shall come to you while I stand by. I don't budge till

I get the word from Mick. A pretty figure I'd be, wouldn't I, stuck behind that chap on a pillion?"

This image caused the young patient to burst out laughing in his bed, and even made Amelia smile. "I don't ask her," Jos shouted out—"I don't ask that—that Irishwoman, but you, Amelia; once for all, will you come?"

"Without my husband, Joseph?" Amelia said, with a look of wonder, and gave her hand to the Major's wife. Jos's patience was exhausted.

"Good-bye, then," he said, shaking his fist in a rage, and slamming the door by which he retreated. And this time he really gave his order for march: and mounted in the courtyard. Mrs. O'Dowd heard the clattering hoofs of the horses as they issued from the gate, and looking on, made many scornful remarks on poor Joseph as he rode down the street with Isidor after him in the laced cap. The horses, which had not been exercised for some days, were lively, and sprang about the street. Jos, a clumsy and timid horseman, did not look to advantage in the saddle. "Look at him, Amelia dear, driving into the parlour window. Such a bull in a china-shop *I* never saw." And presently the pair of riders disappeared at a canter down the street leading in the direction of the Ghent road, Mrs. O'Dowd pursuing them with a fire of sarcasm so long as they were in sight.

All that day from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased to roar. It was dark when the cannonading stopped all of a sudden.

All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth; and you and I, who were children when the great battle was won and lost, are never tired of hearing and recounting the history of that famous action. Its remembrance rankles still in the bosoms of millions of the countrymen of those brave men who lost the day. They pant for an opportunity of revenging that humiliation; and if a contest, ending in a victory on their part, should ensue, elating them in their turn, and leaving its cursed legacy of hatred and rage behind to us, there is no end to the so-called glory and shame, and to the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, in which two high-spirited nations might engage. Centuries hence, we Frenchmen and Englishmen might be boasting and

killing each other still, carrying out bravely the Devil's code of honour.

All our friends took their share and fought like men in the great field. All day long, whilst the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were ploughing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. Towards evening, the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset. It came at last: the columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day, and spite of all: unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line—the dark rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began to wave and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled.

No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city: and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart. //

MARY ANN EVANS—"GEORGE ELIOT" (1819-1880)

IN GEORGE ELIOT we have perhaps the best general representative of the Victorian novel, for she exemplifies, particularly in her earlier novels, the realism of Dickens, Thackeray, Reade, and Trollope, but she is also the first of the psychological novelists and is a forerunner of Hardy and Meredith. Out of the gay realistic miscellany of London life, as presented by Theodore Hook and Pierce Egan and, in a different field, by Tom Hood and Leigh Hunt, arose Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*. Thackeray felt that he could do a more realistic job than Dickens was doing, and he did. With Thackeray in the field there began one of the great outbursts of literary genius, devoted this time, not to satire as in the age of Pope, or to drama as in the age of Shakespeare, or to poetry as in the age of Wordsworth, but to prose fiction.

This great literary renaissance occurred within half a dozen years before and after 1850. *David Copperfield* came out that year. *Vanity Fair* appeared in 1847-1848 and *The Newcomes* in 1853. The serial publication of *Pendennis* had ended in 1850, and *The History of Henry Esmond* was published in 1852. Lytton joined the procession of realistic fiction writers with *The Caxtons* in 1850 and *My Novel* in 1853. Kingsley's masterpieces, *Alton Locke*, *Hypatia*, and *Westward Ho!* appeared between 1850 and 1855. Mrs. Gaskell, the immediate forerunner of George Eliot, published *Mary Barton* in 1848, *Cranford* in 1851-1853, and *North and South* in 1854-1855. Charles Reade turned from drama to fiction and published *Peg Woffington* in 1852, *Christie Johnstone* in 1853, and *It Is Never Too Late To Mend* in 1856. Trollope began his career as a novelist with two Irish tales, *The Macdermots of*

Ballycloran (1847) and *The Kellys and the O'Kellys* (1848). His fame was secured by *The Warden* (1855) and *Barchester Towers* (1857). The brilliant career of Charlotte Brontë lies between 1847 and 1853. Other novels of the time which have lasted on to this day are Miss Mulock's *John Halifax, Gentleman* (1857), Miss Yonge's *The Heir of Redcliffe* (1853), and Hughes's *Tom Brown's Schooldays* (1857).

The life of George Eliot reflects in many ways the interesting times in which she lived, and she herself was so gifted in intellect and feeling that she became one of the best exponents of the age. Her father, Robert Evans, was estate agent for the Newdigate family, and Mary Ann Evans was born at Arbury in Warwickshire, in which county she spent her early life. The father, whom she is supposed to have portrayed in Adam Bede, was a competent, dutiful man of strong conservative principles in church and state. The religion of the family was evangelical, and George Eliot had an aunt, a Methodist preacher, who furnished her with the prototype of Dinah Morris in *Adam Bede*. Mary Ann Evans had both radical and tory associations from the start. She grew up in the commonplace, rich, midland plains, and it was her lot to see more deeply into the ordinary than has any other English novelist. Her childhood reading was limited to a few books, mainly religious, and the history of her girlhood reveals her absorbing mind, her affectionate nature, her tractability, her diffidence, and her ambition. She had good schooling at Nuneaton and Coventry, and left school in 1835, when there began for her a long period of isolation and thwarted ambition. At Coventry she came under the influence of Charles Bray and his family and of Charles Hennell's *An Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity*. The result was an upset in her religious belief. She ceased to attend church and resumed attendance only to gratify her father. But she did not, and this is an important point, lose her deeply religious spirit or her admiration and respect for religious persons and for the religious life. No one could have resented

scoffing at religion more than she did. In 1844 she began the long and painful job of translating into English David Friedrich Strauss's agnostic *Leben Jesu*. One gets an idea of her spirit from a list of her favorite authors. She carries on the attitude of Wordsworth as regards belief in simple people. She admired Shakespeare, Milton, Cowper, and Edward Young, the author of *Night Thoughts*; also Wilberforce, Hannah More, and Keble. The death of her father in 1849 set her free from the simple, honest, narrow life of Warwickshire, and she went out into the world of the new enlightenment. From 1851 to 1853 she was assistant editor of a newly founded modernistic journal, *The Westminster Review*. She met, or continued her acquaintance with Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Theodore Parker, Miss Martineau, and, last and most important, George Henry Lewes. She and Lewes fell in love with each other. He had been deserted by his wife, but under English law could not obtain a divorce. In the face of some public obloquy she went to him, and they lived for many years faithfully together as husband and wife. That was in 1854.

Up to this time she had done no fiction, although she had apparently always intended to try her hand. This she did under Lewes's encouragement in 1856 with *The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton*, a book which reveals her talent well. It shows her humor, pathos, and her ability in dialogue (which means the ability to enter dramatically into the characters who speak). *Amos Barton* is a revelation of the importance of the ordinary. The minister himself is a commonplace person. The characters are natural simple people, many of them taken from the author's own experience. George Eliot followed *Amos Barton* with two other short novels, also published in *Blackwood's*, *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story* and *Janet's Repentance*. These stories were collected into a book and published as *Scenes from Clerical Life* in 1858. The book was so far successful that she was encouraged to proceed with a novel of greater length, *Adam Bede* (1859), which at once

established her reputation as a great novelist. She again told a plain and realistic story of domestic and community life and again drew deeply on her own experience in Warwickshire. She followed the same vein in *The Mill on the Floss* (1860) and *Silas Marner* (1861). These four books make up George Eliot's first period and constitute her chief claim to superior greatness as an English novelist. Her later books, great as they are, are less spontaneous, more melancholy, and more concerned with philosophic theory—ethics, aesthetics, and psychology. *Romola* (1863), a historical novel with the scene laid in Florence in the time of Savonarola, is the result of much study and effort. It is a masterpiece, and was awaited as such, but not a masterpiece in historical fiction. As a study of human degeneration it is unrivaled. As an example of fictional technique it is great. But it lacks interest and fails to give a complete satisfaction to its readers. *Felix Holt* (1866) is George Eliot's contribution to the novel of purpose, and it is not unfair to say that it is dull and, in spite of much excellent work, is a failure. George Eliot had been living in partial seclusion from society and had forgotten, if she ever knew, what a real radical is like. *Felix Holt* is not a radical; he is merely a crude and theory-ridden person. For the setting of the book she went back to Warwickshire. It is *Middlemarch* (1871-1872) alone which stands out as a great book in George Eliot's later works—great in construction, style, wisdom, and psychology. It has sometimes been called by good critics the greatest of Victorian novels. It is a study of provincial life with three plots skilfully woven together (a style no longer in favor). The canvas is large, and it presents a great picture of manners and customs. The author's reflective powers are fully ripened, and she manifests deep insight into the intricacies of motive and character. *Daniel Deronda* (1874-1876), the author's last novel, is a book always praised for its technical excellence, indescribably rich in the virtues of its great author, and essential in the reading of one who would know the full flavor of the Victorian novel; but nevertheless

one of the greatest disappointments in store for the student of fiction.

One other connection of *Scenes of Clerical Life*, one part of which is given below in abbreviated form, is its relation to the realistic literature of the English village. The scenes are laid in Shepperton, and Shepperton has the habits and qualities of a village, the thing one finds in *Our Village* by Miss Mitford and still more admirably in the renowned *Cranford* by Mrs. Gaskell.

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From THE SAD FORTUNES
OF THE REV. AMOS BARTON
(Psychological Novel of Village Life)

[*The Reverend Amos Barton, ill-paid curate of Shepperton, has little learning, no tact or charm, and is unpopular with his parishioners. His wife Milly is beautiful and gentle. The Countess Czerlaski, a self-indulgent English woman, falls out with her brother because he has married her maid and in a huff takes up her residence in the impoverished household of the minister, who cannot get rid of her. She is unconscious of the over-work and general wretchedness her presence entails on the minister's wife, or she is indifferent to that and everything except her own concerns. Her presence there causes a scandal in the neighborhood.*]

CHAPTER VI

One November morning, at least six months after the Countess Czerlaski had taken up her residence at the vicarage, Mrs. Hackit heard that her neighbor Mrs. Patten had an attack of her old complaint, vaguely called "the spasms." Accordingly, about eleven o'clock, she put on her velvet bonnet and cloth cloak, with a long boa and muff large enough to stow a prize baby in; for Mrs. Hackit regulated her costume by the calendar, and brought out her furs on the first of November, whatever might be the temperature. She was not a woman weakly to accommodate herself to shilly-shally proceedings. If the season didn't know what it ought to do, Mrs. Hackit did. In her best days, it was always sharp weather at "Gunpowder Plot," and she didn't like new fashions.

And this morning the weather was very rationally in accordance with her costume, for as she made her way through the fields to Cross Farm, the yellow leaves on the hedge-girt elms which showed bright and golden against the low-hanging purple clouds,

were being scattered across the grassy path by the coldest of November winds. "Ah," Mrs. Hackit thought to herself, "I dare say we shall have a sharp pinch this winter, and if we do, I shouldn't wonder if it takes the old lady off. They say a green Yule makes a fat churchyard; but so does a white Yule too, for that matter. When the stool's rotten enough, no matter who sits on it."

However, on her arrival at Cross Farm, the prospect of Mrs. Patten's decease was again thrown into the dim distance in her imagination, for Miss Janet Gibbs met her with the news that Mrs. Patten was much better, and led her, without any preliminary announcement, to the old lady's bedroom. Janet had scarcely reached the end of her circumstantial narrative how the attack came on and what were her aunt's sensations—a narrative to which Mrs. Patten, in her neatly plaited nightcap, seemed to listen with a contemptuous resignation to her niece's historical inaccuracy, contenting herself with occasionally confounding Janet by a shake of the head—when the clatter of a horse's hoofs on the yard pavement announced the arrival of Mr. Pilgrim, whose large, top-booted person presently made its appearance up-stairs. He found Mrs. Patten going on so well that there was no need to look solemn. He might glide from condolence into gossip without offence, and the temptation of having Mrs. Hackit's ear was irresistible.

"What a disgraceful business this is turning out of your parson's," was the remark with which he made this agreeable transition, throwing himself back in the chair from which he had been leaning towards the patient.

"Eh, dear me!" said Mrs. Hackit, "disgraceful enough, I stuck to Mr. Barton as long as I could, for his wife's sake; but I can't countenance such goings-on. It's hateful to see that woman coming with 'em to service of a Sunday, and if Mr. Hackit wasn't churchwarden and I didn't think it wrong to forsake one's own parish, I should go to Knebley Church. There's a many parish'ners as do."

"I used to think Barton was only a fool," observed Mr. Pilgrim, in a tone which implied that he was conscious of having been weakly charitable. "I thought he was imposed upon and led away by those people when they first came. But that's impossible now."

"Oh, it's as plain as the nose in your face," said Mrs. Hackit, unreflectingly, not perceiving the equivoque in her comparison—"Comin' to Milby, like a sparrow perchin' on a bough, as I may say, with her brother, as she called him, and then all on a sudden the brother goes off with himself, and she throws herself on the Bartons. Though what could make her take up with a poor notomise of a parson, as hasn't got enough to keep wife and children, there's One above knows—I don't."

"Mr. Barton may have attractions we don't know of," said Mr. Pilgrim, who piqued himself on a talent for sarcasm. "The Countess has no maid now, and they say Mr. Barton is handy in assisting at her toilet—laces her boots, and so forth."

"Tilette be fiddled!" said Mrs. Hackit, with indignant boldness of metaphor; "an' there's that poor thing a-sewing her fingers to the bone for them children—an' another comin' on. What she must have to go through! It goes to my heart to turn my back on her. But she's i' the wrong to let herself be put upon i' that manner."

"Ah! I was talking to Mrs. Farquhar about that the other day. She said, 'I think Mrs. Barton a v-e-r-y w-e-a-k w-o-m-a-n.'"
(Mr. Pilgrim gave this quotation with slow emphasis, as if he thought Mrs. Farquhar had uttered a remarkable sentiment.)
"They find it impossible to invite her to their house while she has that equivocal person staying with her."

"Well!" remarked Miss Gibbs, "if I was a wife, nothing should induce me to bear what Mrs. Barton does."

"Yes, it's fine talking," said Mrs. Patten, from her pillow; "old maids' husbands are al'y's well-managed. If you was a wife you'd be as foolish as your betters, belike."

"All my wonder is," observed Mrs. Hackit, "how the Bartons make both ends meet. You may depend on it, *she's* got nothing to give 'em; for I understand as he's been havin' money from some clergy charity. They said at fust as she stuffed Mr. Barton wi' notions about her writing to the Chancellor an' her fine friends, to give him a living. Howiver, I don't know what's true an' what's false. Mr. Barton keeps away from our house now, for I gave him a bit o' my mind one day. Maybe he's ashamed of himself. He seems to me to look dreadful thin an' harassed of a Sunday."

"Oh, he must be aware he's getting into bad odor everywhere. The clergy are quite disgusted with his folly. They say Carpe would be glad to get Barton out of the curacy if he could; but he can't do that without coming to Shepperton himself, as Barton's a licensed curate; and he wouldn't like that, I suppose."

At this moment Mrs. Patten showed signs of uneasiness which recalled Mr. Pilgrim to professional attentions, and Mrs. Hackit, observing that it was Thursday, and she must see after the butter, said good-by, promising to look in again soon, and bring her knitting.

This Thursday, by the bye, is the first in the month—the day on which the Clerical Meeting is held at Milby Vicarage; and as the Rev. Amos Barton has reasons for not attending, he will very likely be a subject of conversation amongst his clerical brethren. Suppose we go there, and hear whether Mr. Pilgrim has reported their opinion correctly.

There is not a numerous party today, for it is a season of sore throats and catarrhs; so that the exegetical and theological discussions which are the preliminary of dining, have not been quite so spirited as usual; and although a question relative to the Epistle of Jude has not been quite cleared up, the striking of six by the church clock, and the simultaneous announcement of dinner, are sounds that no one feels to be importunate.

Pleasant (when one is not in the least bilious) to enter a comfortable dining-room, where the closely drawn red curtains glow with the double light of fire and candle, where glass and silver are glittering on the pure damask, and a soup-tureen gives a hint of the fragrance that will presently rush out to inundate your hungry senses, and prepare them, by the delicate visitation of atoms, for the keen gusto of ampler contact! Especially if you have confidence in the dinner-giving capacity of your host—if you know that he is not a man who entertains grovelling views of eating and drinking as a mere satisfaction of hunger and thirst, and, dead to all the finer influences of the palate, expects his guest to be brilliant on ill-flavored gravies and the cheapest Marsala. Mr. Ely was particularly worthy of such confidence, and his virtues as an Amphitryon had probably contributed quite as much as the central situation of Milby to the selection of his

house as a clerical rendezvous. He looks particularly graceful at the head of his table, and, indeed, on all occasions where he acts as president or moderator: he is a man who seems to listen well, and is an excellent amalgam of dissimilar ingredients.

At the other end of the table, as "Vice," sits Mr. Fellowes, rector and magistrate, a man of imposing appearance, with a mellifluous voice and the readiest of tongues. Mr. Fellowes once obtained a living by the persuasive charms of his conversation, and the fluency with which he interpreted the opinions of an obese and stammering baronet, so as to give that elderly gentleman a very pleasing perception of his own wisdom. Mr. Fellowes is a very successful man, and has the highest character everywhere except in his own parish, where, doubtless because his parishioners happen to be quarrelsome people, he is always at fierce feud with a farmer or two, a colliery proprietor, a grocer who was once churchwarden, and a tailor who formerly officiated as clerk.

At Mr. Ely's right hand you see a very small man with a sallow and somewhat puffy face, whose hair is brushed straight up, evidently with the intention of giving him a height somewhat less disproportionate to his sense of his own importance than the measure of five feet three accorded him by an oversight of nature. This is the Rev. Archibald Duke, a very dyspeptic and evangelical man, who takes the gloomiest view of mankind and their prospects, and thinks the immense sale of the "Pickwick Papers," recently completed, one of the strongest proofs of original sin. Unfortunately, though Mr. Duke was not burdened with a family, his yearly expenditure was apt considerably to exceed his income; and the unpleasant circumstances resulting from this, together with heavy meat-breakfasts, may probably have contributed to his desponding views of the world generally.

Next to him is seated Mr. Furness, a tall young man, with blond hair and whiskers, who was plucked at Cambridge entirely owing to his genius; at least I know that he soon afterwards published a volume of poems, which were considered remarkably beautiful by many young ladies of his acquaintance. Mr. Furness preached his own sermons, as any one of tolerable critical acumen might have certified by comparing them with his poems: in both,

there was an exuberance of metaphor and simile entirely original, and not in the least borrowed from any resemblance in the things compared.

On Mr. Furness's left you see Mr. Pugh, another young curate, of much less marked characteristics. He had not published any poems; he had not even been plucked; he had neat black whiskers and a pale complexion; read prayers and a sermon twice every Sunday, and might be seen any day sallying forth on his parochial duties in a white tie, a well-brushed hat, a perfect suit of black, and well-polished boots—an equipment which he probably supposed hieroglyphically to represent the spirit of Christianity to the parishioners of Whittlecombe.

Mr. Pugh's *vis-à-vis* is the Rev. Martin Cleves, a man about forty—middle-sized, broad-shouldered, with a negligently tied cravat, large irregular features, and a large head thickly covered with lanky brown hair. To a superficial glance, Mr. Cleves is the plainest and least clerical-looking of the party; yet, strange to say, *there* is the true parish priest, the pastor beloved, consulted, relied on by his flock; a clergyman who is not associated with the undertaker, but thought of as the surest helper under a difficulty, as a monitor who is encouraging rather than severe. Mr. Cleves has the wonderful art of preaching sermons which the wheelwright and the blacksmith can understand; not because he talks condescending twaddle, but because he can call a spade a spade, and knows how to disencumber ideas of their wordy frippery. Look at him more attentively, and you will see that his face is a very interesting one—that there is a great deal of humor and feeling playing in his gray eyes, and about the corners of his roughly cut mouth:—a man, you observe, who has most likely sprung from the harder-working section of the middle class, and has hereditary sympathies with the checkered life of the people. He gets together the working men in his parish on a Monday evening, and gives them a sort of conversational lecture on useful practical matters, telling them stories, or reading some select passages from an agreeable book, and commenting on them; and if you were to ask the first laborer or artisan in Tripplegate what sort of man the parson was, he would say,—“a uncommon knowin', sensible, free-spoken gentleman;

very kind an' good-natur'd too." Yet for all this, he is perhaps the best Grecian of the party, if we except Mr. Baird, the young man on his left.

Mr. Baird has since gained considerable celebrity as an original writer and metropolitan lecturer, but at that time he used to preach in a little church something like a barn, to a congregation consisting of three rich farmers and their servants, about fifteen laborers, and the due proportion of women and children. The rich farmers understood him to be "very high learnt;" but if you had interrogated them for a more precise description, they would have said that he was "a thinnish-faced man, with a sort o' cast in his eye, like."

Seven, altogether: a delightful number for a dinner-party, supposing the units to be delightful, but everything depends on that. During dinner Mr. Fellowes took the lead in the conversation, which set strongly in the direction of mangold-wurzel and the rotation of crops; for Mr. Fellowes and Mr. Cleves cultivated their own glebes. Mr. Ely, too, had some agricultural notions, and even the Rev. Archibald Duke was made alive to that class of mundane subjects by the possession of some potato-ground. The two young curates talked a little aside during these discussions, which had imperfect interest for their unbeneficed minds; and the transcendental and near-sighted Mr. Baird seemed to listen somewhat abstractedly, knowing little more of potatoes and mangold-wurzel than that they were some form of the "Conditioned."

"What a hobby farming is with Lord Watling!" said Mr. Fellowes, when the cloth was being drawn. "I went over his farm at Tetterley with him last summer. It is really a model farm; first-rate dairy, grazing and wheat land, and such splendid farm-buildings! An expensive hobby, though. He sinks a good deal of money there, I fancy. He has a great whim for black cattle, and he sends that drunken old Scotch bailiff of his to Scotland every year, with hundreds in his pocket, to buy these beasts."

"By the bye," said Mr. Ely, "do you know who is the man to whom Lord Watling has given the Bramhill livings?"

"A man named Sargent. I knew him at Oxford. His brother is a lawyer, and was very useful to Lord Watling in that ugly Brounsell affair. That's why Sargent got the living."

"Sargent," said Mr. Ely. "I know him. Isn't he a showy, talkative fellow; has written travels in Mesopotamia, or something of that sort?"

"That's the man."

"He was at Witherington once, as Bagshawe's curate. He got into rather bad odor there, through some scandal about a flirtation, I think."

"Talking of scandal," returned Mr. Fellowes, "have you heard the last story about Barton? Nisbett was telling me the other day that he dines alone with the Countess at six, while Mrs. Barton is in the kitchen acting as cook."

"Rather an apocryphal authority, Nisbett," said Mr. Ely.

"Ah," said Mr. Cleves, with good-natured humor twinkling in his eyes, "depend upon it, that is a corrupt version. The original text is, that they all dined together *with* six—meaning six children—and that Mrs. Barton is an excellent cook."

"I wish dining alone together may be the worst of that sad business," said the Rev. Archibald Duke, in a tone implying that his wish was a strong figure of speech.

"Well," said Mr. Fellowes, filling his glass and looking jocose, "Barton is certainly either the greatest gull in existence, or he has some cunning secret,—some philtre or other to make himself charming in the eyes of a fair lady. It isn't all of us that can make conquests when our ugliness is past its bloom."

"The lady seemed to have made a conquest of him at the very outset," said Mr. Ely. "I was immensely amused one night at Granby's when he was telling us her story about her husband's adventures. He said, 'When she told me the tale, I felt I don't know how,—I felt it from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet.'"

Mr. Ely gave these words dramatically, imitating the Rev. Amos's fervor and symbolic action, and every one laughed except Mr. Duke, whose after-dinner view of things was not apt to be jovial. He said—

"I think some of us ought to remonstrate with Mr. Barton on the scandal he is causing. He is not only imperilling his own soul, but the souls of his flock."

"Depend upon it," said Mr. Cleves, "there is some simple explanation of the whole affair, if we only happened to know it.

Barton has always impressed me as a right-minded man, who has the knack of doing himself injustice by his manner."

"Now *I* never liked Barton," said Mr. Fellowes. "He's not a gentleman. Why, he used to be on terms of intimacy with that canting Prior, who died a little while ago;—a fellow who soaked himself with spirits, and talked of the Gospel through an inflamed nose."

"The Countess has given him more refined tastes, I dare say," said Mr. Ely.

"Well," observed Mr. Cleves, "the poor fellow must have a hard pull to get along, with his small income and large family. Let us hope the Countess does something towards making the pot boil."

"Not she," said Mr. Duke; "there are greater signs of poverty about them than ever."

"Well, come," returned Mr. Cleves, who could be caustic sometimes, and who was not at all fond of his reverend brother, Mr. Duke, "that's something in Barton's favor at all events. He might be poor *without* showing signs of poverty."

Mr. Duke turned rather yellow, which was his way of blushing, and Mr. Ely came to his relief by observing—

"They're making a very good piece of work of Shepperton Church. Dolby, the architect, who has it in hand, is a very clever fellow."

"It's he who has been doing Coppleton Church," said Mr. Furness. "They've got it in excellent order for the visitation."

This mention of the visitation suggested the Bishop, and thus opened a wide duct, which entirely diverted the stream of animadversion from that small pipe—that capillary vessel, the Rev. Amos Barton.

The talk of the clergy about their Bishop belongs to the esoteric part of their profession; so we will at once quit the dining-room at Milby Vicarage, lest we should happen to overhear remarks unsuited to the lay understanding, and perhaps dangerous to our repose of mind.

CHAPTER VII

I dare say the long residence of the Countess Czerlaski at

Shepperton Vicarage is very puzzling to you also, dear reader, as well as to Mr. Barton's clerical brethen; the more so, as I hope you are not in the least inclined to put that very evil interpretation on it which evidently found acceptance with the sallow and dyspeptic Mr. Duke, and with the florid and highly peptic Mr. Fellowes. You have seen enough, I trust, of the Rev. Amos Barton, to be convinced that he was more apt to fall into a blunder than into a sin—more apt to be deceived than to incur a necessity for being deceitful: and if you have a keen eye for physiognomy, you will have detected that the Countess Czerlaski loved herself far too well to get entangled in an unprofitable vice.

How, then, you will say, could this fine lady choose to quarter herself on the establishment of a poor curate, where the carpets were probably falling into holes, where the attendance was limited to a maid-of-all-work, and where six children were running loose from eight o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening? Surely you must be straining probability.

Heaven forbid! For not having a lofty imagination, as you perceive, and being unable to invent thrilling incidents for your amusement, my only merit must lie in the truth with which I represent to you the humble experience of ordinary fellow-mortals. I wish to stir your sympathy with commonplace troubles—to win your tears for real sorrow: sorrow such as may live next door to you—such as walks neither in rags nor in velvet, but in very ordinary decent apparel.

Therefore, that you may dismiss your suspicions as to the truth of my picture, I will beg you to consider, that at the time the Countess Czerlaski left Camp Villa in dudgeon, she had only twenty pounds in her pocket, being about one-third of the income she possessed independently of her brother. You will then perceive that she was in the extremely inconvenient predicament of having quarrelled, not indeed with her bread and cheese, but certainly with her chicken and tart—a predicament all the more inconvenient to her, because the habit of idleness had quite unfitted her for earning those necessary superfluities, and because, with all her fascinations, she had not secured any enthusiastic friends whose houses were open to her, and who were dying to see her. Thus she had completely checkmated herself, unless she could resolve on one unpleasant move—namely,

to humble herself to her brother, and recognize his wife. This seemed quite impossible to her as long as she entertained the hope that he would make the first advances; and in this flattering hope she remained month after month at Shepperton Vicarage, gracefully overlooking the deficiencies of accommodation, and feeling that she was really behaving charmingly. "Who indeed," she thought to herself, "could do otherwise, with a lovely, gentle creature like Milly? I shall really be sorry to leave the poor thing."

So, though she lay in bed till ten, and came down to a separate breakfast at eleven, she kindly consented to dine as early as five, when a hot joint was prepared, which coldly furnished forth the children's table the next day; she considerably prevented Milly from devoting herself too closely to the children, by insisting on reading, talking, and walking with her; and she even began to embroider a cap for the next baby, which must certainly be a girl, and be named Caroline.

After the first month or two of her residence at the Vicarage, the Rev. Amos Barton became aware—as, indeed, it was unavoidable that he should—of the strong disapprobation it drew upon him, and the change of feeling towards him which it was producing in his kindest parishioners. But, in the first place, he still believed in the Countess as a charming and influential woman, disposed to befriend him, and, in any case, he could hardly hint departure to a lady guest who had been kind to him and his, and who might any day spontaneously announce the termination of her visit; in the second place, he was conscious of his own innocence, and felt some contemptuous indignation towards people who were ready to imagine evil of him; and, lastly, he had, as I have already intimated, a strong will of his own, so that a certain obstinacy and defiance mingled itself with his other feelings on the subject.

The one unpleasant consequence which was not to be evaded or counteracted by any mere mental state, was the increasing drain on his slender purse for household expenses, to meet which the remittance he had received from the clerical charity threatened to be quite inadequate. Slander may be defeated by equanimity; but courageous thoughts will not pay your baker's bill, and fortitude is nowhere considered legal tender for beef. Month

after month the financial aspect of the Rev. Amos's affairs became more and more serious to him, and month after month, too, wore away more and more of that armor of indignation and defiance with which he had at first defended himself from the harsh looks of faces that were once the friendliest.

But quite the heaviest pressure of the trouble fell on Milly—on gentle, uncomplaining Milly—whose delicate body was becoming daily less fit for all the many things that had to be done between rising up and lying down. At first, she thought the Countess's visit would not last long, and she was quite glad to incur extra exertion for the sake of making her friend comfortable. I can hardly bear to think of all the rough work she did with those lovely hands—all by the sly, without letting her husband know anything about, and husbands are not clairvoyant: how she salted bacon, ironed shirts and cravats, put patches on patches, and re-darned darns. Then there was the task of mending and eking out baby-linen in prospect, and the problem perpetually suggesting itself how she and Nanny *should* manage when there was another baby, as there would be before very many months were past.

When time glided on, and the Countess's visit did not end, Milly was not blind to any phase of their position. She knew of the slander; she was aware of the keeping aloof of old friends; but these she felt almost entirely on her husband's account. A loving woman's world lies within the four walls of her own home; and it is only through her husband that she is in any electric communication with the world beyond. Mrs. Simpkins may have looked scornfully at her, but baby crows and holds out his little arms none the less blithely; Mrs. Tomkins may have left off calling on her, but her husband comes home none the less to receive her care and caresses; it has been wet and gloomy out of doors today, but she has looked well after the shirt buttons, has cut out baby's pinafores, and half finished Willy's blouse.

So it was with Milly. She was only vexed that her husband should be vexed—only wounded because he was misconceived. But the difficulty about ways and means she felt in quite a different manner. Her rectitude was alarmed lest they should have to make tradesmen wait for their money; her motherly love

dreaded the diminution of comforts for the children, and the sense of her own failing health gave exaggerated force to these fears.

Milly could no longer shut her eyes to the fact, that the Countess was inconsiderate, if she did not allow herself to entertain severer thoughts, and she began to feel that it would soon be a duty to tell her frankly that they really could not afford to have her visit farther prolonged. But a process was going forward in two other minds, which ultimately saved Milly from having to perform this painful task.

In the first place, the Countess was getting weary of Sheperton—wears of waiting for her brother's overtures which never came; so, one fine morning, she reflected that forgiveness was a Christian duty, that a sister should be placable, that Mr. Bridmain must feel the need of her advice, to which he had been accustomed for three years, and that very likely "that woman" didn't make the poor man happy. In this amiable frame of mind she wrote a very affectionate appeal, and addressed it to Mr. Bridmain, through his banker.

Another mind that was being wrought up to a climax was Nanny's, the maid-of-all-work, who had a warm heart and a still warmer temper. Nanny adored her mistress. she had been heard to say, that she was "ready to kiss the ground as the missis trod on;" and Walter, she considered, was *her* baby, of whom she was as jealous as a lover. But she had, from the first, very slight admiration for the Countess Czerlaski. That lady, from Nanny's point of view, was a personage always "drawed out i' fine clothes," the chief result of whose existence was to cause additional bed-making, carrying of hot water, laying of table-cloths, and cooking of dinners. It was a perpetually heightening "aggravation" to Nanny that she and her mistress had to "slave" more than ever, because there was this fine lady in the house.

"An' she pays nothin' for't neither," observed Nanny to Mr. Jacob Tomms, a young gentleman in the tailoring line, who occasionally—simply out of a taste for dialogue—looked into the vicarage kitchen of an evening. "I know the master's shorter o' money than iver, an' it meks no end o' difference i' th' house-keepin'—her bein' here, besides bein' obliged to have a charwoman constant."

"There's fine stories i' the village about her," said Mr. Tomms. "They say as Muster Barton's great wi' her, or else she'd niver stop here."

"Then they say a passill o' lies, an' you ought to be ashamed to go an' tell 'em o'er again. Do *you* think as the master, as has got a wife like the missis, 'ud go running arter a stuck-up piece o' goods like that Countess, as isn't fit to black the missis's shoes? I'm none so fond o' the master, but I know better on him nor that."

"Well, I didn't b'lieve it," said Mr. Tomms, humbly.

"B'lieve it? you'd ha' been a ninny if yer did. An' she's a nasty, stingy thing, that Countess. She's niver give me a sixpence nor an old rag neither, sin' here she's been. A-lyin' a bed an' a-comin' down to breakfast when other folks wants their dinner!"

If such was the state of Nanny's mind as early as the end of August, when this dialogue with Mr. Tomms occurred, you may imagine what it must have been by the beginning of November, and that at that time a very slight spark might any day cause the long-smouldering anger to flame forth in open indignation.

That spark happened to fall the very morning that Mrs. Hackit paid the visit to Mrs. Patten, recorded in the last chapter. Nanny's dislike of the Countess extended to the innocent dog Jet, whom she "couldn't a-bear to see mad a fuss wi' like a Christian. An' the little ouzel must be washed, too, ivery Saturday, as if there wasn't children enoo to wash, wi'out washin' dogs."

Now this particular morning it happened that Milly was quite too poorly to get up, and Mr. Barton observed to Nancy, on going out, that he would call and tell Mr. Brand to come. These circumstances were already enough to make Nanny anxious and susceptible. But the Countess, comfortably ignorant of them, came down as usual about eleven o'clock to her separate breakfast, which stood ready for her at that hour in the parlor; the kettle singing on the hob that she might make her own tea. There was a little jug of cream, taken according to custom from last night's milk, and specially saved for the Countess's breakfast. Jet always awaited his mistress at her bedroom door, and it was her habit to carry him downstairs.

"Now, my little Jet," she said, putting him down gently on the hearth-rug, "you shall have a nice, nice breakfast."

Jet indicated that he thought that observation extremely pertinent and well-timed, by immediately raising himself on his hind-legs, and the Countess emptied the cream-jug into the saucer. Now there was usually a small jug of milk standing on the tray by the side of the cream, and destined for Jet's breakfast, but this morning Nanny, being "moithered," had forgotten that part of the arrangements, so that when the Countess had made her tea, she perceived there was no second jug, and rang the bell. Nanny appeared, looking very red and heated—the fact was, she had been "doing up" the kitchen fire, and that is a sort of work which by no means conduces to blandness of temper.

"Nanny, you have forgotten Jet's milk; will you bring me some more cream, please?"

This was just a little too much for Nanny's forbearance.

"Yes, I dare say. Here am I wi' my hands full o' the children an' the dinner, and missis ill a-bed, and Mr. Brand a-comin'; and I must run o'er the village to get more cream, 'cause you've give it to that nasty little blackamoor."

"Is Mrs. Barton ill?"

"Ill—yes—I should think she *is* ill, and much you care. She's likely to be ill, moithered as *she* is from mornin' to night, wi' folks as had better be elsewhere."

"What do you mean by behaving in this way?"

"Mean? Why I mean as the missis is a-slavin' her life out an' a-sittin' up o' nights, for folks as are better able to wait of *her*, i'stid o' lyin' a-bed an' doin' nothin' all the blessed day, but mek work."

"Leave the room and don't be insolent."

"Insolent! I'd better be insolent than like what some folks is,—a-livin' on other folks, an' bringin' a bad name on 'em into the bargain."

Here Nanny flung out of the room, leaving the lady to digest this unexpected breakfast at her leisure.

The Countess was stunned for a few minutes, but when she began to recall Nanny's words, there was no possibility of avoiding very unpleasant conclusions from them, or of failing to see

her position at the Vicarage in an entirely new light. The interpretation too of Nanny's allusion to a "bad name" did not lie out of the reach of the Countess's imagination, and she saw the necessity of quitting Shepperton without delay. Still, she would like to wait for her brother's letter—no—she would ask Milly to forward it to her—still better, she would go at once to London, inquire her brother's address at his banker's, and go to see him without preliminary.

She went up to Milly's room, and, after kisses and inquiries, said—"I find, on consideration, dear Milly, from the letter I had yesterday, that I must bid you good-by and go up to London at once. But you must not let me leave you ill, you naughty thing."

"Oh, no," said Milly, who felt as if a load had been taken off her back, "I shall be very well in an hour or two. Indeed, I'm much better now. You will want me to help you to pack. But you won't go for two or three days?"

"Yes, I must go tomorrow. But I shall not let you help me to pack, so don't entertain any unreasonable projects, but lie still. Mr. Brand is coming, Nanny says."

The news was not an unpleasant surprise to Mr. Barton when he came home, though he was able to express more regret at the idea of parting than Milly could summon to her lips. He retained more of his original feeling for the Countess than Milly did, for women never betray themselves to men as they do to each other; and the Rev. Amos had not a keen instinct for character. But he felt that he was being relieved from a difficulty, and in the way that was easiest for him. Neither he nor Milly suspected that it was Nanny who had cut the knot for them, for the Countess took care to give no sign on that subject. As for Nanny, she was perfectly aware of the relation between cause and effect in the affair, and secretly chuckled over her outburst of "sauce" as the best morning's work she had ever done.

So, on Friday morning, a fly was seen standing at the Vicarage gate with the Countess's boxes packed upon it; and presently that lady herself was seen getting into the vehicle. After a last shake of the hand to Mr. Barton, and last kisses to Milly and the children, the door was closed; and as the fly rolled off, the little party at the Vicarage gate caught a last glimpse of the

handsome Countess leaning and waving kisses from the carriage window. Jet's little black phiz was also seen, and doubtless he had his thoughts and feelings on the occasion, but he kept them strictly within his own bosom.

The schoolmistress opposite witnessed this departure, and lost no time in telling it to the schoolmaster, who again communicated the news to the landlord of "The Jolly Colliers," at the close of the morning school-hours. Nanny poured the joyful tidings into the ear of Mr. Farquhar's footman, who happened to call with a letter, and Mr. Brand carried them to all the patients he visited that morning, after calling on Mrs. Barton. So that, before Sunday, it was very generally known in Shepperton parish that the Countess Czerlaski had left the Vicarage.

The Countess had left, but alas, the bills she had contributed to swell still remained; so did the exiguity of the children's clothing, which also was partly an indirect consequence of her presence; and so, too, did the coolness and alienation in the parishioners, which could not at once vanish before the fact of her departure. The Rev. Amos was not exculpated—the past was not expunged. But what was worse than all, Milly's health gave frequent cause for alarm, and the prospect of baby's birth was overshadowed by more than the usual fears. The birth came prematurely, about six weeks after the Countess's departure, but Mr. Brand gave favorable reports to all inquirers on the following day, which was Saturday. On Sunday, after morning service, Mrs. Hackit called at the Vicarage to inquire how Mrs. Barton was, and was invited up-stairs to see her. Milly lay placid and lovely in her feebleness, and held out her hand to Mrs. Hackit with a beaming smile. It was very pleasant to her to see her old friend unreserved and cordial once more. The seven months' baby was very tiny and very red, but "handsome is that handsome does"—he was pronounced to be "doing well," and Mrs. Hackit went home gladdened at heart to think that the perilous hour was over.

CHAPTER VIII

The following Wednesday, when Mr. and Mrs. Hackit were seated comfortably by their bright hearth, enjoying the long

afternoon afforded by an early dinner, Rachel, the housemaid, came in and said—

“If you please ’m, the shepherd says, have you heard as Mrs. Barton’s wuss, and not expected to live?”

Mrs. Hackit turned pale, and hurried out to question the shepherd, who, she found, had heard the sad news at an alehouse in the village. Mr. Hackit followed her out and said, “You’d better have the pony-chaise, and go directly.”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Hackit, too much overcome to utter any exclamations. “Rachel, come an’ help me on wi’ my things.” When her husband was wrapping her cloak round her feet in the pony-chaise, she said—

“If I don’t come home tonight, I shall send back the pony-chaise, and you’ll know I’m wanted there.”

“Yes, yes.”

It was a bright frosty day, and by the time Mrs. Hackit arrived at the Vicarage, the sun was near its setting. There was a carriage and pair standing at the gate, which she recognized as Dr. Madeley’s, the physician from Rotherby. She entered at the kitchen door that she might avoid knocking, and quietly questioned Nanny. No one was in the kitchen, but, passing on, she saw the sitting-room door open, and Nanny, with Walter in her arms, removing the knives and forks, which had been laid for dinner three hours ago.

“Master says he can’t eat no dinner,” was Nanny’s first word. “He’s never tasted nothin’ sin’ yesterday mornin’, but a cup o’ tea.”

“When was your missis took worse?”

“O’ Monday night. They sent for Dr. Madeley i’ the middle o’ the day yisterday, an’ he’s here again now.”

“Is the baby alive?”

“No, it died last night. The children’s all at Mrs. Bond’s. She come and took ’em away last night, but the master says they must be fetched soon. He’s up-stairs now, wi’ Dr. Madeley and Mr. Brand.”

At this moment Mrs. Hackit heard the sound of a heavy, slow foot, in the passage; and presently Amos Barton entered, with dry despairing eyes, haggard and unshaven. He expected to find the sitting-room as he left it, with nothing to meet his eyes but

Milly's work-basket in the corner of the sofa, and the children's toys overturned in the bow-window. But when he saw Mrs. Hackit come towards him with answering sorrow in her face, the pent-up fountain of tears was opened; he threw himself on the sofa, hid his face, and sobbed aloud.

"Bear up, Mr. Barton," Mrs. Hackit ventured to say at last; "bear up, for the sake o' them dear children."

"The children," said Amos, starting up. "They must be sent for. Some one must fetch them. Milly will want to—"

He couldn't finish the sentence, but Mrs. Hackit understood him, and said, "I'll send the man with the pony-carriage for 'em."

She went out to give the order, and encountered Dr. Madeley and Mr. Brand, who were just going.

Mr. Brand said: "I am very glad to see you are here, Mrs. Hackit. No time must be lost in sending for the children. Mrs. Barton wants to see them."

"Do you quite give her up, then?"

"She can hardly live through the night. She begged us to tell her how long she had to live; and then asked for the children."

The pony-carriage was sent; and Mrs. Hackit, returning to Mr. Barton, said she should like to go up-stairs now. He went up-stairs with her and opened the door. The chamber fronted the west; the sun was just setting, and the red light fell full upon the bed, where Milly lay with the hand of death visibly upon her. The feather-bed had been removed, and she lay low on a mattress, with her head slightly raised by pillows. Her long fair neck seemed to be struggling with a painful effort; her features were pallid and pinched, and her eyes were closed. There was no one in the room but the nurse, and the mistress of the free school, who had come to give her help from the beginning of the change.

Amos and Mrs. Hackit stood beside the bed, and Milly opened her eyes.

"My darling, Mrs. Hackit is come to see you."

Milly smiled and looked at her with that strange, far-off look which belongs to ebbing life.

"Are the children coming?" she said, painfully.

"Yes, they will be here directly."

She closed her eyes again.

Presently the pony-carriage was heard; and Amos, motioning to Mrs. Hackit to follow him, left the room. On their way downstairs, she suggested that the carriage should remain to take them away again afterwards, and Amos assented.

There they stood in the melancholy sitting-room—the five sweet children, from Patty to Chubby—all, with their mother's eyes—all, except Patty, looking up with a vague fear at their father as he entered. Patty understood the great sorrow that was come upon them, and tried to check her sobs as she heard her papa's footsteps.

"My children," said Amos, taking Chubby in his arms, "God is going to take away your dear mamma from us. She wants to see you to say good-by. You must try to be very good and not cry."

He could say no more, but turned round to see if Nanny was there with Walter, and then led the way up-stairs, leading Dickey with the other hand. Mrs. Hackit followed with Sophy and Patty, and then came Nanny with Walter and Fred.

It seemed as if Milly had heard the little footsteps on the stairs, for when Amos entered her eyes were wide open, eagerly looking towards the door. They all stood by the bedside—Amos nearest to her, holding Chubby and Dickey. But she motioned for Patty to come first, and clasping the poor pale child by the hand, said—

"Patty, I'm going away from you. Love your papa. Comfort him; and take care of your little brothers and sisters. God will help you."

Patty stood perfectly quiet, and said, "Yes, mamma."

The mother motioned with her pallid lips for the dear child to lean towards her and kiss her; and then Patty's great anguish overcame her, and she burst into sobs. Amos drew her towards him and pressed her head gently to him, while Milly beckoned Fred and Sophy, and said to them more faintly—

"Patty will try to be your mamma when I am gone, my darlings. You will be good and not vex her."

They leaned towards her, and she stroked their fair heads,

and kissed their tear-stained cheeks. They cried because mamma was ill and papa looked so unhappy; but they thought, perhaps next week things would be as they used to be again.

The little ones were lifted on the bed to kiss her. Little Walter said, "Mamma, mamma," and stretched out his fat arms and smiled; and Chubby seemed gravely wondering, but Dickey, who had been looking fixedly at her, with lip hanging down, ever since he came into the room, now seemed suddenly pierced with the idea that mamma was going away somewhere; his little heart swelled, and he cried aloud.

Then Mrs. Hackit and Nanny took them all away. Patty at first begged to stay at home and not go to Mrs. Bond's again; but when Nanny reminded her that she had better go to take care of the younger ones, she submitted at once, and they were all packed in the pony-carriage once more.

Milly kept her eyes shut for some time after the children were gone. Amos had sunk on his knees, and was holding her hand while he watched her face. By-and-by she opened her eyes, and drawing him close to her, whispered slowly—

"My dear—dear—husband—you have been—very—good to me. You—have—made me—very—happy."

She spoke no more for many hours. They watched her breathing becoming more and more difficult, until evening deepened into night, and until midnight was past. About half-past twelve she seemed to be trying to speak, and they leaned to catch her words.

"Music—music—didn't you hear it?"

Amos knelt by the bed and held her hand in his. He did not believe in his sorrow. It was a bad dream. He did not know when she was gone. But Mr. Brand, whom Mrs. Hackit had sent for before twelve o'clock, thinking that Mr. Barton might probably need his help, now came up to him and said—

"She feels no more pain now. Come, my dear sir, come with me."

"She isn't *dead*?" shrieked the poor desolate man, struggling to shake off Mr. Brand, who had taken him by the arm. But his weary weakened frame was not equal to resistance, and he was dragged out of the room.

CHAPTER IX

They laid her in the grave—the sweet mother with her baby in her arms—while the Christmas snow lay thick upon the graves. It was Mr. Cleves who buried her. On the first news of Mr. Barton's calamity, he had ridden over from Tripplegate to beg that he might be made of some use, and his silent grasp of Amos's hand had penetrated like the painful thrill of life-recovering warmth to the poor benumbed heart of the stricken man.

The snow lay thick upon the graves, and the day was cold and dreary; but there was many a sad eye watching that black procession as it passed from the Vicarage to the church, and from the church to the open grave. There were men and women standing in that churchyard who had bandied vulgar jests about their pastor, and who had lightly charged him with sin; but now, when they saw him following the coffin, pale and haggard, he was consecrated anew by his great sorrow, and they looked at him with respectful pity.

All the children were there, for Amos had willed it so, thinking that some dim memory of that sacred moment might remain even with little Walter, and link itself with what he would hear of his sweet mother in after years. He himself led Patty and Dickey; then came Sophy and Fred; Mr. Brand had begged to carry Chubby, and Nanny followed with Walter. They made a circle round the grave while the coffin was being lowered. Patty alone of all the children felt that mamma was in that coffin, and that a new and sadder life had begun for papa and herself. She was pale and trembling, but she clasped his hand more firmly as the coffin went down, and gave no sob. Fred and Sophy, though they were only two and three years younger, and though they had seen mamma in her coffin, seemed to themselves to be looking at some strange show. They had not learned to decipher that terrible handwriting of human destiny, illness and death. Dickey had rebelled against his black clothes, until he was told that it would be naughty to mamma not to put them on, when he at once submitted; and now, though he had heard Nanny say that mamma was in heaven, he had a vague notion that she would come home again tomorrow, and say he had been a good boy and let him empty her work-box. He stood close to his father,

with great rosy cheeks, and wide-open blue eyes, looking first up at Mr. Cleves and then down at the coffin, and thinking he and Chubby would play at that when they got home.

The burial was over, and Amos turned with his children to re-enter the house—the house where, an hour ago, Milly's dear body lay, where the windows were half-darkened, and sorrow seemed to have a hallowed precinct for itself, shut out from the world. But now she was gone; the broad snow-reflected daylight was in all the rooms; the Vicarage again seemed part of the common working-day world, and Amos, for the first time, felt that he was alone—that day after day, month after month, year after year, would have to be lived through without Milly's love. Spring would come, and she would not be there; summer, and she would not be there; and he would never have her again with him by the fireside in the long evenings. The seasons all seemed irksome to his thoughts; and how dreary the sunshiny days that would be sure to come! She was gone from him; and he could never show her his love any more, never make up for omissions in the past by filling future days with tenderness.

Oh the anguish of that thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stinted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know!

Amos Barton had been an affectionate husband, and while Milly was with him, he was never visited by the thought that perhaps his sympathy with her was not quick and watchful enough; but now he re-lived all their life together, with that terrible keenness of memory and imagination which bereavement gives, and he felt as if his very love needed a pardon for its poverty and selfishness.

No outward solace could counteract the bitterness of this inward woe. But outward solace came. Cold faces looked kind again, and parishioners turned over in their minds what they could best do to help their pastor. Mr. Oldinport wrote to express his sympathy, and enclosed another twenty-pound note, begging that he might be permitted to contribute in this way

to the relief of Mr. Barton's mind from pecuniary anxieties, under the pressure of a grief which all his parishioners must share; and offering his interest towards placing the two eldest girls in a school expressly founded for clergymen's daughters. Mr. Cleves succeeded in collecting thirty pounds among his richer clerical brethren, and, adding ten pounds himself, sent the sum to Amos, with the kindest and most delicate words of Christian fellowship and manly friendship. Miss Jackson forgot old grievances, and came to stay some months with Milly's children, bringing such material aid as she could spare from her small income. These were substantial helps, which relieved Amos from the pressure of his money difficulties; and the friendly attentions, the kind pressure of the hand, the cordial looks he met with everywhere in his parish, made him feel that the fatal frost which had settled on his pastoral duties, during the Countess's residence at the Vicarage, was completely thawed, and that the hearts of his parishioners were once more opened to him.

No one breathed the Countess's name now; for Milly's memory hallowed her husband, as of old the place was hallowed on which an angel from God had alighted.

When the spring came, Mrs. Hackit begged that she might have Dickey to stay with her, and great was the enlargement of Dickey's experience from that visit. Every morning he was allowed—being well wrapt up as to his chest by Mrs. Hackit's own hands, but very bare and red as to his legs—to run loose in the cow and poultry yard, to persecute the turkey-cock by satirical imitations of his gobble-gobble, and to put difficult questions to the groom as to the reason why horses had four legs, and other transcendental matters. Then Mr. Hackit would take Dickey up on horseback when he rode round his farm, and Mrs. Hackit had a large plum-cake in cut, ready to meet incidental attacks of hunger. So that Dickey had considerably modified his views as to the desirability of Mrs. Hackit's kisses.

The Misses Farquhar made particular pets of Fred and Sophy, to whom they undertook to give lessons twice a-week in writing and geography; and Mrs. Farquhar devised many treats for the little ones. Patty's treat was to stay at home, or walk about with her papa; and when he sat by the fire in an evening, after

the other children were gone to bed, she would bring a stool, and, placing it against his feet, would sit down upon it and lean her head against his knee. Then his hand would rest on that fair head, and he would feel that Milly's love was not quite gone out of his life.

So the time wore on till it was May again, and the church was quite finished and reopened in all its new splendor, and Mr. Barton was devoting himself with more vigor than ever to his parochial duties. But one morning—it was a very bright morning, and evil tidings sometimes like to fly in the finest weather—there came a letter for Mr. Barton, addressed in the Vicar's handwriting. Amos opened it with some anxiety—somehow or other he had a presentiment of evil. The letter contained the announcement that Mr. Carpe had resolved on coming to reside at Shepperton, and that, consequently, in six months from that time Mr. Barton's duties as curate in that parish would be closed.

Oh, it was hard! Just when Shepperton had become the place where he most wished to stay—where he had friends who knew his sorrows—where he lived close to Milly's grave. To part from that grave seemed like parting with Milly a second time; for Amos was one who clung to all the material links between his mind and the past. His imagination was not vivid, and required the stimulus of actual perception.

It roused some bitter feeling, too, to think that Mr. Carpe's wish to reside at Shepperton was merely a pretext for removing Mr. Barton, in order that he might ultimately give the curacy of Shepperton to his own brother-in-law, who was known to be wanting a new position.

Still, it must be borne; and the painful business of seeking another curacy must be set about without loss of time. After the lapse of some months, Amos was obliged to renounce the hope of getting one at all near Shepperton, and he at length resigned himself to accepting one in a distant county. The parish was in a large manufacturing town, where his walks would lie among noisy streets and dingy alleys, and where the children would have no garden to play in, no pleasant farm-houses to visit.

It was another blow inflicted on the bruised man.

CHAPTER X

At length the dreaded week was come, when Amos and his children must leave Shepperton. There was general regret among the parishioners at his departure: not that any one of them thought his spiritual gifts pre-eminent, or was conscious of great edification from his ministry. But his recent troubles had called out their better sympathies, and that is always a source of love. Amos failed to touch the spring of goodness by his sermons, but he touched it effectually by his sorrows; and there was now a real bond between him and his flock.

"My heart aches for them poor motherless children," said Mrs. Hackit to her husband, "a-going among strangers, and into a nasty town, where there's no good victuals to be had, and you must pay dear to get bad uns."

Mrs. Hackit had a vague notion of a town life as a combination of dirty backyards, measly pork, and dingy linen.

The same sort of sympathy was strong among the poorer class of parishioners. Old stiff-jointed Mr. Tozer, who was still able to earn a little by gardening "jobs," stopped Mrs. Cramp, the charwoman, on her way home from the Vicarage, where she had been helping Nanny to pack up the day before the departure, and inquired very particularly into Mr. Barton's prospects.

"Ah, poor mon," he was heard to say, "I'm sorry for un. He hedn't much here, but he'll be wuss off theer. Half a loaf's better nor ne'er un."

The sad good-byes had all been said before that last evening; and after all the packing was done and all the arrangements were made, Amos felt the oppression of that blank interval in which one has nothing left to think of but the dreary future—the separation from the loved and familiar, and the chilling entrance on the new and strange. In every parting there is an image of death.

Soon after ten o'clock, when he had sent Nancy to bed, that she might have a good night's rest before the fatigues of the morrow, he stole softly out to pay a last visit to Milly's grave. It was a moonless night, but the sky was thick with stars, and their light was enough to show that the grass had grown long on the grave, and that there was a tombstone telling in bright

letters, on a dark ground, that beneath were deposited the remains of Amelia, the beloved wife of Amos Barton, who died in the thirty-fifth year of her age, leaving a husband and six children to lament her loss. The final words of the inscription were, "Thy will be done."

The husband was now advancing towards the dear mound from which he was so soon to be parted, perhaps forever. He stood a few minutes reading over and over again the words on the tombstone, as if to assure himself that all the happy and unhappy past was a reality. For love is frightened at the intervals of insensibility and callousness that encroach by little and little on the dominion of grief, and it makes efforts to recall the keenness of the first anguish.

Gradually, as his eye dwelt on the words, "Amelia, the beloved wife," the waves of feeling swelled within his soul, and he threw himself on the grave, clasping it with his arms, and kissing the cold turf.

"Milly, Milly, dost thou hear me? I didn't love thee enough—I wasn't tender enough to thee—but I think of it all now."

The sobs came and choked his utterance, and the warm tears fell.

CONCLUSION

Only once again in his life has Amos Barton visited Milly's grave. It was in the calm and softened light of an autumnal afternoon, and he was not alone. He held on his arm a young woman, with a sweet, grave face, which strongly recalled the expression of Mrs. Barton's, but was less lovely in form and color. She was about thirty, but there were some premature lines round her mouth and eyes, which told of early anxiety.

Amos himself was much changed. His thin circlet of hair was nearly white, and his walk was no longer firm and upright. But his glance was calm, and even cheerful, and his neat linen told of a woman's care. Milly did not take all her love from the earth when she died. She had left some of it in Patty's heart.

All the other children were now grown up, and had gone their several ways. Dickey, you will be glad to hear, had shown remarkable talents as an engineer. His cheeks are still ruddy, in

spite of mixed mathematics, and his eyes are still large and blue; but in other respects his person would present no marks of identification for his friend Mrs. Hackit, if she were to see him; especially now that her eyes must be grown very dim, with the wear of more than twenty additional years. He is nearly six feet high, and has a proportionately broad chest; he wears spectacles, and rubs his large white hands through a mass of shaggy brown hair. But I am sure you have no doubt that Mr. Richard Barton is a thoroughly good fellow, as well as a man of talent, and you will be glad any day to shake hands with him, for his own sake as well as his mother's.

Patty alone remains by her father's side, and makes the evening sunshine of his life.

GEORGE MEREDITH (1828-1909)

GEORGE MEREDITH was born at Portsmouth in Hampshire, a county which forms the background of several of his novels. He went to school at Portsmouth and after that was sent to a Moravian school at Neuwied on the Rhine in Germany. He did not thus have the regular English education—a public school followed by Oxford or Cambridge—and this special education is only one of the things that set him off from the group. In the Victorian age there was a middle class increasing in wealth and pressing forward in social and intellectual aspiration. There was an intensified conflict between older and younger generations, and Meredith is a representative of his own young generation and in some ways of all younger generations. His father and his grandfather followed the business of outfitters or tailors to the navy and were in comfortable circumstances, but George Meredith did not follow the family business or unite himself with the middle class. His experience served to make him understand the conflict between the classes, see it profoundly and sympathetically, and to give him a stock of ideas about people and society which were new and fresh to the age. Meredith first studied law and was articled to an attorney in London, but had begun writing poetry and in 1851 published *Poems*, a volume which contains "Love in a Valley." He gave up the law and sought to make his fortune in literature. He contributed to newspapers and magazines, edited a provincial newspaper for a time, and was a war correspondent in northern Italy in 1866. He then became literary adviser to the publishers Chapman and Hall, and this position he held for many years. He began his career as a novelist with an eccentric oriental work called *The Shaving of Shagpat* in 1856 and continued to write for forty

years. He won his fame slowly and was never exactly popular, but he nevertheless used fiction writing as a means of supplementing his income. In *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* (1859) he struck his vein and produced a very great novel. He begins there to show the various kinds of mischief wrought by egotism both of the individual and the class. *Evan Harrington* (1861) depicts a reversal of his own experience, since he there portrays a youth forced by honor into a lower position in society than he was entitled to by his birth and rearing. *Sandra Belloni* (1864) and its sequel *Vittoria* (1866) reveal Meredith's ability to deal with great affairs of a political as well as a social nature, and *Rhoda Fleming* (1865), more like the work of Hardy than any of Meredith's novels, is a great study of tragedy among plain people. *Harry Richmond* (1871) and *Beauchamp's Career* (1876) did a great deal to increase Meredith's popularity, make his eccentricity attractive and intelligible, and reveal his brilliancy as a wit and a critic of society.

In 1879 was published *The Egoist*, possibly Meredith's greatest novel and certainly the best exemplification of his creed as a novelist. In the Prelude to that book and in his critical essay *On the Idea of Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit* (1877) he makes clear his purposes. Meredith does not pretend to speak realistically, but the milieu of his books is realistic to the last degree. He is a psychological novelist, and his interest is in the minds and characters of his people. He has lessons which he wishes to teach, particularly those pertaining to egotism, but he prefers to teach these lessons through comedy rather than tragedy. War is declared on sentimentalism and that war is carried into the territory of the ego, on sensuality, the beast in man, which passes itself off as benevolence, patriotism, chivalry, kindness, charity, and true love. The significance of situation is that it reveals our absurdities and makes us perceive what we are. To do this is the function of comedy. Comedy never laughs or sneers. She smiles a smile of the intellect. She is "impersonal and of

unrivalled politeness" and occupies herself with the "unnatural and conventional codes" in the midst of which we live. She gently leads the way to a higher civilization. In so far as tragedy enters into the novels of Meredith, it is the modern sort of tragedy, which does not demand a death but is satisfied with a defeated soul, a degenerated will, or a lost opportunity. Meredith recognizes the validity of sensuous enjoyment, and his young men and particularly his young women are vital and vivid creatures, beautiful, healthy, fond of the open air, and capable of fighting for independence. Thus in *The Egoist* Meredith revealed himself as a psychological novelist, with an enigmatic style, the style of a meditative and subtle phrase-maker. In plot management he is casual. His stories seem to develop by chance, not by his manipulation. He merely skirmishes about and watches the flow of circumstances and events. He is nevertheless a great fictional strategist who never fails to open before his readers with perfect clarity vivid pictures of every significant scene. He never seems to reproduce, or idealize, or decorate. He rather exemplifies such favorite topics as the devouring selfishness of the ordinary male. He is not a pessimist, leaves no bad taste in the mouth. His world is emphatically one in which something can be done.

In the decade of the eighties Meredith produced important poetical works, in 1885 the famous novel *Diana of the Crossways*, and in 1895 *The Amazing Marriage*, with other novels between. He did not think too highly of his work as a novelist. "I have not made any estimate," he says, "of the value of my books in prose. . . . *The Egoist* comes nearer than the other books to the proper degree of roundness and finish. In *Diana of the Crossways* my critics own that a breathing woman is produced, and I felt that she was in my mind as I wrote. *Rhoda Fleming* is liked by some, not much by me. *Richard Feverel* was earnestly conceived, and is in some points worthy of thought. *Beauchamp's Career* does not prove so deeply, but is better work on the surface.—I have treated my

books of prose as a mother bird her fledglings." His heart was in the writing of poetry.

The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper, which follows in slightly abbreviated form, was first published in New York in 1890. It is typical of Meredith in style and theme. General Ople learns his lesson, not without some anguish of spirit; but Meredith means to tell us that the General was worth saving.

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THE CASE OF GENERAL OPLE AND LADY CAMPER
(*Ironical Comedy*)

[General Ople, a retired army officer with an attractive daughter named Elizabeth, has settled down in what he calls "a gentlemanly residence." Lady Camper, a pretty widow and an artist, reputed to be eccentric and exclusive in social habit, takes a somewhat more pretentious house next door. The General wishes to meet her, walks and drives by her house repeatedly, and finally succeeds by the device of trimming certain of his trees which obstruct her view. Her nephew, a young cavalry officer named Rolles, comes to visit her. He and Elizabeth meet and fall in love with each other. Lady Camper wishes to make them happy and begins negotiations with the General in order to get him to settle ten thousand pounds on his daughter, so that the young people can be married. The General's egotism blinds him to the whole situation and makes him think that Lady Camper is bent on suggesting a matrimonial alliance with him himself.]

CHAPTER III

. . . Lady Camper began.

"General, you ran away from me this morning. Let me speak. And, by the way, I must reproach you; you should not have left it to me. Things have now gone so far that I cannot pretend to be blind. I know your feelings as a father. Your daughter's happiness. . . ."

"My lady," the General interposed, "I have her distinct assurance that it is, I say it is wrapt up in mine."

"Let me speak. Young people will say anything. Well, they have a certain excuse for selfishness; we have not. I am in some degree bound to my nephew; he is my sister's son."

"Assuredly, my lady. I would not stand in his light, be quite assured. If I am, I was saying if I am not mistaken, I . . . and he

is, or has the making of an excellent soldier in him, and is likely to be a distinguished cavalry officer."

"He has to carve his own way in the world, General."

"All good soldiers have, my lady. And if my position is not, after a considerable term of service, I say if. . . ."

"To continue," said Lady Camper: "I never have liked early marriages. I was married in my teens before I knew men. Now I do know them, and now. . . ."

The General plunged forward: "The honour you do us now:—a mature experience is worth:—my dear Lady Camper, I have admired you:—and your objection to early marriages cannot apply to . . . indeed, madam, vigour, they say . . . though youth, of course . . . yet young people, as you observe . . . and I have, though perhaps my reputation is against it, I was saying I have a natural timidity with your sex, and I am grey-headed, white-headed, but happily without a single malady."

Lady Camper's brows showed a trifling bewilderment. "I am speaking of these young people, General Ople."

"I consent to everything beforehand, my dear lady. He should be, I say Mr. Rolles should be provided for."

"So should she, General, so should Elizabeth."

"She shall be, she will, dear madam. What I have, with your permission, if—good heaven! Lady Camper, I scarcely know where I am. She would . . . I shall not like to lose her: you would not wish it. In time she will . . . she has every quality of a good wife."

"There, stay there, and be intelligible," said Lady Camper. "She has every quality. Money should be one of them. Has she money?"

"Oh! my lady," the General exclaimed, "we shall not come upon your purse when her time comes."

"Has she ten thousand pounds?"

"Elizabeth? She will have, at her father's death . . . but as for my income, it is moderate, and only sufficient to maintain a gentlemanly appearance in proper self-respect. I make no show. I say I make no show. A wealthy marriage is the last thing on earth I should have aimed at. I prefer quiet and retirement. Personally, I mean. That is my personal taste. But if the lady: I say if it should happen that the lady . . . and indeed I am not one

to press a suit: but if she who distinguishes and honours me should chance to be wealthy, all I can do is to leave her wealth at her disposal, and that I do I do that unreservedly. I feel I am very confused, alarmingly confused. Your ladyship merits a superior . . . I trust I have not . . . I am entirely at your ladyship's mercy."

"Are you prepared, if your daughter is asked in marriage, to settle ten thousand pounds on her, General Ople?"

The General collected himself. In his heart he thoroughly appreciated the moral beauty of Lady Camper's extreme solicitude on behalf of his daughter's provision; but he would have desired a postponement of that and other material questions belonging to a distant future until his own fate was decided.

So he said: "Your ladyship's generosity is very marked. I say it is very marked."

"How, my good General Ople! how is it marked in any degree?" cried Lady Camper. "I am not generous. I don't pretend to be; and certainly I don't want the young people to think me so. I want to be just. I have assumed that you intend to be the same. Then will you do me the favour to reply to me?"

The General smiled winningly and intently, to show her that he prized her, and would not let her escape his eulogies.

"Marked, in this way, dear madam, that you think of my daughter's future more than I. I say, more than her father himself does. I know I ought to speak more warmly, I feel warmly. I was never an eloquent man, and if you take me as a soldier, I am, as I have ever been in the service, I was saying I am Wilson Ople, of the grade of General, to be relied on for executing orders; and, madam, you are Lady Camper, and you command me. I cannot be more precise. In fact, it is the feeling of the necessity for keeping close to the business that destroys what I would say. I am in fact lamentably incompetent to conduct my own case."

Lady Camper left her chair.

"Dear me, this is very strange, unless I am singularly in error," she said.

The General now faintly guessed that he might be in error, for his part.

But he had burned his ships, blown up his bridges; retreat could not be thought of.

He stood, his head bent and appealing to her side-face, like one pleadingly in pursuit, and very deferentially, with a courteous vehemence, he entreated first her ladyship's pardon for his presumption, and then the gift of her ladyship's hand.

As for his language, it was the tongue of General Ople. But his bearing was fine. If his clipped white silken hair spoke of age, his figure breathed manliness. He was a picture, and she loved pictures.

For his own sake, she begged him to cease. She dreaded to hear of something "gentlemanly."

"This is a new idea to me, my dear General," she said. "You must give me time. People at our age have to think of fitness. Of course, in a sense, we are both free to do as we like. Perhaps I may be of some aid to you. My preference is for absolute independence. And I wished to talk of a different affair. Come to me tomorrow. Do not be hurt if I decide that we had better remain as we are."

The General bowed. His efforts, and the wavering of the fair enemy's flag, had inspired him with a positive re-awakening of masculine passion to gain this fortress. He said well: "I have, then, the happiness, madam, of being allowed to hope until tomorrow?"

She replied, "I would not deprive you of a moment of happiness. Bring good sense with you when you do come."

The General asked eagerly, "I have your ladyship's permission to come early?"

"Consult your happiness," she answered; and if to his mind she seemed returning to the state of enigma, it was on the whole deliciously. She restored him his youth. He told Elizabeth that night, he really must begin to think of marrying her to some worthy young fellow. "Though," said he, with an air of frank intoxication, "my opinion is, the young ones are not so lively as the old in these days, or I should have been besieged before now."

The exact substance of the interview he forbore to relate to his inquisitive daughter, with a very honourable discretion.

CHAPTER IV

Elizabeth came riding home to breakfast from a gallop round the park, and passing Lady Camper's gates, received the salutation of her parasol. Lady Camper talked with her through the bars. There was not a sign to tell of a change or twist in her neighbourly affability. She remarked simply enough, that it was her nephew's habit to take early gallops, and possibly Elizabeth might have seen him, for his quarters were proximate; but she did not demand an answer. She had passed a rather restless night, she said. "How is the General?"

"Papa must have slept soundly, for he usually calls to me through his door when he hears I am up," said Elizabeth.

Lady Camper nodded kindly and walked on.

Early in the morning General Ople was ready for battle. His forces were, the anticipation of victory, a carefully arranged toilet, and an unaccustomed spirit of enterprise in the realms of speech; for he was no longer in such awe of Lady Camper.

"You have slept well?" she inquired.

"Excellently, my lady."

"Yes, your daughter tells me she heard you, as she went by your door in the morning for a ride to meet my nephew. You are, I shall assume, prepared for business."

"Elizabeth? . . . to meet . . .?" General Ople's impression of anything extraneous to his emotion was feeble and passed instantly. "Prepared! Oh, certainly"; and he struck in a compliment on her ladyship's fresh morning bloom.

"It can hardly be visible," she responded; "I have not painted yet."

"Does your ladyship proceed to your painting in the very early morning?"

"Rouge. I rouge."

"Dear me! I should not have supposed it."

"You have speculated on it very openly, General. I remember your trying to see a freckle through the rouge; but the truth is, I am of a supernatural paleness if I do not rouge, so I do. You understand, therefore, I have a false complexion. Now to business."

"If your ladyship insists on calling it business. I have little to offer—myself!"

"You have a gentlemanly residence."

"It is, my lady, it is. It is a bijou."

"Ah!" Lady Camper sighed dejectedly.

"It is a perfect bijou!"

"Oblige me, General, by not pronouncing the French word as if you were swearing by something in English, like a trooper."

General Ople started, admitted that the word was French, and apologized for his pronunciation. Her variability was now visible over a corner of the battlefield like a thunder-cloud.

"The business we have to discuss concerns the young people, General."

"Yes," brightened by this, he assented: "Yes, dear Lady Camper; it is a part of the business; it is a secondary part; it has to be discussed; I say I subscribe beforehand. I may say, that honouring, esteeming you as I do, and hoping ardently for your consent. . . ."

"They must have a home and an income, General."

"I presume, dearest lady, that Elizabeth will be welcome in your home. I certainly shall never chase Reginald out of mine."

Lady Camper threw back her head. "Then you are not yet awake, or you practise the art of sleeping with open eyes! Now listen to me. I rouge, I have told you. I like colour, and I do not like to see wrinkles or have them seen. Therefore I rouge. I do not expect to deceive the world so flagrantly as to my age, and you I would not deceive for a moment. I am seventy."

The effect of this noble frankness on the General, was to raise him from his chair in a sitting posture as if he had been blown up.

Her countenance was inexorably imperturbable under his alternate blinking and gazing that drew her close and shot her distant, like a mysterious toy.

"But," said she, "I am an artist; I dislike the look of extreme age, so I conceal it as well as I can. You are very kind to fall in with the deception: an innocent and, I think, a proper one, before the world, though not to the gentleman who does me the honour to propose to me for my hand. You desire to settle our business first. You esteem me; I suppose you mean as much as

young people mean when they say they love. Do you? Let us come to an understanding."

"I can," the melancholy General gasped, "I say I can—I cannot—I cannot credit your ladyship's. . ."

"You are at liberty to call me Angela."

"Ange. . ." he tried it, and in shame relapsed. "Madam, yes. Thanks."

"Ah," cried Lady Camper, "do not use these vulgar contractions of decent speech in my presence. I abhor the word 'thanks.' It is fit for fribbles."

"Dear me, I have used it all my life," groaned the General.

"Then for the remainder, be it understood that you renounce it. To continue, my age is. . ."

"Oh, impossible, impossible," the General almost wailed; there was really a crack in his voice.

"Advancing to seventy. But, like you, I am happy to say I have not a malady. I bring no invalid frame to a union that necessitates the leaving of the front door open day and night to the doctor. My belief is, I could follow my husband still on a campaign, if he were a warrior instead of a pensioner."

General Ople winced.

He was about to say humbly, "As General of Brigade. . ."

"Yes, yes, you want a commanding officer, and that I have seen, and that has caused me to meditate on your proposal," she interrupted him; while he, studying her countenance hard, with the painful aspect of a youth who lashes a donkey memory in an examination by word of mouth, attempted to marshal her signs of younger years against her awful confession of the extremely ancient, the witheringly ancient. But for the manifest rouge, manifest in spite of her declaration that she had not yet that morning proceeded to her paint-brush, he would have thrown down his glove to challenge her on the subject of her age. She had actually charms. Her mouth had a charm; her eyes were lively; her figure, mature if you like, was at least full and good; she stood upright, she had a queenly seat. His mental ejaculation was, "What a wonderful constitution!"

By a lapse of politeness, he repeated it to himself half aloud; he was shockingly nervous.

"Yes, I have finer health than many a younger woman," she

said. "An ordinary calculation would give me twenty good years to come. I am a widow, as you know. And, by the way, you have a leaning for widows. Have you not? I thought I had heard of a widow Barcop in this parish. Do not protest. I assure you I am a stranger to jealousy. My income. . . ."

The General raised his hands.

"Well, then," said the cool and self-contained lady, "before I go farther, I may ask you, knowing what you have forced me to confess, are you still of the same mind as to marriage? And one moment, General. I promise you most sincerely that your withdrawing a step shall not, as far as it touches me, affect my neighbourly and friendly sentiments; not in any degree. Shall we be as we were?"

Lady Camper extended her delicate hand to him.

He took it respectfully, inspected the aristocratic and unshrunk fingers, and kissing them, said, "I never withdraw from a position, unless I am beaten back. Lady Camper, I. . . ."

"My name is Angela."

The General tried again: he could not utter the name.

To call a lady of seventy Angela is difficult in itself. It is, it seems, thrice difficult in the way of courtship.

"Angela!" said she.

"Yes. I say, there is not a more beautiful female name, dear Lady Camper."

"Spare me that word 'female' as long as you live. Address me by that name, if you please."

The General smiled. The smile was meant for propitiation and sweetness. It became a brazen smile.

"Unless you wish to step back," said she.

"Indeed, no. I am happy, Lady Camper. My life is yours. I say, my life is devoted to you, dear madam."

"Angela!"

General Ople was blushing delivered of the name.

"That will do," she said. "And as I think it possible one may be admired too much as an artist, I must request you to keep my number of years a secret."

"To the death, madam," said the General.

"And now we will take a turn in the garden, Wilson Ople. And beware of one thing, for a commencement, for you are full

of weeds, and I mean to pluck out a few: never call any place a gentlemanly residence in my hearing, nor let it come to my ears that you have been using the phrase elsewhere. Don't express astonishment. At present it is enough that I dislike it. But this only," Lady Camper added, "this only if it is not your intention to withdraw from your position."

"Madam, my lady, I was saying—hem!—Angela, I *could* not wish to withdraw."

Lady Camper leaned with some pressure on his arm, observing, "You have a curious attachment to antiquities."

"My dear lady, it is your mind; I say, it is your mind: I was saying, I am in love with your mind," the General endeavoured to assure her, and himself too.

"Or is it my powers as an artist?"

"Your mind, your extraordinary powers of mind."

"Well," said Lady Camper, "a veteran General of Brigade is as good a crutch as a childless old grannam can have."

And as a crutch, General Ople, parading her grounds with the aged woman, found himself used and treated.

The accuracy of his perceptions might be questioned. He was like a man stunned by some great tropical fruit, which responds to the longing of his eyes by falling on his head; but it appeared to him, that she increased in bitterness at every step they took, as if determined to make him realize her wrinkles.

He was even so inconsequent, or so little recognized his position, as to object in his heart to hear himself called Wilson.

It is true that she uttered Wilsonople as if the names formed one word. And on a second occasion (when he inclined to feel hurt) she remarked, "I fear me, Wilsonople, if we are to speak plainly, thou art but a fool." He, perhaps, naturally objected to that. He was, however, giddy, and barely knew.

Yet once more the magical woman changed. All semblance of harshness, and harridan-like spike-tonguedness vanished when she said adieu.

The astronomer, looking at the crusty jag and scoria of the magnified moon through his telescope, and again with naked eyes at the soft-beaming moon, when the crater-ridges are faint as eyebrow-pencillings, has a similar sharp alternation of prospect to that which mystified General Ople.

But between watching an orb that is only variable at our caprice, and contemplating a woman who shifts and quivers ever with her own, how vast the difference!

And consider that this woman is about to be one's wife!

He could have believed (if he had not known full surely that such things are not) he was in the hands of a witch.

Lady Camper's "adieu" was perfectly beautiful—a kind, cordial, intimate, above all, to satisfy his present craving, it was a lady-like adieu—the adieu of a delicate and elegant woman, who had hardly left her anchorage by forty to sail into the fifties.

Alas! he had her word for it, that she was not less than seventy. And, worse, she had betrayed most melancholy signs of sourness and agedness as soon as he had sworn himself to her fact and fixed.

"The road is open to you to retreat," were her last words.

"My road," he answered gallantly, "is forward."

He was drawing backward as he said it, and something provoked her to smile.

CHAPTER V

It is a noble thing to say that your road is forward, and it befits a man of battles. General Ople was too loyal a gentleman to think of any other road. Still, albeit not gifted with imagination, he could not avoid the feeling that he had set his face to Winter. He found himself suddenly walking straight into the heart of Winter, and a nipping Winter. For her ladyship had proved acutely nipping. His little customary phrases, to which Lady Camper objected, he could see no harm in whatever. Conversing with her in the privacy of domestic life would never be the flowing business that it is for other men. It would demand perpetual vigilance, hop, skip, jump, flounderings, and apologies.

This was not a pleasing prospect.

On the other hand, she was the niece of an earl. She was wealthy. She might be an excellent friend to Elizabeth; and she could be, when she liked, both commandingly and bewitchingly ladylike.

Good! But he was a General Officer of not more than fifty-five, in his full vigour, and she a woman of seventy!

The prospect was bleak. It resembled an outlook on the steppes. In point of the discipline he was to expect, he might be compared to a raw recruit, and in his own home!

However, she was a woman of mind. One would be proud of her.

But did he know the worst of her? A dreadful presentiment, that he did not know the worst of her, rolled an ocean of gloom upon General Ople, striking out one solitary thought in the obscurity, namely, that he was about to receive punishment for retiring from active service to a life of ease at a comparatively early age, when still in marching trim. And the shadow of the thought was, that he deserved the punishment!

He was in his garden with the dawn. Hard exercise is the best of opiates for dismal reflections. The general discomposed his daughter by offering to accompany her on her morning ride before breakfast. She considered that it would fatigue him. "I am not a man of eighty!" he cried. He could have wished he had been.

He led the way to the park, where they soon had sight of young Rolles, who checked his horse and spied them like a vadette, but, perceiving that he had been seen, came cantering, and hailing the General with hearty wonderment.

"And what's this the world says, General?" said he. "But we all applaud your taste. My aunt Angela was the handsomest woman of her time."

The General murmured in confusion, "Dear me!" and looked at the young man, thinking that he could not have known the time.

"Is all arranged, my dear General?"

"Nothing is arranged, and I beg—I say I beg . . . I came out for fresh air and pace."

The General rode frantically.

In spite of the fresh air, he was unable to eat at breakfast. He was bound, of course, to present himself to Lady Camper, in common civility, immediately after it.

And first, what were the phrases he had to avoid uttering in her presence! He could remember only the "gentlemanly residence." And it was a gentlemanly residence, he thought as he took leave of it. It was one, neatly named to fit the place. Lady

Camper is indeed a most eccentric person! he decided from his experience of her.

He was rather astonished that young Rolles should have spoken so coolly of his aunt's leaning to matrimony; but perhaps her exact age was unknown to the younger members of her family.

This idea refreshed him by suggesting the extremely honourable nature of Lady Camper's uncomfortable confession.

He himself had an uncomfortable confession to make. He would have to speak of his income. He was living up to the edges of it.

She is an upright woman, and I must be the same! he said, fortunately not in her hearing.

The subject was disagreeable to a man sensitive on the topic of money, and feeling that his prudence had recently been misled to keep up appearances.

Lady Camper was in her garden, reclining under her parasol. A chair was beside her, to which, acknowledging the salutation of her suitor, she waved him.

"You have met my nephew Reginald this morning, General?"

"Curiously, in the park, this morning, before breakfast, I did, yes. Hem! I, I say I did meet him. Has your ladyship seen him?"

"No. The park is very pretty in the early morning."

"Sweetly pretty."

Lady Camper raised her head, and with the mildness of assured dictatorship, pronounced: "Never say that before me."

"I submit, my lady," said the poor scourged man.

"Why, naturally you do. Vulgar phrases have to be endured, except when our intimates are guilty, and then we are not merely offended, we are compromised by them. You are still of the mind in which you left me yesterday? You are one day older. But I warn you, so am I."

"Yes, my lady, we cannot, I say we cannot check time. Decidedly of the same mind. Quite so."

"Oblige me by never saying 'Quite so.' My lawyer says it. It reeks of the City of London. And do not look so miserable."

"I, madam? my dear lady!" the General flashed out in a radiance that dulled instantly.

"Well," said she cheerfully, "and you're for the old woman?"

"For Lady Camper."

"You are seductive in your flatteries, General. Well, then, we have to speak of business."

"My affairs—" General Ople was beginning, with perturbed forehead; but Lady Camper held up her finger.

"We will touch on your affairs incidentally. Now listen to me, and do not exclaim until I have finished. You know that these two young ones have been whispering over the wall for some months. They have been meeting on the river and in the park habitually, apparently with your consent."

"My lady!"

"I did not say with your connivance."

"You mean my daughter Elizabeth?"

"And my nephew Reginald. We have named them, if that advances us. Now, the end of such meetings is marriage, and the sooner the better, if they are to continue. I would rather they should not; I do not hold it good for young soldiers to marry. But if they do, it is very certain that their pay will not support a family; and in a marriage of two healthy young people, we have to assume the existence of the family. You have allowed matters to go so far that the boy is hot in love; I suppose the girl is, too. She is a nice girl. I do not object to her personally. But I insist that a settlement be made on her before I give my nephew one penny. Hear me out, for I am not fond of business, and shall be glad to have done with these explanations. Reginald has nothing of his own. He is my sister's son, and I loved her, and rather like the boy. He has at present four hundred a year from me. I will double it, on the condition that you at once make over ten thousand—not less; and let it be yes or no!—to be settled on your daughter and go to her children, independent of the husband—*cela va sans dire*. Now you may speak, General."

The General spoke, with breath fetched from the deeps:

"Ten thousand pounds! Hem! Ten! Hem, frankly—ten, my lady! One's income—I am quite taken by surprise. I say Elizabeth's conduct—though, poor child! it is natural to her to seek a mate, I mean, to accept a mate and an establishment, and Reginald is a very hopeful fellow—I was saying, they jump on me out of an ambush, and I wish them every happiness. And she is an ardent soldier, and a soldier she must marry. But ten thousand!"

"It is to secure the happiness of your daughter, General."

"Pounds! my lady. It would rather cripple me."

"You would have my house, General; you would have the moiety, as the lawyers say, of my purse; you would have horses, carriages, servants; I do not divine what more you would wish to have."

"But, madam—a pensioner on the Government! I can look back on past services, I say old services, and I accept my position. But, madam, a pensioner on my wife, bringing next to nothing to the common estate! I fear my self-respect would, I say would. . ."

"Well, and what would it do, General Ople?"

"I was saying, my self-respect as my wife's pensioner, my lady. I could not come to her empty-handed."

"Do you expect that I should be the person to settle money on your daughter, to save her from mischances? A rakish husband, for example; for Reginald is young, and no one can guess what will be made of him."

"Undoubtedly your ladyship is correct. We might try absence for the poor girl. I have no female relation, but I could send her to the sea-side to a lady-friend."

"General Ople, I forbid you, as you value my esteem, ever—and I repeat, I forbid you ever—to afflict my ears with that phrase, 'lady-friend!'"

The General blinked in a state of insurgent humility.

These incessant whippings could not but sting the humblest of men; and "lady-friend," he was sure, was a very common term, used, he was sure, in the very best society. He had never heard Her Majesty speak at levées of a lady-friend, but he was quite sure that she had one; and if so, what could be the objection to her subjects mentioning it as a term to suit their own circumstances?

He was harassed and perplexed by old Lady Camper's treatment of him, and he resolved not to call her Angela even upon supplication—not that day, at least.

She said, "You will not need to bring property of any kind to the common estate; I neither look for it nor desire it. The generous thing for you to do would be to give your daughter all you have, and come to me."

"But, Lady Camper, if I denude myself or curtail my income—

a man at his wife's discretion, I was saying a man at his wife's mercy. . . . !"

General Ople was really forced, by his manly dignity, to make this protest on its behalf. He did not see how he could have escaped doing so; he was more an agent than a principal. "My wife's mercy," he said again, but simply as a herald proclaiming superior orders.

Lady Camper's brows were wrathful. A deep blood-crimson overcame the rouge, and gave her a terrible stormy look.

"The congress now ceases to sit, and the treaty is not concluded," was all she said.

She rose, bowed to him, "Good morning, General," and turned her back.

He sighed. He was a free man. But this could not be denied—whatever the lady's age, she was a grand woman in her carriage, and when looking angry, she had a queen-like aspect that raised her out of the reckoning of time.

So now he knew there was a worse behind what he had previously known. He was precipitate in calling it the worst. "Now," said he to himself, "I know the worst!"

No man should ever say it. Least of all, one who has entered into relations with an eccentric lady. . .

[Lady Camper went to Italy. Elizabeth and her lover are both very sad, but the General is blind to their suffering. When he refers to Lady Camper's advanced age in conversation with Mrs. Baerens, he thinks she eyes him strangely.]

CHAPTER VI

. . . One April morning the General received a letter with the Italian postmark. Opening it with his usual calm and happy curiosity, he perceived that it was composed of pen-and-ink drawings. And suddenly his heart sank like a scuttled ship. He saw himself the victim of a caricature.

The first sketch had merely seemed picturesque, and he supposed it a clever play of fancy by some travelling friend, or perhaps an actual scene slightly exaggerated. Even on reading,

"A distant view of the city of Wilsonople," he was only slightly enlightened. His heart beat still with befitting regularity. But the second and the third sketches betrayed the terrible hand. The distant view of the city of Wilsonople was fair with glittering domes, which, in the succeeding near view, proved to have been soap-bubbles, for a place of extreme flatness begirt with crazy old-fashioned fortifications, was shown; and in the third view, representing the interior, stood for sole place of habitation, a sentry-box.

Most minutely drawn, and, alas! with fearful accuracy, a military gentleman in undress occupied the box. Not a doubt could exist as to the person it was meant to be.

The General tried hard to remain incredulous. He remembered too well who had called him Wilsonople.

But here was the extraordinary thing that sent him over the neighbourhood canvassing for exclamations: on the fourth page was the outline of a lovely feminine hand, holding a pen, as in the act of shading, and under it these words: "*What I say is, I say I think it exceedingly unladylike.*"

Now consider the General's feelings when, turning to this fourth page, having these very words in his mouth, as the accurate expression of his thoughts, he discovered them written!

An enemy who anticipates the actions of our mind, has a quality of the malignant divine that may well inspire terror. The senses of General Ople were struck by the aspect of a lurid Goddess, who penetrated him, read him through, and had both power and will to expose and make him ridiculous for ever.

The loveliness of the hand, too, in a perplexing manner contested his denunciation of her conduct. It was ladylike eminently, and it involved him in a confused mixture of the moral and material, as great as young people are known to feel when they make the attempt to separate them, in one of their frenzies.

With a petty bitter laugh he folded the letter, put it in his breast-pocket, and sallied forth for a walk, chiefly to talk to himself about it. But as it absorbed him entirely, he showed it to the rector, whom he met, and what the rector said is of no consequence, for General Ople listened to no remarks, calling in succession on the Pollingtons, the Goslings, the Baerens, and others, early though it was, and the lords of those houses absent

amassing hoards, and to the ladies everywhere he displayed the sketches he had received, observing, that Wilsonople meant himself; and there he was, he said, pointing at the capped fellow in the sentry-box, done unmistakably. The likeness indeed was remarkable. "She is a woman of genius," he ejaculated, with utter melancholy. Mrs. Baerens, by the aid of a magnifying glass, assisted him to read a line under the sentry-box, that he had taken for a mere trembling dash; it ran, *A gentlemanly residence*.

"What eyes she has!" the General exclaimed; "I say it is miraculous what eyes she has at her time of . . . I was saying, I should never have known it was writing."

He sighed heavily. His shuddering sensitiveness to caricature was increased by a certain evident dread of the hand which struck; the knowing that he was absolutely bare to this woman, defenceless, open to exposure in his little whims, foibles, tricks, incompetencies, in what lay in his heart, and the words that would come to his tongue. He felt like a man haunted.

So deeply did he feel the blow, that people asked how it was that he could be so foolish as to dance about assisting Lady Camper in her efforts to make him ridiculous; he acted the parts of publisher and agent for the fearful caricaturist. In truth, there was a strangely double reason for his conduct; he danced about for sympathy, he had the intensest craving for sympathy, but more than this, or quite as much, he desired to have the powers of his enemy widely appreciated; in the first place, that he might be excused to himself for wincing under them, and secondly, because an awful admiration of her, that should be deepened by a corresponding sentiment around him, helped him to enjoy luxurious recollections of an hour when he was near making her his own—his own, in the holy abstract contemplation of marriage, without realizing their probable relative conditions after the ceremony.

"I say, that is the very image of her ladyship's hand," he was especially fond of remarking, "I say it is a beautiful hand."

He carried the letter in his pocket-book; and beginning to fancy that she had done her worst, for he could not imagine an inventive malignity capable of pursuing the theme, he spoke of her treatment of him with compassionate regret, not badly assumed from being partly sincere.

Two letters dated in France, the one Dijon, the other Fontainebleau, arrived together; and as the General knew Lady Camper to be returning to England, he expected that she was anxious to excuse herself to him. His fingers were not so confident, for he tore one of the letters to open it.

The city of Wilsonople was recognizable immediately. So likewise was the sole inhabitant.

General Ople's petty bitter laugh recurred, like a weak-chested patient's cough in the shifting of our winds eastward.

A faceless woman's shadow kneels on the ground near the sentry-box, weeping. A faceless shadow of a young man on horseback is beheld galloping toward a gulf. The sole inhabitant contemplates his largely substantial full fleshed face and figure in a glass.

Next, we see the standard of Great Britain furled; next, unfurled and borne by a troop of shadows to the sentry-box. The officer within says, "I say I should be very happy to carry it, but I cannot quit this gentlemanly residence."

Next, the standard is shown assailed by popguns. Several of the shadows are prostrate. "I was saying, I assure you that nothing but this gentlemanly residence prevents me from heading you," says the gallant officer.

General Ople trembled with protestant indignation when he saw himself reclining in a magnified sentry-box, while detachments of shadows hurry to him to show him the standard of his country trailing in the dust; and he is maliciously made to say, "I dislike responsibility. I say I am a fervent patriot, and very fond of my comfort, but I shun responsibility."

The second letter contained scenes between Wilsonople and the Moon.

He addresses her as his neighbour, and tells her of his triumphs over the sex.

He requests her to inform him whether she is a "female," that she may be triumphed over.

He hastens past her window on foot, with his head bent, just as the General had been in the habit of walking.

He drives a mouse-pony furiously by.

He cuts down a tree, that she may peep through.

Then, from the Moon's point of view, Wilsonople, a Silenus,

is discerned in an arm-chair winking at a couple too plainly pouting their lips for a doubt of their intentions to be entertained.

A fourth letter arrived, bearing date of Paris. This one illustrated Wilsonople's courtship of the Moon, and ended with his "saying," in his peculiar manner, "*In spite of her paint I could not have conceived her age to be so enormous.*"

How break off his engagement with the Lady Moon? Consent to none of her terms!

Little used as he was to read behind a veil, acuteness of suffering sharpened the General's intelligence to a degree that sustained him in animated dialogue with each succeeding sketch, or poisoned arrow whirring at him from the moment his eyes rested on it; and here are a few samples.—

"Wilsonople informs the Moon that she is 'sweetly pretty.'"

"He thanks her with 'thanks' for a handsome piece of lunar green cheese."

"He points to her, apparently telling some one, 'my lady-friend.'"

"He sneezes 'Bijou! bijou! bijou!'"

They were trifles, but they attacked his habits of speech; and he began to grow more and more alarmingly absurd in each fresh caricature of his person.

He looked at himself as the malicious woman's hand had shaped him. It was unjust; it was no resemblance—and yet it was! There was a corner of likeness left that leavened the lump, henceforth he must walk abroad with this distressing image of himself before his eyes, instead of the satisfactory reflex of the man who had, and was happy in thinking that he had, done mischief in his time. Such an end for a conquering man was too pathetic.

The General surprised himself talking to himself in something louder than a hum at neighbours' dinner-tables. He looked about and noticed that people were silently watching him.

CHAPTER VII

Lady Camper's return was the subject of speculation in the neighbourhood, for most people thought she would cease to persecute the General with her preposterous and unwarrantable pen-and-ink sketches when living so closely proximate; and how

he would behave was the question. Those who made a hero of him were sure he would treat her with disdain. Others were uncertain. He had been so severely hit that it seemed possible he would not show much spirit.

He, for his part, had come to entertain such dread of the post, that Lady Camper's return relieved him of his morning apprehensions; and he would have forgiven her, though he feared to see her, if only she had promised to leave him in peace for the future. He feared to see her, because of the too probable furnishing of fresh matter for her ladyship's hand. Of course he could not avoid being seen by her, and that was a particular misery. A gentlemanly humility, or demureness of aspect, when seen, would, he hoped, disarm his enemy. It should, he thought. He had borne unheard-of things. No one of his friends and acquaintances knew, they could not know, what he had endured. It had caused him fits of stammering. It had destroyed the composure of his gait. Elizabeth had informed him that he talked to himself incessantly, and aloud. She, poor child, looked pale too. She was evidently anxious about him.

Young Rolles, whom he had met now and then, persisted in praising his aunt's good heart. So, perhaps, having satiated her revenge, she might now be inclined for peace, on the terms of distant civility.

"Yes! poor Elizabeth!" sighed the General, in pity of the poor girl's disappointment; "poor Elizabeth! she little guesses what her father has gone through. Poor child! I say, she hasn't an idea of my sufferings."

General Ople delivered his card at Lady Camper's lodge-gates, and escaped to his residence in a state of prickly heat that required the brushing of his hair with hard brushes for several minutes to comfort and re-establish him.

He had fallen to working in his garden, when Lady Camper's card was brought to him an hour after the delivery of his own; a pleasing promptitude, showing signs of repentance, and suggesting to the General instantly some sharp sarcasms upon women, which he had come upon in quotations in the papers and the pulpit, his two main sources of information.

Instead of handing back the card to the maid, he stuck it in his hat and went on digging.

The first of a series of letters containing shameless realistic caricatures was handed to him the afternoon following. They came fast and thick. Not a day's interval of grace was allowed. Niobe under the shafts of Diana was hardly less violently and mortally assailed. The deadliness of the attack lay in the ridicule of the daily habits of one of the most sensitive of men, as to his personal appearance, and the opinion of the world. He might have concealed the sketches, but he could not have concealed the bruises, and people were perpetually asking the unhappy General what he was saying, for he spoke to himself as if he were repeating something to them for the tenth time.

"I say," said he, "I say that for a lady, really an educated lady, to sit, as she must—I was saying, she must have sat in an attic to have the right view of me. And there you see—this is what she has done. This is the last, this is the afternoon's delivery. Her ladyship has me correctly as to costume, but I could not exhibit such a sketch to ladies."

A back view of the General was displayed in his act of digging.

"I say I could not allow ladies to see it," he informed the gentlemen, who were suffered to inspect it freely.

"But you see, I have no means of escape; I am at her mercy from morning to night," the General said, with a quivering tongue, "unless I stay at home inside the house; and that is death to me, or unless I abandon the place, and my lease; and I shall—I say, I shall find nowhere in England for anything like the money or conveniences such a gent—a residence you would call fit for a gentleman. I call it a bi . . . it is, in short, a gem. But I shall have to go."

Young Rolles offered to expostulate with his aunt Angela.

The General said, "Tha . . . I thank you very much. I would not have her ladyship suppose I am so susceptible. I hardly know," he confessed pitifully, "what it is right to say, and what not—what not. I—I—I never know when I am not looking a fool. I hurry from tree to tree to shun the light. I am seriously affected in my appetite. I say, I shall have to go."

Reginald gave him to understand that if he flew, the shafts would follow him, for Lady Camper would never forgive his running away, and was quite equal to publishing a book of the adventure of Wilsonople.

Sunday afternoon, walking in the park with his daughter on his arm, General Ople met Mr. Rolles. He saw that the young man and Elizabeth were mortally pale, and as the very idea of wretchedness directed his attention to himself, he addressed them conjointly on the subject of his persecution, giving neither of them a chance of speaking until they were constrained to part.

A sketch was the consequence, in which a withered Cupid and a fading Psyche were seen divided by Wilsonople, who keeps them forcibly asunder with policeman's fists, while courteously and elegantly entreating them to hear him. "Meet," he tells them, "as often as you like, in my company, so long as you listen to me"; and the pathos of his aspect makes hungry demand for a sympathetic audience.

Now, this, and not the series representing the martyrdom of the old couple at Douro Lodge Gates, whose rigid frames bore witness to the close packing of a gentlemanly residence, this was the sketch General Ople, in his madness from the pursuing bite of the gadfly, handed about at Mrs. Pollington's lawn-party. Some have said, that he should not have betrayed his daughter; but it is reasonable to suppose he had no idea of his daughter's being the Psyche. Or if he had, it was indistinct, owing to the violence of his personal emotion. Assuming this to have been the very sketch; he handed it to two or three ladies in turn, and was heard to deliver himself at intervals in the following snatches: "As you like, my lady, as you like; strike, I say strike; I bear it; I say I bear it. . . If her ladyship is unforgiving, I say I am enduring. . . I may go, I was saying I may go mad, but while I have my reason I walk upright, I walk upright."

Mr. Pollington and certain City gentlemen hearing the poor General's renewed soliloquies, were seized with disgust of Lady Camper's conduct, and stoutly advised an application to the Law Courts.

He gave ear to them abstractedly, but after pulling out the whole chapter of the caricatures (which it seemed that he kept in a case of morocco leather in his breast-pocket), showing them, with comments on them, and observing, "There will be more, there must be more, I say I am sure there are things I do that her ladyship will discover and expose," he declined to seek redress or simple protection; and the miserable spectacle was exhibited soon

after of this courtly man listening to Mrs. Barcop on the weather, and replying in acquiescence: "It is hot.—If your ladyship will only abstain from colours. Very hot as you say, madam,—I do not complain of pen and ink, but I would rather escape colours. And I dare say you find it hot too?"

Mrs. Barcop shut her eyes and sighed over the wreck of a handsome military officer.

She asked him: "What is your objection to colours?"

His hand was at his breast-pocket immediately, as he said: "Have you not seen?"—though but a few minutes back he had shown her the contents of the packet, including a hurried glance of the famous digging scene.

By this time the entire district was in fervid sympathy with General Ople. The ladies did not, as their lords did, proclaim astonishment that a man should suffer a woman to goad him to a state of semi-lunacy; but one or two confessed to their husbands, that it required a great admiration of General Ople not to despise him, both for his susceptibility and his patience. As for the men, they knew him to have faced the balls in bellowing battle-strife; they knew him to have endured privation, not only cold but downright want of food and drink—an almost unimaginable horror to these brave daily feasters; so they could not quite look on him in contempt; but his want of sense was offensive, and still more so his submission to a scourging by a woman. Not one of them would have deigned to feel it. Would they have allowed her to see that she could sting them? They would have laughed at her. Or they would have dragged her before a magistrate.

It was a Sunday in early Summer when General Ople walked to morning service, unaccompanied by Elizabeth, who was unwell. The church was of the considerate old-fashioned order, with deaf square pews, permitting the mind to abstract itself from the sermon, or wrestle at leisure with the difficulties presented by the preacher, as General Ople often did, feeling not a little in love with his sincere attentiveness for grappling with the knotty point and partially allowing the struggle to be seen.

The Church was, besides, a sanctuary for him. Hither his enemy did not come. He had this one place of refuge, and he almost looked a happy man again.

He had passed into his hat and out of it, which he habitually

did standing, when who should walk up to within a couple of yards of him but Lady Camper. Her pew was full of poor people, who made signs of retiring. She signified to them that they were to sit, then quietly took her seat among them, fronting the General across the aisle.

During the sermon a low voice, sharp in contradistinction to the monotone of the preacher's, was heard to repeat these words: "I say I am not sure I shall survive it." Considerable muttering in the same quarter was heard besides.

After the customary ceremonious game, when all were free to move, of nobody liking to move first, Lady Camper and a charity boy were the persons who took the lead. But Lady Camper could not quit her pew, owing to the sticking of the door. She smiled as with her pretty hand she twice or thrice essayed to shake it open. General Ople strode to her aid. He pulled the door, gave the shadow of a respectful bow, and no doubt he would have withdrawn, had not Lady Camper, while acknowledging the civility, placed her prayer-book in his hands to carry at her heels. There was no choice for him. He made a sort of slipping dance back for his hat, and followed her ladyship. All present being eager to witness the spectacle, the passage of Lady Camper dragging the victim General behind her was observed without a stir of the well-dressed members of the congregation, until a desire overcame them to see how Lady Camper would behave to her fish when she had him outside the sacred edifice.

None could have imagined such a scene. Lady Camper was in her carriage; General Ople was holding her prayer-book, hat in hand, at the carriage step, and he looked as if he were toasting before the bars of a furnace; for while he stood there, Lady Camper was rapidly pencilling outlines in a small pocket sketch-book. There are dogs whose shyness is put to it to endure human observation and a direct address to them, even on the part of their masters; and these dear simple dogs wag tail and turn their heads aside waveringly, as though to entreat you not to eye them and talk to them so. General Ople, in the presence of the sketch-book, was much like the nervous animal. He would fain have run away. He glanced at it, and round about and again at it,

and at the heavens. Her ladyship's cruelty, and his inexplicable submission to it, were witnessed of the multitude.

The General's friends walked very slowly. Lady Camper's carriage whirled by, and the General came up with them, accosting them and himself alternately. They asked him where Elizabeth was, and he replied, "Poor child, yes! I am told she is pale, but I cannot believe I am so perfectly, I say so perfectly ridiculous when I join the responses." He drew forth half a dozen sheets, and showed them sketches that Lady Camper had taken in church, caricaturing him in the sitting down and the standing up. She had torn them out of the book, and presented them to him when driving off. "I was saying, worship in the ordinary sense will be interdicted to me if her ladyship . . .," said the General, woefully shuffling the sketchpaper sheets in which he figured.

He made the following odd confession to Mr. and Mrs. Gosling on the road:—that he had gone to his chest, and taken out his sword-belt to measure his girth, and found himself thinner than when he left the service, which had not been the case before his attendance at the last levée of the foregoing season. So the deduction was obvious, that Lady Camper had reduced him. She had reduced him as effectually as a harassing siege.

"But why do you pay attention to her? Why . . .!" exclaimed Mr. Gosling, a gentleman of the City, whose roundness would have turned a rifle-shot.

"To allow her to wound you so seriously!" exclaimed Mrs. Gosling.

"Madam, if she were my wife," the General explained, "I should feel it. I say it is the fact of it; I feel it, if I appear so extremely ridiculous to a human eye, to any one eye."

"To Lady Camper's eye!"

He admitted it might be that. He had not thought of ascribing the acuteness of his pain to the miserable image he presented in this particular lady's eye. No; it really was true, curiously true: another lady's eye might have transformed him to a pumpkin shape, exaggerated all his foibles fifty-fold, and he, though not liking it, of course not, would yet have preserved a certain manly equanimity. How was it Lady Camper had such power

over him?—a lady concealing seventy years with a rouge-pot or paint-box! It was witchcraft in its worst character. He had for six months at her bidding been actually living the life of a beast, degraded in his own esteem; scorched by every laugh he heard; running, pursued, overtaken, and as it were scored or branded, and then let go for the process to be repeated . . .

[The General decides to sell his lease and let his house.]

CHAPTER VIII

. . . From the house-agent's shop he turned into the chemist's, for a tonic—a foolish proceeding, for he had received bracing enough in the blow he had just dealt himself, but he had been cogitating on tonics recently, imagining certain valiant effects of them, with visions of a former careless happiness that they were likely to restore. So he requested to have the tonic strong, and he took one glass of it over the counter.

Fifteen minutes after the draught, he came in sight of his house, and beholding it, he could have called it a gentlemanly residence aloud under Lady Camper's windows, his insurgency was of such violence. He talked of it incessantly, but forbore to tell Elizabeth, as she was looking pale, the reason why its modest merits touched him so. He longed for the hour of his next dose, and for a caricature to follow, that he might drink and defy it. A caricature was really due to him, he thought; otherwise why had he abandoned his bijou dwelling? Lady Camper, however, sent none. He had to wait a fortnight before one came, and that was rather a likeness, and a handsome likeness, except as regarded a certain disorderliness in his dress, which he knew to be very unlike him. Still it despatched him to the looking-glass, to bring that verifier of facts in evidence against the sketch. While sitting there he heard the housemaid's knock at the door, and the strange intelligence that his daughter was with Lady Camper, and had left word that she hoped he would not forget his engagement to go to Mrs. Baerens' lawn-party.

The General jumped away from the glass, shouting at the absent Elizabeth in a fit of wrath so foreign to him, that he returned hurriedly to have another look at himself, and exclaimed

at the pitch of his voice, "I say I attribute it to an indigestion of that tonic. Do you hear?" The housemaid faintly answered outside the door that she did, alarming him, for there seemed to be confusion somewhere. His hope was that no one would mention Lady Camper's name, for the mere thought of her caused a rush to his head. "I believe I am in for a touch of apoplexy," he said to the rector, who greeted him, in advance of the ladies, on Mr. Baerens' lawn. He said it smilingly, but wanting some show of sympathy, instead of the whisper and meaningless hand at his clerical band, with which the rector responded, he cried, "Apoplexy," and his friend seemed then to understand, and disappeared among the ladies.

Several of them surrounded the General, and one inquired whether the series was being continued. He drew forth his pocket-book, handed her the latest, and remarked on the gross injustice of it; for, as he requested them to take note, her ladyship now sketched him as a person inattentive to his dress, and he begged them to observe that she had drawn him with his necktie hanging loose. "And that, I say that has never been known of me since I first entered society."

The ladies exchanged looks of profound concern; for the fact was, the General had come without any necktie and any collar, and he appeared to be unaware of the circumstance. The rector had told them, that in answer to a hint he had dropped on the subject of neckties, General Ople expressed a slight apprehension of apoplexy; but his careless or merely partial observance of the laws of buttonment could have nothing to do with such fears. They signified rather a disorder of the intelligence. Elizabeth was condemned for leaving him to go about alone. The situation was really most painful, for a word to so sensitive a man would drive him away in shame and for good; and still, to let him parade the ground in the state, compared with his natural self, of scarecrow, and with the dreadful habit of talking to himself quite raging, was a horrible alternative. Mrs. Baerens at last directed her husband upon the General, trembling as though she watched for the operations of a fish torpedo; and other ladies shared her excessive anxiousness, for Mr. Baerens had the manner and the look of artillery, and on this occasion carried a surcharge of powder.

The General bent his ear to Mr. Baerens, whose German-English and repeated remark, "I am to do it wid delicassy," did not assist his comprehension; and when he might have been enlightened, he was petrified by seeing Lady Camper walk on the lawn with Elizabeth. The great lady stood a moment beside Mrs. Baerens; she came straight over to him, contemplating him in silence.

Then she said, "Your arm, General Ople," and she made one circuit of the lawn with him, barely speaking.

At her request, he conducted her to her carriage. He took a seat beside her, obediently. He felt that he was being sketched, and comported himself like a child's flat man, that jumps at the pulling of a string.

"Where have you left your girl, General?"

Before he could rally his wits to answer the question, he was asked:

"And what have you done with your necktie and collar?"

He touched his throat.

"I am rather nervous today, I forgot Elizabeth," he said, sending his fingers in a dotting run of wonderment round his neck.

Lady Camper smiled with a triumphing humour on her close-drawn lips.

The verified absence of necktie and collar seemed to be choking him.

"Never mind, you have been abroad without them," said Lady Camper, "and that is a victory for me. And you thought of Elizabeth first when I drew your attention to it, and that is a victory for you. It is a very great victory. Pray, do not be dismayed, General. You have a handsome campaigning air. And no apologies, if you please; I like you well enough as you are. There is my hand."

General Ople understood her last remark. He pressed the lady's hand in silence, very nervously.

"But do not shrug your head into your shoulders as if there were any possibility of concealing the thunderingly evident," said Lady Camper, electrifying him, what with her cordial squeeze, her kind eyes, and her singular language. "You have omitted the collar. Well? The collar is the fatal finishing touch in men's dress; it would make Apollo look bourgeois."

Her hand was in his: and watching the play of her features, a spark entered General Ople's brain, causing him, in forgetfulness of collar and caricatures, to ejaculate, "Seventy? Did your ladyship say seventy? Utterly impossible! You trifled with me."

"We will talk when we are free of this accompaniment of carriage-wheels, General," said Lady Camper.

"I will beg permission to go and fetch Elizabeth, madam."

"Rightly thought of. Fetch her in my carriage. And by the way, Mrs. Baerens was my old music-mistress, and is, I think, one year older than I. She can tell you on which side of seventy I am."

"I shall not require to ask, my lady," he said, sighing.

"Then we will send the carriage for Elizabeth, and have it out together at once. I am impatient; yes, General, impatient: for what?—forgiveness."

"Of me, my lady!" The General breathed profoundly.

"Of whom else? Do you know what it is?—I don't think you do. You English have the smallest experience of humanity. I mean this: to strike so hard that, in the end, you soften your heart to the victim. Well, that is my weakness. And we of our blood put no restraint on the blows we strike when we think them wanted, so we are always overdoing it."

General Ople assisted Lady Camper to alight from the carriage, which was forthwith despatched for Elizabeth.

He prepared to listen to her with a disconnected smile of acute attentiveness.

She had changed. She spoke of money. Ten thousand pounds must be settled on his daughter. "And now," said she, "you will remember that you are wanting a collar."

He acquiesced. He craved permission to retire for ten minutes.

"Simplest of men! what will cover you?" she exclaimed, and peremptorily bidding him sit down in the drawing-room, she took one of the famous pair of pistols in her hand, and said, "If I put myself in a similar position, and make myself *décolletée* too, will that satisfy you? You see these murderous weapons. Well, I am a coward. I dread fire-arms. They are laid there to impose on the world, and I believe they do. They have imposed on you. Now, you would never think of pretending to a moral quality you do not possess. But, silly, simple man that you are! You

can give yourself the airs of wealth, buy horses to conceal your nakedness, and when you are taken upon the standard of your apparent income, you would rather seem to be beating a miserly retreat than behave frankly and honestly. I have a little overstated it, but I am near the mark."

"Your ladyship wanting courage!" cried the General.

"Refresh yourself by meditating on it," said she. "And to prove it to you, I was glad to take this house when I knew I was to have a gallant gentleman for a neighbour. No visitors will be admitted, General Ople, so you are bare-throated only to me: sit quietly. One day you speculated on the paint in my cheeks for the space of a minute and a half:—I had said that I freckled easily. Your look signified that you really could not detect a single freckle for the paint. I forgave you, or I did not. But when I found you, on closer acquaintance, as indifferent to your daughter's happiness as you had been to her reputation . . ."

"My daughter! her reputation! her happiness!"

General Ople raised his eyes under a wave, half uttering the outcries.

"So indifferent to her reputation, that you allowed a young man to talk with her over the wall, and meet her by appointment: so reckless of the girl's happiness, that when I tried to bring you to a treaty, on her behalf, you could not be dragged from thinking of yourself and your own affair. When I found that, perhaps I was predisposed to give you some of what my sisters used to call my spice. You would not honestly state the proportions of your income, and you affected to be faithful to the woman of seventy. Most preposterous! Could any caricature of mine exceed in grotesqueness your sketch of yourself? You are a brave and a generous man all the same: and I suspect it is more hoodwinking than egotism—or extreme egotism—that blinds you. A certain amount you must have to be a man. You did not like my paint, still less did you like my sincerity; you were annoyed by my corrections of your habits of speech; you were horrified by the age of seventy, and you were credulous—General Ople, listen to me, and remember that you have no collar on!—you were credulous of my statement of my great age, or you chose to be so, or chose to seem so, because I had brushed your

cat's coat against the fur. And then, full of yourself, not thinking of Elizabeth, but to withdraw in the chivalrous attitude of the man true to his word to the old woman, only stickling to bring a certain independence to the common stock, because—I quote you! and you have no collar on, mind—'*you could not be at your wife's mercy*,' you broke from your proposal on the money question. Where was your consideration for Elizabeth then?

"Well, General, you were fond of thinking of yourself, and I thought I would assist you. I gave you plenty of subject matter. I will not say I meant to work a homœopathic cure. But if I drive you to forget your collar, is it or is it not a triumph?

"No," added Lady Camper, "it is no triumph for me, but it is one for you, if you like to make the most of it. Your fault has been to quit active service, General, and love your ease too well. It is the fault of your countrymen. You must get a militia regiment, or inspectorship of militia. You are ten times the man in exercise. Why, do you mean to tell me that you would have cared for those drawings of mine when marching?"

"I think so, I say I think so," remarked the General seriously.

"I doubt it," said she. "But to the point; here comes Elizabeth. If you have not much money to spare for her, according to your prudent calculation, reflect how this money has enfeebled you and reduced you to the level of the people round about us here—who are, what? Inhabitants of gentlemanly residences, yes! But what kind of creature? They have no mental standard, no moral aim, no native chivalry. You were rapidly becoming one of them, only, fortunately for you, you were sensitive to ridicule."

"Elizabeth shall have half my money settled on her," said the General; "though I fear it is not much. And if I can find occupation, my lady . . ."

"Something worthier than *that*," said Lady Camper, pencilling outlines rapidly on the margin of a book, and he saw himself lashing a pony; "or *that*," and he was plucking at a cabbage; "or *that*," and he was bowing to three petticoated posts.

"The likeness is exact," General Ople groaned.

"So you may suppose I have studied you," said she. "But there is no real likeness. Slight exaggerations do more harm to truth than reckless violations of it. You would not have cared one bit

for a caricature, if you had not nursed the absurd idea of being one of our conquerors. It is the very tragedy of modesty for a man like you to have such notions, my poor dear good friend. The modest are the most easily intoxicated when they sip at vanity. And reflect whether you have not been intoxicated, for these young people have been wretched, and you have not observed it, though one of them was living with you, and is the child you love. There, I have done. Pray show a good face to Elizabeth."

The General obeyed as well as he could. He felt very like a sheep that has come from a shearing, and when released he wished to run away. But hardly had he escaped before he had a desire for the renewal of the operation. "She sees me through, she sees me through," he was heard saying to himself, and in the end he taught himself to say it with a secret exultation, for as it was on her part an extraordinary piece of insight to see him through, it struck him that in acknowledging the truth of it, he made a discovery of new powers in human nature.

General Ople studied Lady Camper diligently for fresh proofs of her penetration of the mysteries in his bosom; by which means, as it happened that she was diligently observing the two betrothed young ones, he began to watch them likewise, and took a pleasure in the sight. Their meetings, their partings, their rides out and home furnished him themes of converse. He soon had enough to talk of, and previously, as he remembered, he had never sustained a conversation of any length with composure and the beneficent sense of fulness. Five thousand pounds, to which sum Lady Camper reduced her stipulation for Elizabeth's dowry, he signed over to his dear girl gladly, and came out with the confession to her ladyship that a well-invested twelve thousand comprised his fortune. She shrugged: she had left off pulling him this way and that, so his chains were enjoyable, and he said to himself: "If ever she should in the dead of night want a man to defend her!" He mentioned it to Reginald, who had been the repository of Elizabeth's lamentations about her father being left alone, forsaken, and the young man conceived a scheme for causing his aunt's great bell to be rung at midnight, which would certainly have led to a dramatic issue and the happy re-establish-

ment of our masculine ascendancy at the close of this history. But he forgot it in his bridegroom's delight, until he was making his miserable official speech at the wedding-breakfast, and set Elizabeth winking over a tear. As she stood in the hall ready to depart, a great van was observed in the road at the gates of Douro Lodge; and this, the men in custody declared to contain the goods and knick-knacks of the people who had taken the house furnished for a year, and were coming in that very afternoon.

"I remember, I say now I remember, I had a notice," the General said cheerily to his troubled daughter.

"But where are you to go, papa?" the poor girl cried, close on sobbing.

"I shall get employment of some sort," said he. "I was saying I want it, I need it, I require it."

"You are saying three times what once would have sufficed for," said Lady Camper, and she asked him a few questions, frowned with a smile, and offered him a lodgement in his neighbour's house.

"Really, dearest Aunt Angela?" said Elizabeth.

"What else can I do, child? I have, it seems, driven him out of a gentlemanly residence, and I must give him a ladylike one. True, I would rather have had him at call, but as I have always wished for a policeman in the house, I may as well be satisfied with a soldier."

"But if you lose your character, my lady?" said Reginald.

"Then I must look to the General to restore it."

General Ople immediately bowed his head over Lady Camper's fingers.

"An odd thing to happen to a woman of forty-one!" she said to her great people, and they submitted with the best grace in the world, while the General's ears tingled till he felt younger than Reginald. This, his reflections ran, or it would be more correct to say waltzed, this is the result of painting!—that you can believe a woman to be any age when her cheeks are tinted!

As for Lady Camper, she had been floated accidentally over the ridicule of the bruit of a marriage at a time of life as terrible to her as her fiction of seventy had been to General Ople; she

resigned herself to let things go with the tide. She had not been blissful in her first marriage, she had abandoned the chase of an ideal man, and she had found one who was tuneable so as not to offend her ears, likely ever to be a fund of amusement for her humour, good, impressible, and above all, very picturesque. There is the secret of her, and of how it came to pass that a simple man and a complex woman fell to union after the strangest division.

THOMAS HARDY (1840-1928)

THOMAS HARDY was a novelist of serious intentions as regards the criticism of life and in this respect resembles his great contemporaries, George Eliot and George Meredith. The classification of his work will be easier after considering what he did. Not only did he have a serious intention, but he had far greater scientific knowledge than any novelist up to his time and more of a scientific attitude. He did not know his own vein and had to work it out slowly while he was at the same time endeavoring to please the novel-reading public and conform himself to the ideas of fiction which he had learned from his contemporaries and his predecessors. He came to be admired as one of the greatest of all artists among novelists, but he did not arrive at that state at once or adhere to it very consistently after he had scored his first successes.

Hardy was born at Higher Bockhampton in Dorsetshire. His rearing was provincial, and his higher education, like that of Dickens and to some extent that of Meredith, was self-acquired. He went to grammar school and high school, or academy, at Dorchester and distinguished himself as a student. At sixteen he went into the office of an architect in Dorchester and spent there a period of six years, three of which were devoted to instruction. At the age of twenty-one in 1862 he went up to London and continued to work at his profession for about twelve years, when his growing success as a writer of fiction caused him to devote himself to literature. Hardy was a great reader and had been from early boyhood. It is not too much to say that his interest had always been in books. His first published novel was *Desperate Remedies* (1871), a work not characteristic of Hardy as he is known but an attempt in mystery and sensationalism after the then popular manner of

Wilkie Collins. His second novel, however, *Under the Greenwood Tree* (1872), comes nearer home in its picture of country life, quiet and naturalistic. *A Pair of Blue Eyes* (1873), a book combining his vigorous interest in plot and dangerous event with his sense of the stolidity and fortitude of English country people, met with considerable success, and but for the transcendent masterpiece which follows it, *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874), it might be considered as the opening number in Hardy's great performance. In *Far from the Madding Crowd* Hardy develops his remarkable regional and racial background. He had been born in the center of the ancient Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Wessex, where he had learned the lives of people on farms, in shops, in parish churches, at public houses, and had learned the look and the mood of the land. From this time on most of his novels deal with what we call with good reason the Hardy Country. It comprises the counties of Hampshire, Wiltshire, Dorset, Somerset and extends on its confines into Gloucestershire, Berkshire, and Devon—all in south-central England. Some of the larger cities, as Southampton, go by their own names, but most of the towns and cities he has renamed. Salisbury becomes Melchester, Winchester becomes Wintoncester, Dorchester becomes Casterbridge, Exeter becomes Exonbury, and so on. In the exploitation of a region Scott and Wordsworth are Hardy's only rivals, and perhaps neither of them has quite equaled Hardy in making the land utter its inhabitants. Wessex provides a unifying force for most of his novels. He is distinguished for his sense of plot as well as for his skill in the weaving of plot and for his sense of objective conditions and circumstances of human existence. He speaks of the inevitableness of character and environment in working out destiny. He had a feeling akin to that of Wordsworth that man's lot is a product of his relation to external nature. This the teachings of Darwin and other scientists probably had not only reinforced but had given a pessimistic turn.

Nature was the strength of man and yet his ruin. Science had revealed man as an animal struggling in a scheme of survival. Man's misery came from things, which like Wordsworth he thought of as personalities. Out of this background arose man's misery in the form of his own passions, desires, and stupidities. Like Wordsworth Hardy believed that in country folk the heart is less concealed and disguised than in the great. A blind destiny thus determines our conduct for us, and the minds and acts of simple people are the immediate expression of this fate. Conduct lags far behind knowledge, and science determines our conduct for us. This philosophic realism, which sounds so cruel when described, is a better basis of existence than it seems to be, since man is beheld in his strength struggling and surviving. There is a vigor and activity about Hardy. There is, to be sure, no predictable regularity about event. The unexpected is the probable, and the world is full of unlikely and unhappy accidents. There are improbabilities in all of the novels, particularly the earlier ones, but there is always plausibility in character. In his greatest efforts, and in all his novels, as time went on, Hardy, like other great artists in drama and fiction, related plot to character. The action in novels like *The Return of the Native* and *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* seems to grow immediately out of the bent of character.

After *Far from the Madding Crowd* came *The Hand of Ethelberta* (1876), a novel in which Hardy tried his hand not too successfully at social comedy. Then came *The Return of the Native* (1878), one of the most powerful and perfect of Victorian novels. He then produced in rapid succession three novels of experimental and somewhat inferior quality, *The Trumpet Major* (1880), *A Laodicean* (1881), and *Two on a Tower* (1882). *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, another masterpiece, appeared in 1886, and in 1891 *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*. The latter is a powerful and moving picture of a fate which renders morality a relative and not an absolute matter. Protest against conventional and cruel current stand-

ards of moral judgment had always been potential or present in Hardy. This time he gave it complete expression, and in *Jude the Obscure* (1895) he went the full length of his doctrine that man is a creature of circumstance and the pawn of fate. It is the last two books which have caused Hardy to be reputed as a dark realist of the bitterest type. *Jude the Obscure* awoke a storm of moral protest as to its subject, its (to some) obscene frankness, and its implications as to the state and nature of modern society as regards justice and mercy.

It is ordinarily thought that the controversy over *Jude* discouraged and wounded Hardy so deeply that he forsook the form of fiction, but it is just possible that his apprehension of the deeper forces controlling human existence could no longer be satisfactorily expressed through any prose medium and that he felt it necessary to resort to poetry in order to find an adequate form to express through imaginative suggestion and statement the ideas which now held sway in his mind and heart. In any case the long end of his career was devoted to the production of a large body of poetry, strangely rough and obscure in form and expression but adequate and striking as the record of profound thought and feeling. In the midst of his later years and without diminution of power came a gigantic poetic drama in three parts, *The Dynasts* (1904-1908). It deals with Hardy's favorite period of the past, the Napoleonic wars, and Hardy there presents from a cosmic point of view a drama of struggling Europe.

The following selection from Hardy's work, "What the Shepherd Saw: a Tale of Four Moonlight Nights," is of at least considerable interest in and for itself. Its setting and its impassive presentation of obscure yet terrible events will be suggestive of the Hardy quality.

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WHAT THE SHEPHERD SAW:
A TALE OF FOUR MOONLIGHT NIGHTS

(Philosophical Realism)

FIRST NIGHT

The genial Justice of the Peace—now alas, no more—who made himself responsible for the facts of this story, used to begin in the good old-fashioned way with a bright moonlight night and a mysterious figure, an excellent stroke for an opening, even to this day, if well followed up.

The Christmas moon (he would say) was showing her cold face to the upland, the upland, reflecting the radiance in frost-sparkles so minute as only to be discernible by an eye near at hand. This eye, he said, was the eye of a shepherd lad, young for his occupation, who stood within a wheeled hut of the kind commonly in use among sheep-keepers during the early lambing season, and was abstractedly looking through the loophole at the scene without.

The spot was called Lambing Corner, and it was a sheltered portion of that wide expanse of rough pasture land known as the Marlbury Downs, which you directly traverse when following the turnpike-road across Mid-Wessex from London, through Aldbrickham, in the direction of Bath and Bristol. Here, where the hut stood, the land was high and dry, open, except to the north, and commanding an undulating view for miles. On the north side grew a tall belt of coarse furze, with enormous stalks, a clump of the same standing detached in front of the general mass. The clump was hollow, and the interior had been ingeniously taken advantage of as a position for the before-mentioned hut, which was thus completely screened from winds, and almost invisible, except through the narrow approach. But the furze twigs had been cut away from the two little windows of the hut, that the occupier might keep his eye on his sheep.

In the rear, the shelter afforded by the belt of furze bushes

was artificially improved by an inclosure of upright stakes, interwoven with boughs of the same prickly vegetation, and within the inclosure lay a renowned Marlbury-Down breeding flock of eight hundred ewes.

To the south, in the direction of the young shepherd's idle gaze, there rose one conspicuous object above the uniform moonlit plateau, and only one. It was a Druidical trilithon, consisting of three oblong stones in the form of a doorway, two on end, and one across as a lintel. Each stone had been worn, scratched, washed, nibbled, split, and otherwise attacked by ten thousand different weathers; but now the blocks looked shapely and little the worse for wear, so beautifully were they silvered over by the light of the moon. The ruin was locally called the Devil's Door.

An old shepherd presently entered the hut from the direction of the ewes, and looked around in the gloom. "Be ye sleepy?" he asked in cross accents of the boy.

The lad replied rather timidly in the negative.

"Then," said the shepherd, "I'll get me home-along, and rest for a few hours. There's nothing to be done here now as I can see. The ewes can want no more tending till daybreak—'tis beyond the bounds of reason that they can. But as the order is that one of us must bide, I'll leave 'ee, d'ye hear. You can sleep by day, and I can't. And you can be down to my house in ten minutes if anything should happen. I can't afford 'ee candle; but, as 'tis Christmas week, and the time that folks have hollerdays, you can enjoy yerself by falling asleep a bit in the chair instead of biding awake all the time. But mind, not longer at once than while the shade of the Devil's Door moves a couple of spans, for you must keep an eye upon the ewes."

The boy made no definite reply, and the old man, stirring the fire in the stove with his crook-stem, closed the door upon his companion and vanished.

As this had been more or less the course of events every night since the season's lambing had set in, the boy was not at all surprised at the charge, and amused himself for some time by lighting straws at the stove. He then went out to the ewes and new-born lambs, re-entered, sat down, and finally fell asleep. This was his customary manner of performing his watch, for though

special permission for naps had this week been accorded, he had, as a matter of fact, done the same thing on every preceding night, sleeping often till awakened by a smack on the shoulder at three or four in the morning from the crook-stem of the old man.

It might have been about eleven o'clock when he awoke. He was so surprised at awaking without, apparently, being called or struck, that on second thoughts he assumed that somebody must have called him in spite of appearances, and looked out of the hut window towards the sheep. They all lay as quiet as when he had visited them, very little bleating being audible, and no human soul disturbing the scene. He next looked from the opposite window, and here the case was different. The frost-facets glistened under the moon as before; an occasional furze bush showed as a dark spot on the same; and in the foreground stood the ghostly form of the trilithon. But in the front of the trilithon stood a man.

That he was not the shepherd or any one of the farm labourers was apparent in a moment's observation, his dress being a dark suit, and his figure of slender build and graceful carriage. He walked backwards and forwards in front of the trilithon.

The shepherd lad had hardly done speculating on the strangeness of the unknown's presence here at such an hour, when he saw a second figure crossing the open sward towards the locality of the trilithon and furze clump that screened the hut. This second personage was a woman; and immediately on sight of her the male stranger hastened forward, meeting her just in front of the hut window. Before she seemed to be aware of his intention he clasped her in his arms.

The lady released herself and drew back with some dignity.

"You have come, Harriet—bless you for it!" he exclaimed fervently.

"But not for this," she answered, in offended accents. And then, more good-naturedly, "I have come, Fred, because you entreated me so! What can have been the object of your writing such a letter? I feared I might be doing you grievous ill by staying away. How did you come here?"

"I walked all the way from my father's."

"Well, what is it? How have you lived since we last met?"

"But roughly; you might have known that without asking. I

have seen many lands and many faces since I last walked these downs, but I have only thought of you."

"Is it only to tell me this that you have summoned me so strangely?"

A passing breeze blew away the murmur of the reply and several succeeding sentences, till the man's voice again became audible in the words, "Harriet—truth between us two! I have heard that the Duke does not treat you too well."

"He is warm-tempered, but he is a good husband."

"He speaks roughly to you, and sometimes even threatens to lock you out of doors."

"Only once, Fred! On my honour, only once. The Duke is a fairly good husband, I repeat. But you deserve punishment for this night's trick of drawing me out. What does it mean?"

"Harriet, dearest, is this fair or honest? Is it not notorious that your life with him is a sad one—that, in spite of the sweetness of your temper, the sourness of his embitters your days. I have come to know if I can help you. You are a Duchess, and I am Fred Ogbourne; but it is not impossible that I may be able to help you. . . By God! the sweetness of that tongue ought to keep him civil, especially when there is added to it the sweetness of that face!"

"Captain Ogbourne!" she exclaimed, with an emphasis of playful fear. "How can such a comrade of my youth behave to me as you do? Don't speak so, and stare at me so! Is this really all you have to say? I see I ought not to have come. 'Twas thoughtlessly done."

Another breeze broke the thread of discourse for a time.

"Very well. I perceive you are dead and lost to me," he could next be heard to say, "'Captain Ogbourne' proves that. As I once loved you I love you now, Harriet, without one jot of abatement; but you are not the woman you were—you once were honest towards me; and now you conceal your heart in made-up speeches. Let it be: I can never see you again."

"You need not say that in such a tragedy tone, you silly. You may see me in an ordinary way—why should you not? But, of course, not in such a way as this. I should not have come now, if it had not happened that the Duke is away from home, so that there is nobody to check my erratic impulses."

"When does he return?"

"The day after tomorrow, or the day after that."

"Then meet me again tomorrow night."

"No, Fred, I cannot."

"If you cannot tomorrow night, you can the night after; one of the two before he comes please bestow on me. Now, your hand upon it! Tomorrow or next night you will see me to bid me farewell!" He seized the Duchess's hand.

"No, but Fred—let go my hand! What do you mean by holding me so? If it be love to forget all respect to a woman's present position in thinking of her past, then yours may be so, Frederick. It is not kind and gentle of you to induce me to come to this place for pity of you, and then to hold me tight here."

"But see me once more! I have come two thousand miles to ask it."

"O, I must not! There will be slanders—Heaven knows what! I cannot meet you. For the sake of old times don't ask it."

"Then own two things to me; that you did love me once, and that your husband is unkind to you often enough now to make you think of the time when you cared for me."

"Yes—I own them both," she answered faintly. "But owning such as that tells against me; and I swear the inference is not true."

"Don't say that; for you have come—let me think the reason of your coming what I like to think it. It can do you no harm. Come once more!"

He still held her hand and waist. "Very well, then," she said. "Thus far you shall persuade me. I will meet you tomorrow night or the night after. Now, let me go."

He released her, and they parted. The Duchess ran rapidly down the hill towards the outlying mansion of Shakeforest Towers, and when he had watched her out of sight, he turned and strode off in the opposite direction. All then was silent and empty as before.

Yet it was only for a moment. When they had quite departed, another shape appeared upon the scene. He came from behind the trilithon. He was a man of stouter build than the first, and wore the boots and spurs of a horseman. Two things were at once obvious from this phenomenon: that he had watched the

interview between the Captain and the Duchess; and that, though he probably had seen every movement of the couple, including the embrace, he had been too remote to hear the reluctant words of the lady's conversation—or, indeed, any words at all—so that the meeting must have exhibited itself to his eye as the assignation of a pair of well-agreed lovers. But it was necessary that several years should elapse before the shepherd-boy was old enough to reason out this.

The third individual stood still for a moment, as if deep in meditation. He crossed over to where the lady and gentleman had stood, and looked at the ground; then he too turned and went away in a third direction, as widely divergent as possible from those taken by the two interlocutors. His course was towards the highway; and a few minutes afterwards the trot of a horse might have been heard upon its frosty surface, lessening till it died away upon the ear.

The boy remained in the hut, confronting the trilithon as if he expected yet more actors on the scene, but nobody else appeared. How long he stood with his little face against the loophole he hardly knew; but he was rudely awakened from his reverie by a punch in his back, and in the feel of it he familiarly recognized the stem of the old shepherd's crook.

"Blame thy young eyes and limbs, Bill Mills—now you have let the fire out, and you know I want it kept in! I thought something would go wrong with 'ee up here, and I couldn't bide in bed no more than thistledown on the wind, that I could not! Well, what's happened, fie upon 'ee?"

"Nothing."

"Ewes all as I left 'em?"

"Yes."

"Any lambs want bringing in?"

"No."

The shepherd relit the fire, and went out among the sheep with a lantern, for the moon was getting low. Soon he came in again.

"Blame it all—thou'st say that nothing have happened; when one ewe have twinned and is like to go off, and another is dying for want of half an eye of looking to! I told 'ee, Bill Mills, if anything went wrong to come down and call me; and this is how you have done it."

"You said I could go to sleep for a hollerday, and I did."

"Don't you speak to your betters like that, young man, or you'll come to the gallows-tree! You didn't sleep all the time, or you wouldn't have been peeping out of that there hole! Now you can go home, and be up here again by breakfast-time. I be an old man, and there's old men that deserve well of the world; but no—I must rest how I can!"

The elder shepherd then lay down inside the hut, and the boy went down the hill to the hamlet where he dwelt.

SECOND NIGHT

When the next night drew on, the actions of the boy were almost enough to show that he was thinking of the meeting he had witnessed, and of the promise wrung from the lady that she would come there again. As far as the sheep-tending arrangements were concerned, tonight was but a repetition of the foregoing one. Between ten and eleven o'clock the old shepherd withdrew as usual for what sleep at home he might chance to get without interruption, making up the other necessary hours of rest at some time during the day; the boy was left alone. The frost was the same as on the night before, except perhaps that it was a little more severe. The moon shone as usual, except that it was three-quarters of an hour later in its course; and the boy's condition was much the same, except that he felt no sleepiness whatever. He felt, too, rather afraid; but upon the whole he preferred witnessing an assignation of strangers to running the risk of being discovered absent by the old shepherd.

It was before the distant clock of Shakeforest Towers had struck eleven that he observed the opening of the second act of this midnight drama. It consisted in the appearance of neither lover nor Duchess, but of the third figure—the stout man, booted and spurred—who came up from the easterly direction in which he had retreated the night before. He walked once round the trilithon, and next advanced towards the clump concealing the hut, the moonlight shining full upon his face and revealing him to be the Duke. Fear seized upon the shepherd-boy: the Duke was Jove himself to the rural population, whom to offend was starva-

tion, homelessness, and death, and whom to look at was to be mentally scathed and dumbfounded. He closed the stove, so that not a spark of light appeared, and hastily buried himself in the straw that lay in a corner.

The Duke came close to the clump of furze and stood by the spot where his wife and the Captain had held their dialogue; he examined the furze as if searching for a hiding-place, and in doing so discovered the hut. The latter he walked round and then looked inside; finding it to all seeming empty, he entered, closing the door behind him and taking his place at the little circular window against which the boy's face had been pressed just before.

The Duke had not adopted his measures too rapidly, if his object were concealment. Almost as soon as he had stationed himself there eleven o'clock struck, and the slender young man who had previously graced the scene promptly reappeared from the north quarter of the down. The spot of assignation having, by the accident of his running forward on the foregoing night, removed itself from the Devil's Door to the clump of furze, he instinctively came thither, and waited for the Duchess where he had met her before.

But a fearful surprise was in store for him tonight, as well as for the trembling juvenile. At his appearance the Duke breathed more and more quickly, his breathings being distinctly audible to the crouching boy. The young man had hardly paused when the alert nobleman softly opened the door of the hut, and, stepping round the furze, came full upon Captain Fred.

"You have dishonoured her, and you shall die the death you deserve!" came to the shepherd's ears, in a harsh, hollow whisper through the boarding of the hut.

The apathetic and taciturn boy was excited enough to run the risk of rising and looking from the window, but he could see nothing for the intervening furze boughs, both the men having gone round the side. What took place in the few following moments he never exactly knew. He discerned a portion of a shadow in quick muscular movement; then there was the fall of something on the grass; then there was stillness.

Two or three minutes later the Duke became visible round the corner of the hut, dragging by the collar the now inert body of

the second man. The Duke dragged him across the open space towards the trilithon. Behind this ruin was a hollow, irregular spot, overgrown with furze and stunted thorns, and riddled by the old holes of badgers, its former inhabitants, who had now died out or departed. The Duke vanished into this depression with his burden, reappearing after the lapse of a few seconds. When he came forth he dragged nothing behind him.

He returned to the side of the hut, cleansed something on the grass, and again put himself on the watch, though not as before, inside the hut, but without, on the shady side. "Now for the second!" he said.

It was plain, even to the unsophisticated boy, that he now awaited the other person of the appointment—his wife, the Duchess—for what purpose it was terrible to think. He seemed to be a man of such determined temper that he would scarcely hesitate in carrying out a course of revenge to the bitter end. Moreover—though it was what the shepherd did not perceive—this was all the more probable, in that the moody Duke was labouring under the exaggerated impression which the sight of the meeting in dumb show had conveyed.

The jealous watcher waited long, but he waited in vain. From within the hut the boy could hear his occasional exclamations of surprise, as if he were almost disappointed at the failure of his assumption that his guilty Duchess would surely keep the tryst. Sometimes he stepped from the shade of the furze into the moonlight, and held up his watch to learn the time.

About half-past eleven he seemed to give up expecting her. He then went a second time to the hollow behind the trilithon, remaining there nearly a quarter of an hour. From this place he proceeded quickly over a shoulder of the declivity, a little to the left, presently returning on horseback, which proved that his horse had been tethered in some secret place down there. Crossing anew the down between the hut and the trilithon, and scanning the precincts as if finally to assure himself that she had not come, he rode slowly downwards in the direction of Shakeforest Towers.

The juvenile shepherd thought of what lay in the hollow yonder; and no fear of the crook-stem of his Superior officer was potent enough to detain him longer on that hill alone. Any live

company, even the most terrible, was better than the company of the dead; so, running with the speed of a hare in the direction pursued by the horseman, he overtook the revengeful Duke at the second descent (where the great western road crossed before you came to the old park entrance on that side—now closed up and the lodge cleared away, though at the time it was wondered why, being considered the most convenient gate of all).

Once within the sound of the horse's footsteps, Bill Mills felt comparatively comfortable; for, though in awe of the Duke because of his position, he had no moral repugnance to his companionship on account of the grisly deed he had committed, considering that powerful nobleman to have a right to do what he chose on his own lands. The Duke rode steadily on beneath his ancestral trees, the hoofs of his horse sending up a smart sound now that he had reached the hard road of the drive, and soon drew near the front door of his house, surmounted by parapets with square-cut battlements that cast a notched shade upon the gravelled terrace. These outlines were quite familiar to little Bill Mills, though nothing within their boundary had ever been seen by him.

When the rider approached the mansion a small turret door was quickly opened and a woman came out. As soon as she saw the horseman's outlines she ran forward into the moonlight to meet him.

"Ah dear—and are you come?" she said. "I heard Hero's tread just when you rode over the hill, and I knew it in a moment. I would have come further if I had been aware—"

"Glad to see me, eh?"

"How can you ask that?"

"Well; it is a lovely night for meetings."

"Yes, it is a lovely night."

The Duke dismounted and stood by her side. "Why should you have been listening at this time of night, and yet not expecting me?" he asked.

"Why, indeed! There is a strange story attached to that, which I must tell you at once. But why did you come a night sooner than you said you would come? I am rather sorry—I really am!" (shaking her head playfully) "for as a surprise to you I had ordered a bonfire to be built, which was to be lighted on your

arrival tomorrow; and now it is wasted. You can see the outline of it just out there."

The Duke looked across to a spot of rising glade, and saw the faggots in a heap. He then bent his eyes with a bland and puzzled air on the ground, "What is this strange story you have to tell me that kept you awake?" he murmured.

"It is this—and it is really rather serious. My cousin Fred Ogbourne—Captain Ogbourne as he is now—was in his boyhood a great admirer of mine, as I think I have told you, though I was six years his senior. In strict truth, he was absurdly fond of me."

"You have never told me of that before."

"Then it was your sister I told—yes, it was. Well, you know I have not seen him for many years, and naturally I had quite forgotten his admiration of me in old times. But guess my surprise when the day before yesterday, I received a mysterious note bearing no address, and found on opening it that it came from him. The contents frightened me out of my wits. He had returned from Canada to his father's house, and conjured me by all he could think of to meet him at once. But I think I can repeat the exact words, though I will show it to you when we get indoors.

"‘My dear Cousin Harriet,’ the note said, ‘After this long absence you will be surprised at my sudden reappearance, and more by what I am going to ask. But if my life and future are of any concern to you at all, I beg that you will grant my request. What I require of you, is, dear Harriet, that you meet me about eleven tonight by the Druid stones on Marlbury Downs, about a mile or more from your house. I cannot say more, except to entreat you to come. I will explain all when you are there. The one thing is, I want to see you. Come alone. Believe me, I would not ask this if my happiness did not hang upon it—God knows how entirely! I am too agitated to say more—Yours. Fred.’”

"That was all of it. Now, of course, I ought not to have gone, as it turned out, but that I did not think of then. I remembered his impetuous temper, and feared that something grievous was impending over his head, while he had not a friend in the world to help him, or any one except myself to whom he would care to make his trouble known. So I wrapped myself up and went to

Marlbury Downs at the time he had named. Don't you think I was courageous?"

"Very."

"When I got there—but shall we not walk on; it is getting cold?" The Duke, however, did not move. "When I got there he came, of course, as a full grown man and officer, and not as the lad that I had known him. When I saw him I was sorry I had come. I can hardly tell you how he behaved. What he wanted I don't know even now; it seemed to be no more than the mere meeting with me. He held me by the hand and waist—O so tight—and would not let me go till I had promised to meet him again. His manner was so strange and passionate that I was afraid of him in such a lonely place, and I promised to come. Then I escaped—then I ran home—and that's all. When the time drew on this evening for the appointment—which, of course, I never intended to keep, I felt uneasy, lest when he found I meant to disappoint him he would come on to the house; and that's why I could not sleep. But you are so silent!"

"I have had a long journey."

"Then let us get into the house. Why did you come alone and unattended like this?"

"It was my humour."

After a moment's silence during which they moved on, she said, "I have thought of something which I hardly like to suggest to you. He said that if I failed to come tonight he would wait again tomorrow night. Now, shall we tomorrow night go to the hill together—just to see if he is there; and if he is, read him a lesson on his foolishness in nourishing this old passion, and sending for me so oddly, instead of coming to the house?"

"Why should we see if he's there?" said her husband moodily.

"Because I think we ought to do something in it. Poor Fred! He would listen to you if you reasoned with him, and set our positions in their true light before him. It would be no more than Christian kindness to a man who unquestionably is very miserable from some cause or other. His head seems quite turned."

But this time they had reached the door, rung the bell, and waited. All the house seemed to be asleep; but soon a man came to them, the horse was taken away, and the Duke and Duchess went in.

THIRD NIGHT

There was no help for it. Bill Mills was obliged to stay on duty, in the old shepherd's absence, this evening as before, or give up his post and living. He thought as bravely as he could of what lay behind the Devil's Door, but with no great success, and was therefore in a measure relieved, even if awe-stricken, when he saw the forms of the Duke and Duchess strolling across the frosted greensward. The Duchess was a few yards in front of her husband and tripped on lightly.

"I tell you he has not thought it worth while to come again!" the Duke insisted, as he stood still, reluctant to walk further.

"He is more likely to come and wait all night; and it would be harsh treatment to let him do it a second time."

"He is not here; so turn and come home."

"He seems not to be here, certainly; I wonder if anything has happened to him. If it has, I shall never forgive myself!"

The Duke, uneasily, "O, no. He has some other engagement."

"That is very unlikely."

"Or perhaps he has found the distance too far."

"Nor is that probable."

"Then he may have thought better of it."

"Yes, he may have thought better of it, if, indeed, he is not here all the time—somewhere in the hollow behind the Devil's Door. Let us go and see; it will serve him right to surprise him."

"O, he's not there."

"He may be lying very quiet because of you," she said archly.

"O, no—not because of me!"

"Come, then. I declare, dearest, you lag like an unwilling schoolboy tonight, and there's no responsiveness in you! You are jealous of that poor lad, and it is quite absurd of you."

"I'll come! I'll come! Say no more, Harriet!" And they crossed over the green.

Wondering what they would do, the young shepherd left the hut, and doubled behind the belt of furze, intending to stand near the trilithon unperceived. But, in crossing the few yards of open ground he was for a moment exposed to view.

"Ah, I see him at last!" said the Duchess.

"See him!" said the Duke. "Where?"

"By the Devil's Door; don't you notice a figure there? Ah, my poor lover-cousin, won't you catch it now?" And she laughed half-pityingly. "But what's the matter?" she asked, turning to her husband.

"It is not he!" said the Duke hoarsely. "It can't be he!"

"No, it is not he. It is too small for him. It is a boy."

"Ah, I thought so! Boy, come here."

The youthful shepherd advanced with apprehension.

"What are you doing here?"

"Keeping sheep, your Grace."

"Ah, you know me! Do you keep sheep here every night?"

"Off and on, my Lord Duke."

"And what have you seen here tonight or last night?" inquired the Duchess. "Any person waiting or walking about?"

The boy was silent.

"He has seen nothing," interrupted her husband, his eyes so forbiddingly fixed on the boy that they seemed to shine like points of fire. "Come, let us go. The air is too keen to stand in long."

When they were gone the boy retreated to the hut and sheep, less fearful now than at first—familiarity with the situation having gradually overpowered his thoughts of the buried man. But he was not to be left alone long. When an interval had elapsed of about sufficient length for walking to and from Shakesforest Towers, there appeared from that direction the heavy form of the Duke. He now came alone.

The nobleman, on his part, seemed to have eyes no less sharp than the boy's, for he instantly recognized the latter among the ewes, and came straight towards him.

"Are you the shepherd lad I spoke to a short time ago?"

"I be, my Lord Duke."

"Now listen to me. Her Grace asked you what you had seen this last night of two up here, and you made no reply. I now ask the same thing, and you need not be afraid to answer. Have you seen anything strange these nights you have been watching here?"

"My Lord Duke, I be a poor heedless boy, and what I see I don't bear in mind."

"I ask you again," said the Duke, coming nearer, "have you seen anything strange these nights you have been watching here?"

"O, my Lord Duke! I be but the under-shepherd boy, and my

father he was but your humble Grace's hedger, and my mother only the cinder-woman in the back-yard! I fall asleep when left alone, and I see nothing at all!"

The Duke grasped the boy by the shoulder, and, directly impending over him, stared down into his face, "Did you see anything strange done here last night, I say?"

"O, my Lord Duke, have mercy, and don't stab me!" cried the shepherd, falling on his knees. "I have never seen you walking here, or riding here, or lying-in-wait for a man, or dragging a heavy load!"

"H'm!" said his interrogator, grimly, relaxing his hold. "It is well to know that you have never seen those things. Now, which would you rather—*see me do those things now*, or keep a secret all your life?"

"Keep a secret, my Lord Duke!"

"Sure you are able?"

"O, your Grace, try me!"

"Very well. And now, how do you like sheep-keeping?"

"Not at all. 'Tis lonely work for them that think of spirits, and I'm badly used."

"I believe you. You are too young for it. I must do something to make you more comfortable. You shall change this smock-frock for a real cloth jacket, and your thick boots for polished shoes. And you shall be taught what you have never yet heard of, and be put to school, and have bats and balls for the holidays, and be made a man of. But you must never say you have been a shepherd boy, and watched on the hills at night, for shepherd boys are not liked in good company."

"Trust me, my Lord Duke."

"The very moment you forget yourself, and speak of your shepherd days—this year, next year, in school, out of school, or riding in your carriage twenty year hence—at that moment my help will be withdrawn, and smash down you come to shepherd-ing forthwith. You have parents, I think you say?"

"A widowed mother only, my Lord Duke."

"I'll provide for her, and make a comfortable woman of her, until you speak of—what?"

"Of my shepherd days, and what I saw here."

"Good. If you do speak of it?"

"Smash down she comes to widowing forthwith!"

"That's well—very well. But it's not enough. Come here." He took the boy across to the trilithon, and made him kneel down.

"Now, this was once a holy place," resumed the Duke. "An altar stood here, erected to a venerable family of gods, who were known and talked of long before the God we know now. So that an oath sworn here is doubly an oath. Say this after me: 'May all the host above—angels and archangels, and principalities and powers—punish me; may I be tormented wherever I am—in the house or in the garden, in the fields or in the roads, in church or in chapel, at home or abroad, on land or sea; may I be afflicted in eating and in drinking, in growing up and in growing old, in living and dying, inwardly and outwardly, and for always, if I ever speak of my life as a shepherd boy, or of what I have seen done on this Marlbury Down. So be it, and so let it be. Amen and amen.' Now kiss the stone."

The trembling boy repeated the words, and kissed the stone, as desired.

The Duke led him off by the hand. That night the junior shepherd slept in Shakesforest Towers, and the next day he was sent away for tuition to a remote village. Thence he went to a preparatory establishment, and in due course to a public school.

FOURTH NIGHT

On a winter evening many years subsequent to the above-mentioned occurrences, the *ci-divant* shepherd sat in a well-furnished office in the north wing of Shakesforest Towers in the guise of an ordinary educated man of business. He appeared at this time as a person of thirty-eight or forty, though actually he was several years younger. A worn and restless glance of the eye now and then, when he lifted his head to search for some letter or paper which had been mislaid, seemed to denote that his was not a mind so thoroughly at ease as his surroundings might have led an observer to expect. His pallor, too, was remarkable for a countryman. He was professedly engaged in writing, but he shaped not a word. He had sat there only a few minutes, when, laying down his pen and pushing back his chair, he rested a hand uneasily on each of the chair-arms and looked on the floor.

Soon he arose and left the room. His course was along a passage which ended in a central octagonal hall; crossing this he knocked at a door. A faint though deep, voice told him to come in. The room he entered was the library, and it was tenanted by a single person only—his patron the Duke.

During this long interval of years the Duke had lost all his heaviness of build. He was, indeed, almost a skeleton; his white hair was thin, and his hands were nearly transparent. "Oh—Mills?" he murmured, "Sit down. What is it?"

"Nothing new, your Grace. Nobody to speak of has written, and nobody has called."

"Ah—what then? You look concerned."

"Old times have come to life, owing to something waking them."

"Old times be cursed—which old times are they?"

"That Christmas week twenty-two years ago, when the late Duchess's cousin Frederick implored her to meet him on Marlbury Downs. I saw the meeting—it was just such a night as this—and I, as you know, saw more. She met him once, but not the second time."

"Mills, shall I recall some words to you—the words of an oath taken on that hill by a shepherd-boy?"

"It is unnecessary. He has strenuously kept that oath and promise. Since that night no sound of his shepherd life has crossed his lips—even to yourself. But do you wish to hear more, or do you not, your Grace?"

"I wish to hear no more," said the Duke sullenly.

"Very well; let it be so. But a time seems coming—may be quite near at hand—when, in spite of my lips, that episode will allow itself to go undivulged no longer."

"I wish to hear no more!" repeated the Duke.

"You need be under no fear of treachery from me," said the steward, somewhat bitterly. "I am a man to whom you have been kind—no patron could have been kinder. You have clothed and educated me; have installed me here; and I am not unmindful. But what of it—has your Grace gained much by my stanchness? I think not. There was great excitement about Captain Ogbourne's disappearance, but I spoke not a word. And his body has never been found. For twenty-two years I have wondered what you did

with him. Now I know. A circumstance that occurred this afternoon recalled the time to me most forcibly. To make it certain to myself that all was not a dream, I went up there with a spade; I searched, and saw enough to know that something decays there in a closed badger's hole."

"Mills, do you think the Duchess guessed?"

"She never did, I am sure, to the day of her death."

"Did you leave all as you found it on the hill?"

"I did."

"What made you think of going up there this particular afternoon?"

"What your Grace says you don't wish to be told."

The Duke was silent; and the stillness of the evening was so marked that there reached their ears from the outer air the sound of a tolling bell.

"What is that bell tolling for?" asked the nobleman.

"For what I came to tell you of, your Grace."

"You torment me—it is your way!" said the Duke querulously.

"Who's dead in the village?"

"The oldest man—the old shepherd."

"Dead at last—how old is he?"

"Ninety-four."

"And I am only seventy. I have four-and-twenty years to the good!"

"I served under that old man when I kept sheep on Marlbury Downs. And he was on the hill that second night, when I first exchanged words with your Grace. He was on the hill *all the time*; but I did not know he was there—nor did you."

"Ah!" said the Duke, starting up. "Go on—I yield the point—you may tell!"

"I heard this afternoon that he was at the point of death. It was that which set me thinking of that past time—and induced me to search on the hill for what I have told you. Coming back I heard that he wished to see the Vicar to confess to him a secret he had kept for more than twenty years—'out of respect to my Lord the Duke'—something that he had seen committed on Marlbury Downs when returning to the flock on a December night twenty-two years ago. I have thought it over. He had left me in charge that evening; but he was in the habit of coming back sud-

denly, lest I should have fallen asleep. That night I saw nothing of him, though he had promised to return. He must have returned, and—found reason to keep in hiding. It is all plain. The next thing is that the Vicar went to him two hours ago. Further than that I have not heard.”

“It is quite enough. I will see the Vicar at daybreak tomorrow.”

“What to do?”

“Stop his tongue for four-and-twenty years—till I am dead at ninety-four, like the shepherd.”

“Your Grace—while you impose silence on me, I will not speak, even though my neck should pay the penalty. I promised to be yours, and I am yours. But is this persistence of any avail?”

“I’ll stop his tongue, I say!” cried the Duke with some of his old rugged force. “Now, you go home to bed, Mills, and leave me to manage him.”

The interview ended, and the steward withdrew. The night, as he had said, was just such an one as the night of twenty-two years before, and the events of the evening destroyed in him all regard for the season as one of cheerfulness and goodwill. He went off to his own house on the further verge of the park, where he led a lonely life, scarcely calling any man friend. At eleven he prepared to retire to bed—but did not retire. He sat down and reflected. Twelve o’clock struck; he looked out at the colourless moon, and, prompted by he knew not what, put on his hat and emerged into the air. Here William Mills strolled on and on, till he reached the top of Marlbury Downs, a spot he had not visited at this hour of the night during the whole score-and-odd years.

He placed himself, as nearly as he could guess, on the spot where the shepherd’s hut had stood. No lambing was in progress there now, and the old shepherd who had used him so roughly had ceased from his labours that very day. But the trilithon stood up white as ever; and, crossing the intervening sward, the steward fancifully placed his mouth against the stone. Restless and self-reproachful as he was, he could not resist a smile as he thought of the terrifying oath of compact, sealed by a kiss upon the stones of a Pagan temple. But he had kept his word, rather as a promise than as a formal vow, with much worldly advantage to himself, though not much happiness; till increase of years had

bred reactionary feelings which led him to receive the news of tonight with emotions akin to relief.

While leaning against the Devil's Door and thinking on these things, he became conscious that he was not the only inhabitant of the down. A figure in white was moving across his front with long, noiseless strides. Mills stood motionless, and when the form drew quite near he perceived it to be that of the Duke himself in his nightshirt—apparently walking in his sleep. Not to alarm the old man, Mills clung close to the shadow of the stone. The Duke went straight on into the hollow. There he knelt down, and began scratching the earth with his hands like a badger. After a few minutes he arose, sighed heavily, and retraced his steps as he had come.

Fearing that he might harm himself, yet unwilling to arouse him, the steward followed noiselessly. The Duke kept on his path unerringly, entered the park, and made for the house, where he let himself in by a window that stood open—the one probably by which he had come out. Mills softly closed the window behind his patron, and then retired homeward to await the revelations of the morning, deeming it unnecessary to alarm the house.

However, he felt uneasy during the remainder of the night, no less on account of the Duke's personal condition than because of that which was imminent next day. Early in the morning he called at Shakeforest Towers. The blinds were down, and there was something singular upon the porter's face when he opened the door. The steward inquired for the Duke.

The man's voice was subdued as he replied: "Sir, I am sorry to say that his Grace is dead! He left his room some time in the night, and wandered about nobody knows where. On returning to the upper floor he lost his balance and fell downstairs."

The steward told the tale of the Down before the Vicar had spoken. Mills had always intended to do so after the death of the Duke. The consequences to himself he underwent cheerfully; but his life was not prolonged. He died, a farmer at the Cape, when still somewhat under forty-nine years of age.

The splendid Marlbury breeding flock is as renowned as ever, and, to the eye, seems the same in every particular that it was

in earlier times; but the animals which composed it on the occasion of the events gathered from the Justice are divided by many ovine generations from its members now. Lambing Corner has long since ceased to be used for lambing purposes, though the name still lingers on as the appellation of the spot. This abandonment of site may be partly owing to the removal of the high furze bushes which lent such convenient shelter at that gate. Partly, too, it may be due to another circumstance. For it is said by present shepherds in that district that during the nights of Christmas week flitting shapes are seen in the open space around the trilithon, together with the gleam of a weapon, and the shadow of a man dragging a burden into the hollow. But of these things there is no certain testimony.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, novelist, essayist, and letter-writer, was one of the fascinating personalities of the modern world. His health was always weak, and his long and courageous fight against consumption is a record complimentary to him and to the possibilities in humanity of a brave life. He was the son of a distinguished engineer, and during his boyhood he expected to follow that profession. He lacked inclination to do so, and probably his constitution was too feeble. While he was a student at the University of Edinburgh, he exchanged engineering for the law. He was admitted to the bar in 1875, but he never practised. His heart was by this time confirmed in its desire for a career in letters. He had already contributed to magazines, and his *juvenilia*, which has been published, shows his study of the literary art. He proceeded by way of imitation, for which he has sometimes been censured unjustly. He eventually developed an original style and is indeed one of the most skilful writers of the modern world. His health grew worse, and he made a canoe trip through French rivers and published his first book, *An Inland Voyage* (1878). He followed this in 1879 with his charming book, *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*. In that year he went to California and was married to a widow, Mrs. Osbourne. All Americans who know the West should know the record of his experiences, in *Across the Plains* (1892). Another charming volume of essays is the still popular *Virginibus Puerisque* (1881).

Stevenson was born with a liking for romance, and it is in this fact that his chief originality in the history of fiction is to be found. He had contributed the contents of *The New Arabian Nights* (1882) to various magazines. "Le Sire de

Maletroit's Door," which follows, appeared in *Temple Bar* in January, 1878. He made his real start as a writer of romance with *Treasure Island* (1883), perhaps his masterpiece, but it was the striking story of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886) that won him his fame. That story became familiar to all the world at once, especially since it almost immediately became the subject of a very popular drama. *Treasure Island* is a boy's book which came out of an actual exercise with his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, with whom and for whom he made the book. The world was under the domination of the realists. George Eliot, Meredith, Hardy, James, Howells, Trollope, and the Russians had set the fashion of regarding, as the basis of the novel, ordinary human experience or even bitter human experience. Stevenson heralded a change in the climate of fiction. He seemed suddenly to declare that life is not a dull or a sad thing, but is interesting, warm, vivid, and possibly thrilling. *Kidnapped* was published in 1886, *The Merry Men* (a collection of stories) in 1887, *The Black Arrow* in 1888, and *The Master of Ballantrae* in 1889. In 1892 appeared *The Wrecker*, in 1893, *Island Nights Entertainment* and *Catriona*. In 1894, the year of Stevenson's death, he published in collaboration with Lloyd Osbourne *Ebb Tide*. He left unfinished a work which promised to be his masterpiece, *Weir of Hermiston*. These romances, written so rapidly and so close together, serve to place Stevenson in the group of the great romance writers of prose fiction, even with Scott and Dumas. He wrote also plays, mainly in collaboration with W. E. Henley, many quite wonderful letters, and some quite good poetry. *Underwoods* (1887) shows real poetical talent, and *The Child's Garden of Verses* (1885) is unique in its quality and is still widely popular.

Stevenson's influence was and is very great. Many writers of romance followed in his wake—Kipling, Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman, Anthony Hope, Weir Mitchell, J. M. Barrie, and many others. Stevenson has also been a great force in teaching the young of the modern world how to write and

in making them careful about writing, for he revealed with immediate and convincing candor his own experience in learning the literary art. One might ask how he differs materially from the rank and file of those who now contribute to magazines of adventure and sensation, and the answer is easy to find. Stevenson knew how to write and took pains about writing. He offered a pattern of procedure for persons who wish to learn to write. His art is always intimate and human, so that it seems easy to achieve. His characters, especially his men, are convincing. He has both humor and pathos and a certain gay way of taking the world as it comes, as if he believed, as he unquestionably did, that life is somehow good.

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THE SIRE DE MALÉTROIT'S DOOR

(Romance of Adventure)

Denis de Beaulieu was not yet two-and-twenty, but he counted himself a grown man, and a very accomplished cavalier into the bargain. Lads were early formed in that rough, warfaring epoch; and when one has been in a pitched battle and a dozen raids, has killed one's man in an honourable fashion, and knows a thing or two of strategy and mankind, a certain swagger in the gait is surely to be pardoned. He had put up his horse with due care, and supped with due deliberation; and then, in a very agreeable frame of mind, went out to pay a visit in the grey of the evening. It was not a very wise proceeding on the young man's part. He would have done better to remain beside the fire or go decently to bed. For the town was full of the troops of Burgundy and England under a mixed command; and though Denis was there on safe-conduct, his safe-conduct was like to serve him little on a chance encounter.

It was September, 1429; the weather had fallen sharp; a flighty piping wind, laden with showers, beat about the township; and the dead leaves ran riot along the streets. Here and there a window was already lighted up; and the noise of men-at-arms making merry over supper within, came forth in fits and was swallowed up and carried away by the wind. The night fell swiftly; the flag of England, fluttering on the spire-top, grew ever fainter and fainter against the flying clouds—a black speck like a swallow in the tumultuous, leaden chaos of the sky. As the night fell the wind rose and began to hoot under archways and roar amid the tree-tops in the valley below the town.

Denis de Beaulieu walked fast and was soon knocking at his friend's door; but though he promised himself to stay only a little while and make an early return, his welcome was so pleasant, and he found so much to delay him, that it was already long past midnight before he said good-bye upon the threshold. The wind

had fallen again in the meanwhile; the night was as black as the grave; not a star, nor a glimmer of moonshine, slipped through the canopy of cloud. Denis was ill-acquainted with the intricate lanes of Chateau Landon; even by daylight he had found some trouble in picking his way; and in this absolute darkness he soon lost it altogether. He was certain of one thing only—to keep mounting the hill; for his friend's house lay at the lower end, or tail, of Chateau Landon, while the inn was up at the head, under the great church spire. With this clue to go upon he stumbled and groped forward, now breathing more freely in open places where there was a good slice of sky overhead, now feeling along the wall in stifling closes. It is an eerie and mysterious position to be thus submerged in opaque blackness in an almost unknown town. The silence is terrifying in its possibilities. The touch of cold window bars to the exploring hand startles the man like the touch of a toad; the inequalities of the pavement shake his heart into his mouth; a piece of denser darkness threatens an ambuscade or a chasm in the pathway; and where the air is brighter, the houses put on strange and bewildering appearances, as if to lead him farther from his way. For Denis, who had to regain his inn without attracting notice, there was real danger as well as mere discomfort in the walk, and he went warily and boldly at once, and at every corner paused to make an observation.

He had been for some time threading a lane so narrow that he could touch a wall with either hand, when it began to open out and go sharply downward. Plainly this lay no longer in the direction of his inn; but the hope of a little more light tempted him forward to reconnoitre. The lane ended in a terrace with a bartisan wall, which gave an outlook between high houses, as out of an embrasure, into the valley lying dark and formless several hundred feet below. Denis looked down, and could discern a few tree-tops waving and a single speck of brightness where the river ran across a weir. The weather was clearing up, and the sky had lightened, so as to show the outline of the heavier clouds and the dark margin of the hills. By the uncertain glimmer, the house on his left hand should be a place of some pretensions; it was surmounted by several pinnacles and turret-tops; the round stern of a chapel, with a fringe of flying buttresses, projected boldly from the main block; and the door was sheltered under a

deep porch carved with figures and overhung by two long gargoyles. The windows of the chapel gleamed through their intricate tracery with a light as of many tapers, and threw out the buttresses and the peaked roof in a more intense blackness against the sky. It was plainly the hotel of some great family of the neighbourhood; and as it reminded Denis of a town house of his own at Bourges, he stood for some time gazing up at it and mentally gauging the skill of the architects and the consideration of the two families.

There seemed to be no issue to the terrace but the lane by which he had reached it; he could only retrace his steps, but he had gained some notion of his whereabouts, and hoped by this means to hit the main thoroughfare and speedily regain the inn. He was reckoning without that chapter of accidents which was to make this night memorable above all others in his career; for he had not gone back above a hundred yards before he saw a light coming to meet him, and heard loud voices speaking together in the echoing of the lane. It was a party of men-at-arms going the night round with torches. Denis assured himself that they had all been making free with the wine-bowl, and were in no mood to be particular about safe-conducts or the niceties of chivalrous war. It was as like as not that they would kill him like a dog and leave him where he fell. The situation was inspiring but nervous. Their own torches would conceal him from sight, he reflected; and he hoped that they would drown the noise of his footsteps with their own empty voices. If he were but fleet and silent, he might evade their notice altogether.

Unfortunately, as he turned to beat a retreat, his foot rolled upon a pebble; he fell against the wall with an ejaculation, and his sword rang loudly on the stones. Two or three voices demanded who went there—some in French, some in English; but Denis made no reply, and ran the faster down the lane. Once upon the terrace, he paused to look back. They still kept calling after him, and just then began to double the pace in pursuit, with a considerable clank of armour, and great tossing of the torchlight to and fro in the narrow jaws of the passage.

Denis cast a look around and darted into the porch. There he might escape observation, or—if that were too much to expect—was in a capital posture whether for parley or defence. So think-

ing, he drew his sword and tried to set his back against the door. To his surprise, it yielded behind his weight; and though he turned in a moment, continued to swing back on oiled and noiseless hinges, until it stood wide open on a black exterior. When things fall out opportunely for the person concerned, he is not apt to be critical about the how or why, his own immediate personal convenience seeming a sufficient reason for the strangest oddities and revolutions in our sublunary things; and so Denis, without a moment's hesitation, stepped within and partly closed the door behind him to conceal his place of refuge. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to close it altogether; but for some inexplicable reason—perhaps by a spring or a weight—the ponderous mass of oak whipped itself out of his fingers and clanked to, with a formidable rumble and a noise like the falling of an automatic bar.

The round, at that very moment, debouched upon the terrace and proceeded to summon him with shouts and curses. He heard them ferreting in the dark corners; the stock of a lance even rattled along the outer surface of the door behind which he stood; but these gentlemen were in too high a humour to be long delayed, and soon made off down a corkscrew pathway which had escaped Denis's observation, and passed out of sight and hearing along the battlements of the town.

Denis breathed again. He gave them a few minutes' grace for fear of accidents, and then groped about for some means of opening the door and slipping forth again. The inner surface was quite smooth, not a handle, not a moulding, not a projection of any sort. He got his finger-nails round the edges and pulled, but the mass was immovable. He shook it, it was as firm as a rock. Denis de Beaulieu frowned and gave vent to a little noiseless whistle. What ailed the door? He wondered. Why was it open? How came it to shut so easily and so effectually after him? There was something obscure and underhand about all this, that was little to the young man's fancy. It looked like a snare; and yet who would suppose a snare in such a quiet by-street and in a house of so prosperous and even noble an exterior? And yet—snare or no snare, intentionally or unintentionally—here he was, prettily trapped; and for the life of him he could see no way out of it again. The darkness began to weigh upon him. He gave ear;

all was silent without, but within and close by he seemed to catch a faint sighing, a faint sobbing rustle, a little stealthy creak—as though many persons were at his side, holding themselves quite still, and governing even their respiration with the extreme of slyness. The idea went to his vitals with a shock, and he faced about suddenly as if to defend his life. Then, for the first time, he became aware of a light about the level of his eyes and at some distance in the interior of the house—a vertical thread of light, widening towards the bottom, such as might escape between two wings of arras over a doorway. To see anything was a relief to Denis; it was like a piece of solid ground to a man labouring in a morass; his mind seized upon it with avidity; and he stood staring at it and trying to piece together some logical conception of his surroundings. Plainly there was a flight of steps ascending from his own level to that of this illuminated doorway; and indeed he thought he could make out another thread of light, as fine as a needle and as faint as phosphorescence, which might very well be reflected along the polished wood of a handrail. Since he had begun to suspect that he was not alone, his heart had continued to beat with smothering violence, and an intolerable desire for action of any sort had possessed itself of his spirit. He was in deadly peril, he believed. What could be more natural than to mount the staircase, lift the curtain, and confront his difficulty at once? At least he would be dealing with something tangible; at least he would be no longer in the dark. He stepped slowly forward with outstretched hands, until his foot struck the bottom step; then he rapidly scaled the stairs, stood for a moment to compose his expression, lifted the arras and went in.

He found himself in a large apartment of polished stone. There were three doors; one on each of three sides; all similarly curtained with tapestry. The fourth side was occupied by two large windows and a great stone chimney-piece, carved with the arms of the Malétroits. Denis recognised the bearings, and was gratified to find himself in such good hands. The room was strongly illuminated; but it contained little furniture except a heavy table and a chair or two, the hearth was innocent of fire, and the pavement was but sparsely strewn with rushes clearly many days old.

On a high chair beside the chimney, and directly facing Denis as he entered, sat a little old gentleman in a fur tippet. He sat with his legs crossed and his hands folded, and a cup of spiced wine stood by his elbow on a bracket on the wall. His countenance had a strongly masculine cast; not properly human, but such as we see in the bull, the goat, or the domestic boar; something equivocal and wheedling, something greedy, brutal, and dangerous. The upper lip was inordinately full, as though swollen by a blow or a toothache; and the smile, the peaked eyebrows, and the small, strong eyes were quaintly and almost comically evil in expression. Beautiful white hair hung straight all round his head, like a saint's, and fell in a single curl upon the tippet. His beard and moustache were the pink of venerable sweetness. Age, probably in consequence of inordinate precautions, had left no mark upon his hands, and the Malétroit hand was famous. It would be difficult to imagine anything at once so fleshy and so delicate in design; the taper, sensual fingers were like those of one of Leonardo's women; the fork of the thumb made a dimpled protuberance when closed; the nails were perfectly shaped, and of a dead, surprising whiteness. It rendered his aspect tenfold more redoubtable, that a man with hands like these should keep them devoutly folded in his lap like a virgin martyr—that a man with so intense and startling an expression of face should sit patiently on his seat and contemplate people with an unwinking stare, like a god, or a god's statue. His quiescence seemed ironical and treacherous, it fitted so poorly with his looks.

Such was Alain, Sire de Malétroit.

Denis and he looked silently at each other for a second or two.

"Pray step in," said the Sire de Malétroit. "I have been expecting you all the evening."

He had not risen, but he accompanied his words with a smile and a slight but courteous inclination of the head. Partly from the smile, partly from the strange musical murmur with which the Sire prefaced his observation Denis felt a strong shudder of disgust go through his marrow. And what with disgust and honest confusion of mind, he could scarcely get words together in reply.

"I fear," he said, "that this is a double accident. I am not the

person you suppose me. It seems you were looking for a visit; but for my part, nothing was further from my thoughts—nothing could be more contrary to my wishes—than this intrusion.”

“Well, well,” replied the old gentleman indulgently, “here you are, which is the main point. Seat yourself, my friend, and put yourself entirely at your ease. We shall arrange our little affairs presently.”

Denis perceived that the matter was still complicated with some misconception, and he hastened to continue his explanations.

“Your door. . .” he began.

“About my door?” asked the other, raising his peaked eyebrows. “A little piece of ingenuity.” And he shrugged his shoulders. “A hospitable fancy! By your own account, you were not desirous of making my acquaintance. We old people look for such reluctance now and then; and when it touches our honour, we cast about until we find some way of overcoming it. You arrive uninvited, but believe me, very welcome.”

“You persist in error, sir,” said Denis. “There can be no question between you and me. I am a stranger in this countryside. My name is Denis, damoiseau de Beaulieu. If you see me in your house, it is only—”

“My young friend,” interrupted the other, “you will permit me to have my own ideas on that subject. They probably differ from yours at the present moment,” he added with a leer, “but time will show which of us is in the right.”

Denis was convinced he had to do with a lunatic. He seated himself with a shrug, content to wait the upshot; and a pause ensued, during which he thought he could distinguish a hurried gabbling as of prayer from behind the arras immediately opposite him. Sometimes there seemed to be but one person engaged, sometimes two; and the vehemence of the voice, low as it was, seemed to indicate either great haste or an agony of spirit. It occurred to him that this piece of tapestry covered the entrance to the chapel he had noticed from without.

The old gentleman meanwhile surveyed Denis from head to foot with a smile, and from time to time emitted little noises like a bird or a mouse, which seemed to indicate a high degree of satisfaction. This state of matters became rapidly insupportable;

and Denis, to put an end to it, remarked politely that the wind had gone down.

The old gentleman fell into a fit of silent laughter, so prolonged and violent that he became quite red in the face. Denis got upon his feet at once, and put on his hat with a flourish.

"Sir," he said, "if you are in your wits, you have affronted me grossly. If you are out of them, I flatter myself I can find better employment for my brains than to talk with lunatics. My conscience is clear; you have made a fool of me from the first moment; you have refused to hear my explanations; and now there is no power under God will make me stay here any longer; and if I cannot make my way out in a more decent fashion, I will hack your door in pieces with my sword."

The Sire de Malétroit raised his right hand and wagged it at Denis with the fore and little fingers extended.

"My dear nephew," he said, "sit down."

"Nephew!" retorted Denis, "you lie in your throat"; and he snapped his fingers in his face.

"Sit down, you rogue!" cried the old gentleman, in a sudden harsh voice, like the barking of a dog. "Do you fancy," he went on, "that when I had made my little contrivance for the door I had stopped short with that? If you prefer to be bound hand and foot till your bones ache, rise and try to go away. If you choose to remain a free young buck, agreeably conversing with an old gentleman—why, sit where you are in peace, and God be with you."

"Do you mean I am a prisoner?" demanded Denis.

"I state the facts," replied the other. "I would rather leave the conclusion to yourself."

Denis sat down again. Externally he managed to keep pretty calm; but within, he was now boiling with anger, now chilled with apprehension. He no longer felt convinced that he was dealing with a madman. And if the old gentleman was sane, what, in God's name, had he to look for? What absurd or tragical adventure had befallen him? What countenance was he to assume?

While he was thus unpleasantly reflecting, the arras that overhung the chapel door was raised, and a tall priest in his robes

came forth and, giving a long, keen stare at Denis, said something in an undertone to Sire de Malétroit.

"She is in a better frame of spirit?" asked the latter.

"She is more resigned, messire," replied the priest.

"Now the Lord help her, she is hard to please!" sneered the old gentleman. "A likely stripling—not ill-born—and of her own choosing too? Why, what more would the jade have?"

"The situation is not usual for a young damsel!" said the other, "and somewhat trying to her blushes."

"She should have thought of that before she began the dance. It was none of my choosing, God knows that: but since she is in it, by our Lady, she shall carry it to the end." And then addressing Denis, "Monsieur de Beaulieu," he asked, "may I present you to my niece? She has been waiting your arrival, I may say, with even greater impatience than myself."

Denis had resigned himself with a good grace—all he desired was to know the worst of it as speedily as possible; so he rose at once, and bowed in acquiescence. The Sire de Malétroit followed his example and limped, with the assistance of the chaplain's arm, towards the chapel door. The priest pulled aside the arras, and all three entered. The building had considerable architectural pretensions. A light groining sprang from six stout columns, and hung down in two rich pendants from the centre of the vault. The place terminated behind the altar in a round end, embossed and honeycombed with a superfluity of ornament in relief, and pierced by many little windows shaped like stars, trefoils, or wheels. These windows were imperfectly glazed, so that night air circulated freely in the chapel. The tapers, of which there must have been half a hundred burning on the altar, were unmercifully blown about; and the light went through many different phases of brilliancy and semi-eclipse. On the steps in front of the altar knelt a young girl richly attired as a bride. A chill settled over Denis as he observed her costume; he fought with desperate energy against the conclusion that was thrust upon his mind; it could not—it should not—be as he feared.

"Blanche," said the Sire, in his most flute-like tones, "I have brought a friend to see you, my little girl; turn round and give him your pretty hand. It is good to be devout; but it is necessary to be polite, my niece."

The girl rose to her feet and turned towards the new comers. She moved all of a piece; and shame and exhaustion were expressed in every line of her fresh young body; and she held her head down and kept her eyes upon the pavement, as she came slowly forward. In the course of her advance, her eyes fell upon Denis de Beaulieu's feet—feet of which he was justly vain, be it remarked, and wore in the most elegant accoutrement even while travelling. She paused—started, as if his yellow boots had conveyed some shocking meaning—and glanced suddenly up into the wearer's countenance. Their eyes met; shame gave place to horror and terror in her looks; the blood left her lips; with a piercing scream she covered her face with her hands and sank upon the chapel floor.

"That is not the man!" she cried. "My uncle, that is not the man!"

The Sire de Malétroit chirped agreeably. "Of course not," he said; "I expected as much. It was so unfortunate you could not remember his name."

"Indeed," she cried, "indeed, I have never seen this person till this moment—have never so much as set eyes upon him—I never wish to see him again. Sir," she said, turning to Denis, "if you are a gentleman, you will bear me out. Have I ever seen you—have you ever seen me—before this accursed hour?"

"To speak for myself, I have never had that pleasure," answered the young man. "This is the first time, messire, that I have met with your engaging niece."

The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders.

"I am distressed to hear it," he said. "But it is never too late to begin. I had little more acquaintance with my own late lady ere I married her; which proves," he added with a grimace, "that these impromptu marriages may often produce an excellent understanding in the long run. As the bridegroom is to have a voice in the matter, I will give him two hours to make up for lost time before we proceed with the ceremony." And he turned towards the door, followed by the clergyman.

The girl was on her feet in a moment. "My uncle, you cannot be in earnest," she said. "I declare before God I will stab myself rather than be forced on that young man. The heart rises at it; God forbid such marriages; you dishonour your white hair. Oh,

my uncle, pity me! There is not a woman in all the world but would prefer death to such a nuptial. Is it possible," she added, faltering, "is it possible that you do not believe me—that you still think this"—and she pointed at Denis with a tremor of anger and contempt—"that you still think *this* to be the man?"

"Frankly," said the old gentleman, pausing on the threshold, "I do. But let me explain to you once for all, Blanche de Malétoit, my way of thinking about this affair. When you took it into your head to dishonour my family and the name that I have borne, in peace and war, for more than three-score years, you forfeited, not only the right to question my designs, but that of looking me in the face. If your father had been alive, he would have spat on you and turned you out of doors. His was the hand of iron. You may bless your God you have only to deal with the hand of velvet, mademoiselle. It was my duty to get you married without delay. Out of pure goodwill, I have tried to find your own gallant for you. And I believe I have succeeded. But before God and all the holy angels, Blanche de Malétoit, if I have not, I care not one jackstraw. So let me recommend you to be polite to our young friend; for upon my word, your next groom may be less appetising."

And with that he went out, with the chaplain at his heels; and the arras fell behind the pair.

The girl turned upon Denis with flashing eyes.

"And what, sir," she demanded, "may be the meaning of all this?"

"God knows," returned Denis gloomily. "I am a prisoner in this house, which seems full of mad people. More I know not; and nothing do I understand."

"And pray how came you here?" she asked.

He told her as briefly as he could. "For the rest," he added, "perhaps you will follow my example, and tell me the answer to all these riddles, and what, in God's name, is like to be the end of it."

She stood silent for a little, and he could see her lips tremble and her tearless eyes burn with a feverish lustre. Then she pressed her forehead in both hands.

"Alas, how my head aches!" she said wearily—"to say nothing of my poor heart! But it is due to you to know my story, un-

maidenly as it must seem. I am called Blanche de Malétroit; I have been without father or mother for—oh! for as long as I can recollect, and indeed I have been most unhappy all my life. Three months ago a young captain began to stand near me every day in church. I could see that I pleased him; I am much to blame, but I was so glad that anyone should love me; and when he passed me a letter, I took it home with me and read it with great pleasure. Since that time he has written many. He was so anxious to speak with me, poor fellow! and kept asking me to leave the door open some evening that we might have two words upon the stair. For he knew how much my uncle trusted me.” She gave something like a sob at that, and it was a moment before she could go on. “My uncle is a hard man, but he is very shrewd,” she said at last. “He has performed many feats in war, and was a great person at court, and much trusted by Queen Isabeau in old days. How he came to suspect me I cannot tell; but it is hard to keep anything from his knowledge; and this morning, as we came from mass, he took my hand in his, forced it open, and read my little billet, walking by my side all the while. When he had finished, he gave it back to me with great politeness. It contained another request to have the door left open; and this has been the ruin of us all. My uncle kept me strictly in my room until evening, and then ordered me to dress myself as you see me—a hard mockery for a young girl, do you not think so? I suppose, when he could not prevail with me to tell him the young captain’s name, he must have laid a trap for him: into which, alas! you have fallen in the anger of God. I looked for much confusion; for how could I tell whether he was willing to take me for his wife on these sharp terms? He might have been trifling with me from the first; or I might have made myself too cheap in his eyes. But truly I had not looked for such a shameful punishment as this! I could not think that God would let a girl be so disgraced before a young man. And now I have told you all; and I can scarcely hope that you will not despise me.”

Denis made her a respectful inclination.

“Madam,” he said, “you have honoured me by your confidence. It remains for me to prove that I am not unworthy of the honour. Is Messire de Malétroit at hand?”

“I believe he is writing in the *salle* without,” she answered.

"May I lead you thither, madam?" asked Denis, offering his hand with his most courtly bearing.

She accepted it; and the pair passed out of the chapel, Blanche in a very drooping and shamefast condition, but Denis strutting and ruffling in the consciousness of a mission, and the boyish certainty of accomplishing it with honour.

The Sire de Malétroit rose to meet them with an ironical obeisance.

"Sir," said Denis with the grandest possible air, "I believe I am to have some say in the matter of this marriage; and let me tell you at once, I will be no party to forcing the inclination of this young lady. Had it been freely offered to me, I should have been proud to accept her hand, for I perceive she is as good as she is beautiful; but as things are, I have now the honour, messire, of refusing."

Blanche looked at him with gratitude in her eyes; but the old gentleman only smiled and smiled, until his smile grew positively sickening to Denis.

"I am afraid," he said, "Monsieur de Beaulieu, that you do not perfectly understand the choice I have to offer you. Follow me, I beseech you, to this window." And he led the way to one of the large windows which stood open on the night. "You observe," he went on, "there is an iron ring in the upper masonry, and reeved through that, a very efficacious rope. Now, mark my words; if you should find your disinclination to my niece's person insurmountable, I shall have you hanged out of this window before sunrise. I shall only proceed to such an extremity with the greatest regret, you may believe me. For it is not at all your death that I desire, by my niece's establishment in life. At the same time, it must come to that if you prove obstinate. Your family, Monsieur de Beaulieu, is very well in its way; but if you sprang from Charlemagne, you should not refuse the hand of a Malétroit with impunity—not if she had been as common as the Paris road—not if she were as hideous as the gargoyle over my door. Neither my niece nor you, nor my own private feelings, move me at all in this matter. The honour of my house has been compromised, I believe you to be the guilty person; at least you are now in the secret; and you can hardly wonder if I request you

to wipe out the stain. If you will not, your blood be on your own head! It will be no great satisfaction to me to have your interesting relics kicking their heels in the breeze below my windows, but half a loaf is better than no bread, and if I cannot cure the dishonour, I shall at least stop the scandal."

There was a pause.

"I believe there are other ways of settling such imbroglios among gentlemen," said Denis. "You wear a sword, and I hear you have used it with distinction."

The Sire de Malétroit made a signal to the chaplain, who crossed the room with long silent strides and raised the arras over the third of the three doors. It was only a moment before he let it fall again; but Denis had time to see a dusky passage full of armed men.

"When I was a little younger, I should have been delighted to honour you, Monsieur de Beaulieu," said Sire Alain; "but I am now too old. Faithful retainers are the sinews of age, and I must employ the strength I have. This is one of the hardest things to swallow as a man grows up in years; but with a little patience, even this becomes habitual. You and the lady seem to prefer the salle for what remains of your two hours; and as I have no desire to cross your preference, I shall resign it to your use with all the pleasure in the world. No haste!" he added, holding up his hand, as he saw a dangerous look come into Denis de Beaulieu's face. "If your mind revolts against hanging, it will be time enough two hours hence to throw yourself out of the window or upon the pikes of my retainers. Two hours of life are always two hours. A great many things may turn up in even as little a while as that. And, besides, if I understand her appearance, my niece has still something to say to you. You will not disfigure your last hours by a want of politeness to a lady?"

Denis looked at Blanche, and she made him an imploring gesture.

It is likely that the old gentleman was hugely pleased at this symptom of an understanding; for he smiled on both, and added sweetly: "If you will give me your word of honour, Monsieur de Beaulieu, to wait my return at the end of two hours before attempting anything desperate, I shall withdraw my retainers, and let you speak in greater privacy with mademoiselle."

Denis again glanced at the girl, who seemed to beseech him to agree.

"I give you my word of honour," he said.

Messire de Malétroit bowed, and proceeded to limp about the apartment, clearing his throat the while with that odd musical chirp which had already grown so irritating in the ears of Denis de Beaulieu. He first possessed himself of some papers which lay upon the table; then he went to the mouth of the passage and appeared to give an order to the men behind the arras; and lastly he hobbled out through the door by which Denis had come in, turning upon the threshold to address a last smiling bow to the young couple, and followed by the chaplain with a hand-lamp.

No sooner were they alone than Blanche advanced towards Denis with her hands extended. Her face was flushed and excited, and her eyes shone with tears.

"You shall not die!" she cried, "you shall marry me after all."

"You seem to think, madam," replied Denis, "that I stand much in fear of death."

"Oh no, no," she said, "I see you are no poltroon. It is for my own sake—I could not bear to have you slain for such a scruple."

"I am afraid," returned Denis, "that you underrate the difficulty, madam. What you may be too generous to refuse, I may be too proud to accept. In a moment of noble feeling towards me, you forgot what you perhaps owe to others."

He had the decency to keep his eyes upon the floor as he said this, and after he had finished, so as not to spy upon her confusion. She stood silent for a moment, then walked suddenly away, and falling on her uncle's chair, fairly burst out sobbing. Denis was in the acme of embarrassment. He looked round, as if to seek for inspiration, and seeing a stool, plumped down upon it for something to do. There he sat, playing with the guard of his rapier, and wishing himself dead a thousand times over, and buried in the nastiest kitchen-heap in France. His eyes wandered round the apartment, but found nothing to arrest them. There were such wide spaces between the furniture, the light fell so badly and cheerlessly over all, the dark outside air looked in so coldly through the windows, that he thought he had never seen

a church so vast, nor a tomb so melancholy. The regular sobs of Blanche de Malétroit measured out the time like the ticking of a clock. He read the device upon the shield over and over again, until his eyes became obscured; he stared into shadowy corners until he imagined they were swarming with horrible animals; and every now and again he awoke with a start, to remember that his last two hours were running, and death was on the march.

Oftener and oftener, as the time went on, did his glance settle on the girl herself. Her face was bowed forward and covered with her hands, and she was shaken at intervals by the convulsive hiccup of grief. Even thus she was not an unpleasant object to dwell upon, so plump and yet so fine, with a warm brown skin, and the most beautiful hair, Denis thought, in the whole world of womankind. Her hands were like her uncle's; but they were more in place at the end of her young arms, and looked infinitely soft and caressing. He remembered how her blue eyes had shone upon him, full of anger, pity, and innocence. And the more he dwelt on her perfections, the uglier death looked, and the more deeply was he smitten with penitence at her continued tears. Now he felt that no man could have the courage to leave a world which contained so beautiful a creature; and now he would have given forty minutes of his last hour to have unsaid his cruel speech.

Suddenly a hoarse and ragged peal of cockcrow rose to their ears from the dark valley below the windows. And this shattering noise in the silence of all around was like a light in a dark place, and shook them both out of their reflections.

"Alas, can I do nothing to help you?" she said, looking up.

"Madam," replied Denis, with a fine irrelevancy, "if I have said anything to wound you, believe me, it was for your own sake and not for mine."

She thanked him with a tearful look.

"I feel your position cruelly," he went on. "The world has been bitter hard on you. Your uncle is a disgrace to mankind. Believe me, madam, there is no young gentleman in all France but would be glad of my opportunity to die in doing you a momentary service."

"I know already that you can be very brave and generous," she answered. "What I *want* to know is whether I can serve you—now or afterwards," she added, with a quaver.

"Most certainly," he answered with a smile. "Let me sit beside you as if I were a friend, instead of a foolish intruder; try to forget how awkwardly we are placed to one another; make my last moments go pleasantly; and you will do me the chief service possible."

"You are very gallant," she added, with a yet deeper sadness . . . "very gallant . . . and it somehow pains me. But draw nearer, if you please; and if you find anything to say to me, you will at least make certain of a very friendly listener. Ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu," she broke forth—"ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu, how can I look you in the face?" And she fell to weeping again with a renewed effusion.

"Madam," said Denis, taking her hand in both of his, "reflect on the little time I have before me, and the great bitterness into which I am cast by the sight of your distress. Spare me, in my last moments, the spectacle of what I cannot cure even with the sacrifice of my life."

"I am very selfish," answered Blanche. "I will be braver, Monsieur de Beaulieu, for your sake. But think if I can do you no kindness in the future—if you have no friends to whom I could carry you adieux. Charge me as heavily as you can; every burden will lighten, by so little, the invaluable gratitude I owe you. Put it in my power to do something more for you than weep."

"My mother is married again, and has a young family to care for. My brother Guichard will inherit my fiefs; and if I am not in error, that will content him amply for my death. Life is a little vapour that passeth away, as we are told by those in holy orders. When a man is in a fair way and sees all life open in front of him, he seems to himself to make a very important figure in the world. His horse whinnies to him; the trumpets blow and the girls look out of window as he rides into town before his company; he receives many assurances of trust and regard—sometimes by express in a letter—sometimes face to face, with persons of great consequence falling on his neck. It is not wonderful if his head is turned for a time. But once he is dead, were he as brave as Hercules or as wise as Solomon, he is soon forgotten. It is not

ten years since my father fell, with many other knights around him, in a very fierce encounter, and I do not think that any one of them, nor so much as the name of the fight, is now remembered. No, no, madam, the nearer you come to it, you see that death is a dark and dusty corner, where a man gets into his tomb and has the door shut after him till the judgment day. I have few friends just now, and once I am dead I shall have none."

"Ah, Monsieur de Beaulieu!" she exclaimed, "you forget Blanche de Malétrait."

"You have a sweet nature, madam, and you are pleased to estimate a little service far beyond its worth."

"It is not that," she answered. "You mistake me if you think I am so easily touched by my own concerns. I say so, because you are the noblest man I have ever met; because I recognise in you a spirit that would have made even a common person famous in the land."

"And yet here I die in a mouse-trap—with no more noise about it than my own squeaking," answered he.

A look of pain crossed her face, and she was silent for a little while. Then a light came into her eyes, and with a smile she spoke again.

"I cannot have my champion think meanly of himself. Anyone who gives his life for another will be met in Paradise by all the heralds and angels of the Lord God. And you have no such cause to hang your head. For . . . Pray, do you think me beautiful?" she asked, with a deep flush.

"Indeed, madam, I do," he said.

"I am glad of that," she answered heartily. "Do you think there are many men in France who have been asked in marriage by a beautiful maiden—with her own lips—and who have refused her to her face? I know you men would half despise such a triumph; but believe me, we women know more of what is precious in love. There is nothing that should set a person higher in his own esteem; and we women would prize nothing more dearly."

"You are very good," he said; "but you cannot make me forget that I was asked in pity and not for love."

"I am not so sure of that," she replied, holding down her head. "Hear me to an end, Monsieur de Beaulieu. I know how you must

despise me; I feel you are right to do so; I am too poor a creature to occupy one thought of your mind, although, alas! you must die for me this morning. But when I asked you to marry me, indeed, and indeed, it was because I respected and admired you, and loved you with my whole soul, from the very moment that you took my part against my uncle. If you had seen yourself, and how noble you looked, you would pity rather than despise me. And now," she went on, hurriedly checking him with her hand, "although I have laid aside all reserve and told you so much, remember that I know your sentiments towards me already. I would not, believe me, being nobly born, weary you with importunities into consent. I too have a pride of my own: and I declare before the holy Mother of God, if you should now go back from your word already given, I would no more marry you than I would marry my uncle's groom."

Denis smiled a little bitterly.

"It is a small love," he said, "that shies at a little pride."

She made no answer, although she probably had her own thoughts.

"Come hither to the window," he said, with a sigh. "Here is the dawn."

And indeed the dawn was already beginning. The hollow of the sky was full of essential daylight, colourless and clean; and the valley underneath was flooded with a grey reflection. A few thin vapours clung in the coves of the forest or lay along the winding course of the river. The scene disengaged a surprising effect of stillness, which was hardly interrupted when the cocks began once more to crow among the steadings. Perhaps the same fellow who had made so horrid a clangour in the darkness not half an hour before, now sent up the merriest cheer to greet the coming day. A little wind went bustling and eddying among the tree-tops underneath the windows. And still the daylight kept flooding insensibly out of the east, which was soon to grow incandescent and cast up that red-hot cannon-ball, the rising sun.

Denis looked out over all this with a bit of a shiver. He had taken her hand, and retained it in his almost unconsciously.

"Has the day begun already?" she said; and then, illogically enough: "the night has been so long! Alas! what shall we say to my uncle when he returns?"

"What you will," said Denis, and he pressed her fingers in his. She was silent.

"Blanche," he said, with a swift, uncertain, passionate utterance, "you have seen whether I fear death. You must know well enough that I would as gladly leap out of that window into the empty air as lay a finger on you without your free and full consent. But if you care for me at all do not let me lose my life in a misapprehension; for I love you better than the whole world! and though I will die for you blithely, it would be like all the joys of Paradise to live on and spend my life in your service."

As he stopped speaking, a bell began to ring loudly in the interior of the house; and a clatter of armour in the corridor showed that the retainers were returning to their post, and the two hours were at an end.

"After all that you have heard?" she whispered, leaning towards him with her lips and eyes.

"I have heard nothing," he replied.

"The captain's name was Florimond de Champdivers," she said in his ear.

"I did not hear it," he answered, taking her supple body in his arms and covering her wet face with kisses.

A melodious chirping was audible behind, followed by a beautiful chuckle, and the voice of Messire de Malétroit wished his new nephew a good morning.

HENRY JAMES (1843-1916)

ALTHOUGH Henry James was born in Albany, New York, and did not become a British subject until 1915, the year before his death, he belongs more to the tradition of English letters than to the American, for he lived in England from the time of his young manhood, and wrote there the novels by which he became famous. The younger brother of William James, the distinguished psychologist and philosopher, he attended law school at Harvard, but he discovered early that he preferred literature to jurisprudence. The United States, however, seemed to him an unfavorable environment in which to develop a literary art, and by 1869 he was in London, "drawn by the sense of all the interest and association I should find." There he remained until his death, by which time he had become something of a British literary institution.

He never escaped (nor indeed did he ever try to escape) from the effect of his American background, instead he turned it to good artistic use. Much of his early writing is concerned with the theme of the young American in Europe—the cross-influences of the old civilization and the new. This theme appears in *Roderick Hudson* (1876), *The American* (1877), *Daisy Miller* (1879), and *The Portrait of a Lady* (1881). As late as 1903 he returned to the same subject in *The Ambassadors*.

James has never enjoyed a wide popularity. He has been "caviar to the general," who have found his careful over-elaboration of style difficult and his length discouraging. Even his short stories, of which he wrote nearly a hundred, are often "short" only in the sense that they are not of novel-length. *The Turn of the Screw*, for instance, one of the best ghost stories ever written, runs just under 50,000 words. But

those who appreciate the sort of thing James was trying to do in fiction have always been his enthusiastic defenders. He is a "novelist's novelist," for his influence upon the technique of subsequent writers has been far-reaching and profound. He had first of all a deep respect for the integrity of fiction as an art-form, and in his many prefaces he has explained his theories of the novel and the methods by which he tried to give complete artistic expression to his materials. Artistic sincerity became for him almost a matter of conscience. "The moral sense and the artistic sense," he declared, "lie very close together."

Yet he was no member of the "art for art's sake" school of fiction. His desire for faithful representation of character was just as strong as his sense for form. He was interested primarily in the background of consciousness, in the subjective adventures of men and women. Above all, he believed, the novel must convince by its air of reality; its test is "the success with which the author has produced the illusion of life." He does not attempt, however, to give the entire stream-of-consciousness of his characters. He selects carefully the significant details, focuses the center of interest, and very consciously restricts the point of view from which his stories are told. The author withdraws from the story and does not attempt to analyze, impersonally or omnisciently, the motives of his people, who are seen instead through the consciousness of one of the leading characters in the novel. It is a seemingly tangential but at its best a very convincing approach, in which implications become very important. James's novels hold the reader, not because of any "big scenes" or intensely emotional or dramatic revelations, but because of the intellectual excitement they arouse as they reveal, subtly and convincingly, the mainsprings of human behavior.

Several of the best-known of his novels, in addition to the ones already mentioned, are *The Tragic Muse* (1890), *The Awkward Age* (1899), *The Wings of the Dove* (1902), and *The Golden Bowl* (1904).

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THE TWO FACES

(*Psychological Realism*)

I

The servant, who, in spite of his sealed stamped look, appeared to have his reasons, stood there for instruction in a manner not quite usual after announcing the name. Mrs. Grantham, however, took it up—"Lord Gwyther?"—with a quick surprise that for an instant justified him even to the small scintilla in the glance she gave her companion, which might have had exactly the sense of the butler's hesitation. This companion, a shortish fairish youngish man, clean-shaven and keen-eyed, had, with a promptitude that would have struck an observer—which the butler indeed was—sprung to his feet and moved to the chimney-piece, though his hostess herself meanwhile managed not otherwise to stir. "Well?" she said as for the visitor to advance; which she immediately followed with a sharper "He's not there?"

"Shall I show him up, ma'am?"

"But of course!" The point of his doubt made her at last rise for impatience, and Bates, before leaving the room, might still have caught the achieved irony of her appeal to the gentleman into whose communion with her he had broken. "Why in the world not—? What a way—!" she exclaimed as Sutton felt beside his cheek the passage of her eyes to the glass behind him.

"He wasn't sure you'd see any one."

"I don't see 'any one', but I see individuals."

"That's just it—and sometimes you don't see them."

"Do you mean ever because of *you*?" she asked as she touched into place a tendril of hair. "That's just his impertinence, as to which I shall speak to him."

"Don't," said Shirley Sutton. "Never notice anything."

"That's nice advice from you," she laughed, "who notice everything!"

"Ah, but I speak of nothing."

She looked at him a moment. "You're still more impertinent than Bates. You'll please not budge," she went on.

"Really? I must sit him out?" he continued as, after a minute, she had not again spoken—only glancing about, while she changed her place, partly for another look at the glass and partly to see if she could improve her seat. What she felt was rather more than, clever and charming though she was, she could hide. "If you're wondering how you seem I can tell you. Awfully cool and easy."

She gave him another stare. She was beautiful and conscious. "And if you're wondering how *you* seem—"

"Oh I'm not!" he laughed from before the fire. "I always perfectly know."

"How you seem," she retorted, "is as if you didn't!"

Once more for a little he watched her. "You're looking lovely for him—extraordinarily lovely, within the marked limits of your range. But that's enough. Don't be clever."

"Then who *will* be?"

"There you are!" he sighed with amusement.

"Do you know him?" she asked as, through the door left open by Bates, they heard steps on the landing.

Sutton had to think an instant, and produced a "No" just as Lord Gwyther was again announced, which gave an unexpectedness to the greeting offered him a moment later by this personage—a young man, stout and smooth and fresh, but not at all shy, who, after the happiest rapid passage with Mrs. Grantham, put out a hand with a straight free "How d'ye do?"

"Mr. Shirley Sutton," Mrs. Grantham explained.

"Oh yes," said her second visitor quite as if he knew; which, as he couldn't have known, had for her first the interest of confirming a perception that his lordship would be—no, not at all, in general, embarrassed, only was now exceptionally and especially agitated. As it is, for that matter, with Sutton's total impression that we are particularly and almost exclusively concerned, it may be further mentioned that he was not less clear as to the really handsome way in which the young man kept himself together and little by little—though with all proper aid indeed—finally found his feet. All sorts of things, for the twenty minutes, occurred to Sutton, though one of them was certainly

not that it would, after all, be better he should go. One of them was that their hostess was doing it in perfection—simply, easily, kindly, yet with something the least bit queer in her wonderful eyes; another was that if he had been recognised without the least ground it was through a tension of nerves on the part of his fellow guest that produced inconsequent motions; still another was that, even had departure been indicated, he would positively have felt dissuasion in the rare promise of the scene. This was in especial after Lord Gwyther not only had announced that he was now married, but had mentioned that he wished to bring his wife to Mrs. Grantham for the benefit so certain to be derived. It was the passage immediately produced by that speech that provoked in Sutton the intensity, as it were, of his arrest. He already knew of the marriage as well as Mrs. Grantham herself, and as well also as he knew of some other things; and this gave him doubtless the better measure of what took place before him and the keener consciousness of the quick look that, at a marked moment—though it was not absolutely meant for him any more than for his companion—Mrs. Grantham let him catch.

She smiled, but it had a gravity. "I think, you know, you ought to have told me before."

"Do you mean when I first got engaged? Well, it all took place so far away, and we really told, at home, so few people."

Oh there might have been reason; but it had not been quite right. "You were married at Stuttgart? That wasn't too far for *my* interest, at least, to reach."

"Awfully kind of you—and of course one knew you *would* be kind. But it wasn't at Stuttgart; it was over there, but quite in the country. We should have managed it in England but that her mother naturally wished to be present, yet wasn't in health to come. So it was really, you see, a sort of little hole-and-corner German affair."

This didn't in the least check Mrs. Grantham's claim, but it started a slight anxiety. "Will she be—a—then German?"

Sutton knew her to know perfectly what Lady Gwyther would "be," but he had by this time, while their friend explained, his independent interest. "Oh dear no! My father-in-law has never parted with the proud birthright of a Briton. But his wife, you see, holds an estate in Wurtemberg from *her* mother, .

Countess Kremnitz, on which, with the awful condition of his English property, you know, they've found it for years a tremendous saving to live. So that though Valda was luckily born at home she has practically spent her life over there."

"Oh I see." Then, after a slight pause, "Is Valda her pretty name?" Mrs. Grantham asked.

"Well," said the young man, only wishing, in his candour, it was clear, to be drawn out—"well, she has, in the manner of her mother's people, about thirteen; but that's the one we generally use."

Mrs. Grantham waited but an instant. "Then may *I* generally use it?"

"It would be too charming of you; and nothing would give her—as I assure you nothing would give *me*—greater pleasure." Lord Gwyther quite glowed with the thought.

"Then I think that instead of coming alone you might have brought her to see me."

"It's exactly what," he instantly replied, "I came to ask your leave to do." He explained that for the moment Lady Gwyther was not in town, having as soon as she arrived gone down to Torquay to put in a few days with one of her aunts, also her godmother, to whom she was an object of great interest. She had seen no one yet, and no one—not that *that* mattered—had seen her; she knew nothing whatever of London and was awfully frightened at facing it and at what (however little) might be expected of her. "She wants some one," he said, "some one who knows the whole thing, don't you see? and who's thoroughly kind and clever, as you would be, if I may say so, to take her by the hand." It was at this point and on these words that the eyes of Lord Gwyther's two auditors inevitably and wonderfully met. But there was nothing in the way he kept it up to show he caught the encounter. "She wants, if I may tell you so, a real friend for the great labyrinth; and asking myself what I could do to make things ready for her, and who would be absolutely the best woman in London—"

"You thought naturally of *me*?" Mrs. Grantham had listened with no sign but the faint flash just noted; now, however, she gave him the full light of her expressive face—which immediately

brought Shirley Sutton, looking at his watch, once more to his feet.

"She *is* the best woman in London!" He addressed himself with a laugh to the other visitor, but offered his hand in farewell to their hostess.

"You're going?"

"I must," he said without scruple.

"Then we do meet at dinner?"

"I hope so." On which, to take leave, he returned with interest to Lord Gwyther the friendly clutch he had a short time before received.

II

They did meet at dinner, and if they were not, as it happened, side by side, they made that up afterwards in the happiest angle of a drawing-room that offered both shine and shadow and that was positively much appreciated, in the circle in which they moved, for the favourable "corners" created by its shrewd mistress. Mrs. Grantham's face, charged with something produced in it by Lord Gwyther's visit, had been with him so constantly for the previous hours that, when she instantly challenged him on his "treatment" of her in the afternoon, he was on the point of naming it as his reason for not having remained with her. Something new had quickly come into her beauty; he couldn't as yet have said what, nor whether on the whole to its advantage or its loss. Till he should see this clearer, at any rate he would say nothing; so that he found with sufficient presence of mind a better excuse. If in short he had in defiance of her particular request left her alone with Lord Gwyther it was simply because the situation had suddenly turned so exciting that he had fairly feared the contagion of it—the temptation of its making him, most improperly, put in his word.

They could now talk of these things at their ease. Other couples, ensconced and scattered, enjoyed the same privilege, and Sutton had more and more the profit, such as it was, of feeling that his interest in Mrs. Grantham had become—what was the luxury of so high a social code—an acknowledged and protected

relation. He knew his London well enough to know that he was on the way to be regarded as her main source of consolation for the trick Lord Gwyther had several months before publicly played her. Many persons had not held that, by the high social code in question, his lordship could have "reserved the right" to turn up that way, from one day to another, engaged to be married. For himself London took, with its short cuts and its cheap psychology, an immense deal for granted. To his own sense he was never—could in the nature of things never be—any man's "successor." Just what had constituted the predecessorship of other men was apparently that they had been able to make up their mind. He, worse luck, was at the mercy of her face, and more than ever at the mercy of it now, which meant moreover not that it made a slave of him, but that it made, disconcertingly, a sceptic. It was the absolute perfection of the handsome, but things had a way of coming into it. "I felt," he said, "that you were there together at a point at which you had a right to the ease the absence of a listener would give. I was sure that when you made me promise to stay you hadn't guessed—"

"That he could possibly have come to me on such an extraordinary errand? No, of course I hadn't guessed. Who *would*? But didn't you see how little I was upset by it?"

Sutton demurred. Then with a smile: "I think *he* saw how little."

"You yourself didn't then?"

He again held back, but not, after all, to answer. "He was wonderful, wasn't he?"

"I think he was," she returned after a moment. To which she added: "Why did he pretend that way he knew you?"

"He didn't pretend. He somehow felt on the spot that I was 'in it.'" Sutton had found this afterwards and found it to represent a reality. "It was an effusion of cheer and hope. He was so glad to see me there and to find you happy."

"Happy?"

"Happy. Aren't you?"

"Because of *you*?"

"Well—according to the impression he received as he came in."

"That was sudden then," she asked, "and unexpected?"

Her companion thought. "Prepared in some degree, but con-

firmed by the sight of us, there together, so awfully jolly and sociable over your fire."

Mrs. Grantham turned this round. "If he knew I was 'happy' then—which, by the way, is none of his business, nor of yours either—why in the world did he come?"

"Well, for good manners, and for his idea," said Sutton.

She took it in, appearing to have no hardness of rancour that could bar discussion. "Do you mean by his idea his proposal that I should grandmother his wife? And if you do is the proposal your reason for calling him wonderful?"

Sutton laughed. "Pray what's yours?" As this was a question, however, that she took her time to answer or not to answer—only appearing interested for a moment in a combination that had formed itself on the other side of the room—he presently went on. "What's *his*?—that would seem to be the point. His, I mean, for having decided on the extraordinary step of throwing his little wife, bound hands and feet, into your arms. Intelligent as you are, and with these three or four hours to have thought it over, I yet don't see how that can fail still to mystify you."

She continued to watch their opposite neighbours. "'Little,' you call her. Is she so very small?"

"Tiny, tiny—she *must* be; as different as possible in every way—of necessity—from you. They always *are* the opposite pole, you know," said Shirley Sutton.

She glanced at him now. "You strike me as of an impudence—!"

"No, no. I only like to make it out with you."

She looked away again and after a little went on. "I'm sure she's charming, and only hope one isn't to gather he's already tired of her."

"Not a bit! He's tremendously in love, and he'll remain so."

"So much the better. And if it's a question," said Mrs. Grantham, "of one's doing what one can for her, he has only, as I told him when you had gone, to give me the chance."

"Good! So he *is* to commit her to you?"

"You use extraordinary expressions, but it's settled that he brings her."

"And you'll really and truly help her?"

"Really and truly?" said Mrs. Grantham with her eyes again on him. "Why not? For what do you take me?"

"Ah isn't that just what I still have the discomfort, every day I live, of asking myself?"

She had made, as she spoke, a movement to rise, which, as if she was tired of his tone, his last words appeared to determine. But, also getting up, he held her, when they were on their feet, long enough to hear the rest of what he had to say. "If you do help her, you know, you'll show him you've understood."

"Understood what?"

"Why, his idea—the deep acute train of reasoning that has led him to take, as one may say, the bull by the horns; to reflect that as you might, as you probably *would*, in any case, get at her, he plays the wise game, as well as the bold one, by treating your generosity as a real thing and placing himself publicly under an obligation to you."

Mrs. Grantham showed not only that she had listened, but that she had for an instant considered. "What is it you elegantly describe as my getting 'at' her?"

"He takes his risk, but puts you, you see, on your honour."

She thought a moment more. "What profundities indeed then over the simplest of matters! And if your idea is," she went on, "that if I do help her I shall show him I've understood them, so it will be that if I don't—"

"You'll show him"—Sutton took her up—"that you haven't? Precisely. But in spite of not wanting to appear to have understood *too* much—"

"I may still be depended on to do what I can? Quite certainly. You'll see what I may still be depended on to do." And she moved away.

III

It was not, doubtless, that there had been anything in their rather sharp separation at that moment to sustain or prolong the interruption, yet it definitely befell that, circumstances aiding, they practically failed to meet again before the great party at Burbeck. This occasion was to gather in some thirty persons from a certain Friday to the following Monday, and it was on the Friday that Sutton went down. He had known in advance that Mrs. Grantham was to be there, and this perhaps, during

the interval of hindrance, had helped him a little to be patient. He had before him the certitude of a real full cup—two days brimming over with the sight of her. He found, however, on his arrival that she was not yet in the field, and presently learned that her place would be in a small contingent that was to join the party on the morrow. This knowledge he extracted from Miss Banker, who was always the first to present herself at any gathering that was to enjoy her, and whom moreover—partly on that very account—the wary not less than the speculative were apt to hold themselves well-advised to engage with at as early as possible a stage of the business. She was stout red rich mature universal—a massive much-fingered volume, alphabetical wonderful indexed, that opened of itself at the right place. She opened for Sutton instinctively at G—, which happened to be remarkably convenient. “What she’s really waiting over for is to bring down Lady Gwyther.”

“Ah the Gwythers are coming?”

“Yes; caught, through Mrs. Grantham, just in time. *She’ll* be the feature—every one wants to see her.”

Speculation and wariness met and combined at this moment in Shirley Sutton. “Do you mean—a—Mrs. Grantham?”

“Dear no! Poor little Lady Gwyther, who, but just arrived in England, appears now literally for the first time in her life in any society whatever, and whom (don’t you know the extraordinary story? you ought to—you!) she, of all people, has so wonderfully taken up. It will be quite—here—as if she were ‘presenting’ her.”

Sutton of course took in more things than even appeared. “I never know what I ought to know; I only know, inveterately, what I oughtn’t. So what *is* the extraordinary story?”

“You really haven’t heard—?”

“Really,” he replied without winking.

“It happened indeed but the other day,” said Miss Banker, “yet every one’s already wondering. Gwyther has thrown his wife on her mercy—but I won’t believe you if you pretend to me you don’t know why he shouldn’t.”

Sutton asked himself then what he *could* pretend. “Do you mean because she’s merciless?”

She hesitated. “If you don’t know perhaps I oughtn’t to tell you.”

He liked Miss Banker and found just the right tone to plead. "Do tell me."

"Well," she sighed, "it will be your own fault—! They had been such friends that there could have been but one name for the crudity of his original *procédé*. When I was a girl we used to call it throwing over. They call it in French to *lâcher*. But I refer not so much to the act itself as to the manner of it, though you may say indeed of course that there's in such cases after all only one manner. Least said soonest mended."

Sutton seemed to wonder. "Oh he said too much?"

"He said nothing. That was it."

Sutton kept it up. "But was *what*?"

"Why, what she must, like any woman in her shoes, have felt to be his perfidy. He simply went and *did* it—took to himself this child, that is, without the preliminary of a scandal or a rupture—before she could turn round."

"I follow you. But it would appear from what you say that she *has* turned round now."

"Well," Miss Banker laughed, "we shall see for ourselves how far. It will be what every one will try to see."

"Oh then we've work cut out!" And Sutton certainly felt that he himself had—an impression that lost nothing from a further talk with Miss Banker in the course of a short stroll in the grounds with her the next day. He spoke as one who had now considered many things.

"Did I understand from you yesterday that Lady Gwyther's a 'child'?"

"Nobody knows. It's prodigious the way she has managed."

"The way Lady Gwyther has—?"

"No, the way May Grantham has kept her till this hour in her pocket."

He was quick at his watch. "Do you mean by 'this hour' that they're due now?"

"Not till tea. All the others arrive together in time for that." Miss Banker had clearly, since the previous day, filled in gaps and become, as it were, revised and enlarged. "She'll have kept a cat from seeing her, so as to produce her entirely herself."

"Well," Sutton mused, "that will have been a very noble sort of return—"

"For Gwyther's behaviour? Very. Yet I feel creepy."

"Creepy?"

"Because so much depends for the girl—in the way of the right start or the wrong start—on the signs and omens of this first appearance. It's a great house and a great occasion, and we're assembled here, it strikes me, very much as the Roman mob at the circus used to be to see the next Christian maiden brought out to the tigers."

"Oh if she *is* a Christian maiden—!" Sutton murmured. But he stopped at what his imagination called up.

It perhaps fed that faculty a little that Miss Banker had the effect of making out that Mrs. Grantham might individually be, in any case, something of a Roman matron. "She has kept her in the dark so that we may only take her from her hand. She'll have formed her for us."

"In so few days?"

"Well, she'll have prepared her—decked her for the sacrifice with ribbons and flowers."

"Ah if you only mean that she'll have taken her to her dress-maker!" And it came to Sutton, at once as a new light and as a check, almost, to anxiety, that this was all poor Gwyther, mistrustful probably of a taste formed by Stuttgart, might have desired of their friend.

There were usually at Burbeck many things taking place at once; so that wherever else, on such occasions, tea might be served, it went forward with matchless pomp, weather permitting, on a shaded stretch of one of the terraces and in presence of one of the prospects. Shirley Sutton, moving, as the afternoon waned, more restlessly about and mingling in dispersed groups only to find they had nothing to keep him quiet, came upon it as he turned a corner of the house—saw it seated there in all its state. It might be said that at Burbeck it was, like everything else, made the most of. It constituted immediately, with multiplied tables and glittering plate, with rugs and cushions and ices and fruit and wonderful porcelain and beautiful women, a scene of splendour, almost an incident of grand opera. One of the beautiful women might quite have been expected to rise with a gold cup and a celebrated song.

One of them did rise, as happened, while Sutton drew near,

and he found himself a moment later seeing nothing and nobody but Mrs. Grantham. They met on the terrace, just away from the others, and the movement in which he had the effect of arresting her might have been that of withdrawal. He quickly saw, however, that if she had been about to pass into the house it was only on some errand—to get something or to call some one—that would immediately have restored her to her public. It somehow struck him on the spot—and more than ever yet, though the impression was not wholly new to him—that she felt herself a figure for the forefront of the stage and indeed would have been recognised by any one at a glance as the *prima donna assoluta*. She caused, in fact, during the few minutes he stood talking to her, an extraordinary series of waves to roll extraordinarily fast over his sense, not the least mark of the matter being that the appearance with which it ended was again the one with which it had begun. “The face—the face,” as he kept dumbly repeating; that was at last, as at first, all he could clearly see. She had a perfection resplendent, but what in the world had it done, this perfection, to her beauty? It was her beauty doubtless that looked out at him, but it was into something else that, as their eyes met, he strangely found himself looking.

It was as if something had happened in consequence of which she had changed, and there was that in this swift perception that made him glance eagerly about for Lady Gwyther. But as he took in the recruited group—identities of the hour added to those of the previous twenty-four—he saw, among his recognitions, one of which was the husband of the person missing, that Lady Gwyther was not there. Nothing in the whole business was more singular than his consciousness that, as he came back to his interlocutress after the nods and smiles and hand-waves he had launched, she knew what had been his thought. She knew for whom he had looked without success, but why should this knowledge visibly have hardened and sharpened her, and precisely at a moment when she was unprecedentedly magnificent? The indefinable apprehension that had somewhat sunk after his second talk with Miss Banker and then had perversely risen again—this nameless anxiety now produced on him, with a sudden sharper pinch, the effect of a great suspense. The action of that, in turn, was to show him that he hadn’t yet fully known how

much he had at stake on a final view. It was revealed to him for the first time that he "really cared" whether Mrs. Grantham were a safe nature. It was too ridiculous by what a thread it hung, but something was certainly in the air that would definitely tell him.

What was in the air descended the next moment to earth. He turned round as he caught the expression with which her eyes attached themselves to something that approached. A little person, very young and very much dressed, had come out of the house, and the expression in Mrs. Grantham's eyes was that of the artist confronted with her work and interested, even to impatience, in the judgement of others. The little person drew nearer, and though Sutton's companion, without looking at him now, gave it a name and met it, he had jumped for himself at certitude. He saw many things—too many, and they appeared to be feathers, frills, excrescences of silk and lace—massed together and conflicting, and after a moment also saw struggling out of them a small face that struck him as either scared or sick. Then, with his eyes again returning to Mrs. Grantham, he saw another.

He had no more talk with Miss Banker till late that evening—an evening during which he had felt himself too noticeably silent; but something had passed between this pair, across dinner-table and drawing-room, without speech, and when they at last found words it was in the needed ease of a quiet end of the long, lighted gallery, where she opened again at the very paragraph.

"You were right—that *was* it. She did the only thing that, at such short notice, she *could* do. She took her to her dress-maker."

Sutton, with his back to the reach of the gallery, had, as if to banish a vision, buried his eyes for a minute in his hands. "And oh the face—the face!"

"Which?" Miss Banker asked.

"Whichever one looks at."

"But May Grantham's glorious. She has turned herself out—"

"With a splendour of taste and a sense of effect, eh? Yes."

Sutton showed he saw far.

"She *has* the sense of effect. The sense of effect as exhibited in Lady Gwyther's clothes—!" was something Miss Banker failed of

words to express. "Everybody's overwhelmed. Here, you know, that sort of thing's grave. The poor creature's lost."

"Lost?"

"Since on the first impression, as we said, so much depends. The first impression's made—oh made! I defy her now ever to unmake it. Her husband, who's proud, won't like her the better for it. And I don't see," Miss Banker went on, "that her prettiness *was* enough—a mere little feverish frightened freshness; what *did* he see in her?—to be so blasted. It has been done with an atrocity of art—"

"That supposes the dressmaker then also a devil?"

"Oh your London women and their dressmakers!" Miss Banker laughed.

"But the face—the face!" Sutton woefully repeated.

"May's?"

"The little girl's. It's exquisite."

"Exquisite?"

"For unimaginable pathos."

"Oh!" Miss Banker dropped.

"She has at last begun to see." Sutton showed again how far *he* saw. "It glimmers upon her innocence, she makes it dimly out—what has been done with her. She's even worse this evening—the way, my eye, she looked at dinner!—than when she came. Yes"—he was confident—"it has dawned (how couldn't it, out of all of you?) and she knows."

"She ought to have known before!" Miss Banker intelligently sighed.

"No; she wouldn't in that case have been so beautiful."

"Beautiful?" cried Miss Banker; "overloaded like a monkey in a show!"

"The face, yes; which goes to the heart. It's that that makes it," said Shirley Sutton. "And it's that"—he thought it out—"that makes the other."

"I see. Conscious?"

"Horrible!"

"You take it hard," said Miss Banker.

Lord Gwyther, just before she spoke, had come in sight and now was near them. Sutton on this, appearing to wish to avoid him, reached, before answering his companion's observation, a

door that opened close at hand. "So hard," he replied from that point, "that I shall be off tomorrow morning."

, "And not see the rest?" she called after him.

But he had already gone, and Lord Gwyther, arriving, amiably took up her question. "The rest of what?"

Miss Banker looked him well in the eyes. "Of Mrs. Grantham's clothes."

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE (1859-1930)

ALTHOUGH not much is said about it in the "histories of literature," the detective story is certainly one of the most interesting phenomena of modern fiction. It pretends to be nothing more than "escape" literature, but it appeals to a great many people (not all of them by any means unintelligent!) who like mystery and suspense and action mingled with the stimulus of a good puzzle. It has the lively excitement of the story of adventure wedded to a jig-saw puzzle.

Those interested in sources have pointed out that tales of crime-detection are as ancient as the Old Testament and Daniel's cross-examination of the elders in the story of Susanna. There is general agreement, however, that Edgar Allan Poe created the detective story as we know it today when he wrote *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* (1841), *The Mystery of Marie Rogêt* (1842), *The Gold-Bug* (1843), and *The Purloined Letter* (1845). Here interest was centered not so much on the crime as on the methods used to reveal the criminal; the whole business of "clues" and ratiocinative investigation stems from Poe. In England, subsequently, many of Dickens's novels played with melodrama and mystery; his unfinished *Mystery of Edwin Drood* was an authentic detective story. But Wilkie Collins (1824-89) was the first Englishman to take over the detective story as developed by Poe and turn it into a full-length novel, in *The Moonstone* (1868). Here the interest in detection is watered down by a great deal of oriental hocus-pocus about Indian moon-gods and native jugglers, but Sergeant Cuff is really the first detective in English fiction.

The analytical story of crime came to full maturity in England in the stories of Arthur Conan Doyle (Sir Arthur,

before his death), of which *A Study in Scarlet* (1887) was the first. Doyle, a doctor of medicine who turned to the writing of novels, was in a sense haunted all his days by his creation of the best known character in modern fiction. Doyle rather fancied himself as an historical novelist but he discovered that relatively few people wanted to read *Micah Clarke* (1889) and *The White Company* (1891), while everyone wanted more of the *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* (1891). Holmes, who was first introduced in *A Study in Scarlet*, became something of a legendary figure and Doyle, somewhat wistfully, had to keep inventing further exploits for the Baker Street detective. He tried to kill Holmes off but the public insisted upon the return of the lean, hawk-nosed figure with his dressing-gown and pipe and hypodermic syringe, whose deductions were made to look none the less brilliant by the amiable bumbling of his loyal but pleasantly dull assistant and biographer, Dr. Watson. Holmes's methods and the general atmosphere of "elementary, my dear Watson" seem a little old-fashioned today; indeed, the Sherlock Holmes stories have been called obsolescent. But they still make uncommonly amusing reading and will doubtless continue to be re-read more often than most of their modern descendants. In short, Holmes has become a much-loved "character," so real that some of his admirers have treated him as a subject for mock-scholarship and have written his biography, buttressed with erudite footnotes drawn from the materials of the stories themselves.

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A STUDY IN SCARLET

(*Detective Story*)

[A STUDY IN SCARLET begins with an account of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, a student of the detection of crime, and of his realistic science of deduction. Dr. Watson, invalided army doctor, meets Holmes, and the two take rooms together at No. 221b, Baker Street. "The Lauriston Garden Mystery" is the first case that comes to Sherlock Holmes after he and Dr. Watson begin living together.]

CHAPTER III

The Lauriston Garden Mystery

I confess that I was considerably startled by this fresh proof of the practical nature of my companion's theories. My respect for his powers of analysis increased wondrously. There still remained some lurking suspicion in my mind, however, that the whole thing was a prearranged episode, intended to dazzle me, though what earthly object he could have in taking me in was past my comprehension. When I looked at him, he had finished reading the note, and his eyes had assumed the vacant, lack-lustre expression which showed mental abstraction.

"How in the world did you deduce that?" I asked.

"Deduce what?" said he, petulantly.

"Why, that he was a retired sergeant of Marines."

"I have no time for trifles," he answered, brusquely; then with a smile, "Excuse my rudeness. You broke the thread of my thoughts; but perhaps it is as well. So you actually were not able to see that that man was a sergeant of Marines?"

"No, indeed."

"It was easier to know it than to explain why I know it. If you were asked to prove that two and two made four, you might

find some difficulty, and yet you are quite sure of the fact. Even across the street I could see a great blue anchor tattooed on the back of the fellow's hand. That smacked of the sea. He had a military carriage, however, and regulation side whiskers. There we have the marine. He was a man with some amount of self-importance and a certain air of command. You must have observed the way in which he held his head and swung his cane. A steady, respectable, middle-aged man, too, on the face of him—all facts which led me to believe that he had been a sergeant."

"Wonderful!" I ejaculated.

"Commonplace," said Holmes, though I thought from his expression that he was pleased at my evident surprise and admiration. "I said just now that there were no criminals. It appears that I am wrong—look at this!" He threw me over the note which the commissioner had brought.

"Why," I cried, as I cast my eye over it, "this is terrible!"

"It does seem to be a little out of the common," he remarked, calmly. "Would you mind reading it to me aloud?"

This is the letter which I read to him,—

"My dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes:

"There has been a bad business during the night at 3, Lauriston Gardens, off the Brixton Road. Our man on the beat saw a light there about two in the morning, and as the house was an empty one, suspected that something was amiss. He found the door open, and in the front room, which is bare of furniture, discovered the body of a gentleman, well dressed, and having cards in his pocket bearing the name of 'Enoch J. Drebbler, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.' There had been no robbery, nor is there any evidence as to how the man met his death. There are marks of blood in the room, but there is no wound upon his person. We are at a loss as to how he came into the empty house; indeed, the whole affair is a puzzler. If you can come round to the house any time before twelve, you will find me there. I have left everything *in statu quo* until I hear from you. If you are unable to come, I shall give you fuller details, and would esteem it a great kindness if you would favour me with your opinions.

"Yours faithfully.

"Tobias Gregson."

"Gregson is the smartest of the Scotland Yarders," my friend remarked; "he and Lestrade are the pick of a bad lot. They are both quick and energetic, but conventional—shockingly so. They have their knives into one another, too. They are as jealous as a pair of professional beauties. There will be some fun over this case if they are both put upon the scent."

I was amazed at the calm way in which he rippled on. "Surely there is not a moment to be lost," I cried; "shall I go and order you a cab?"

"I'm not sure about whether I shall go. I am the most incurably lazy devil that ever stood in shoe leather—that is, when the fit is on me, for I can be spry enough at times."

"Why, it is just such a chance as you have been longing for."

"My dear fellow, what does it matter to me? Supposing I unravel the whole matter, you may be sure that Gregson, Lestrade, and Co. will pocket all the credit. That comes of being an unofficial personage."

"But he begs you to help him."

"Yes. He knows that I am his superior, and acknowledges it to me; but he would cut his tongue out before he would own it to any third person. However, we may as well go and have a look. I shall work it out on my own hook. I may have a laugh at them, if I have nothing else. Come on!"

He hustled on his overcoat, and bustled about in a way that showed that an energetic fit had superseded the apathetic one.

"Get your hat," he said.

"You wish me to come?"

"Yes, if you have nothing better to do." A minute later we were both in a hansom, driving furiously for the Brixton Road.

It was a foggy, cloudy morning, and a dun-coloured veil hung over the housetops, looking like the reflection of the mud-coloured streets beneath. My companion was in the best of spirits, and prattled away about Cremona fiddles and the difference between a Stradivarius and an Amati. As for myself, I was silent, for the dull weather and the melancholy business upon which we were engaged depressed my spirits.

"You don't seem to give much thought to the matter in hand," I said at last, interrupting Holmes's musical disquisition.

"No data yet," he answered. "It is a capital mistake to theorize before you have all the evidence. It biases the judgment."

"You will have your data soon," I remarked, pointing with my finger; "this is the Brixton Road, and that is the house, if I am not very much mistaken."

"So it is. Stop, driver, stop!" We were still a hundred yards or so from it, but he insisted upon our alighting, and we finished our journey upon foot.

Number 3, Lauriston Gardens wore an ill-omened and minatory look. It was one of four which stood back some little way from the street, two being occupied and two empty. The latter looked out with three tiers of vacant melancholy windows, which were blank and dreary, save that here and there a "To Let" card had developed like a cataract upon the bleared panes. A small garden sprinkled over with a scattered eruption of sickly plants separated each of these houses from the street, and was traversed by a narrow pathway, yellowish in colour, and consisting apparently of a mixture of clay and of gravel. The whole place was very sloppy from the rain which had fallen through the night. The garden was bounded by a three-foot brick wall with a fringe of wood rails upon the top, and against this wall was leaning a stalwart police constable, surrounded by a small knot of loafers, who craned their necks and strained their eyes in the vain hope of catching some glimpse of the proceedings within.

I had imagined that Sherlock Holmes would at once have hurried into the house and plunged into a study of the mystery. Nothing appeared to be further from his intention. With an air of nonchalance which, under the circumstances, seemed to me to border upon affectation, he lounged up and down the pavement, and gazed vacantly at the ground, the sky, the opposite houses and the line of railings. Having finished his scrutiny, he proceeded slowly down the path, or rather down the fringe of grass which flanked the path, keeping his eyes riveted upon the ground. Twice he stopped, and once I saw him smile, and heard him utter an exclamation of satisfaction. There were many marks of footsteps upon the wet clayey soil; but since the police had been coming and going over it, I was unable to see how my companion could hope to learn anything from it. Still I had had such extraor-

dinary evidence of the quickness of his perceptive faculties, that I had no doubt that he could see a great deal which was hidden from me.

At the door of the house we were met by a tall, white-faced, flaxen-haired man, with a notebook in his hand, who rushed forward and wrung my companion's hand with effusion. "It is indeed kind of you to come," he said, "I have had everything left untouched."

"Except that!" my friend answered, pointing at the pathway. "If a herd of buffaloes had passed along, there could not be a greater mess. No doubt, however, you had drawn your own conclusions, Gregson, before you permitted this."

"I have had so much to do inside the house," the detective said evasively. "My colleague, Mr. Lestrade, is here. I had relied upon him to look after this."

Holmes glanced at me and raised his eyebrows sardonically. "With two such men as yourself and Lestrade upon the ground, there will not be much for a third party to find out," he said.

Gregson rubbed his hands in a self-satisfied way. "I think we have done all that can be done," he answered; "it's a queer case, though, and I knew your taste for such things."

"You did not come here in a cab?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"No, sir."

"Nor Lestrade?"

"No, sir."

"Then let us go and look at the room." With which inconsequent remark he strode on into the house followed by Gregson, whose features expressed his astonishment.

A short passage, bare-planked and dusty, led to the kitchen and offices. Two doors opened out of it to the left and to the right. One of these had obviously been closed for many weeks. The other belonged to the dining-room, which was the apartment in which the mysterious affair had occurred. Holmes walked in, and I followed him with that subdued feeling at my heart which the presence of death inspires.

It was a large square room, looking all the larger from the absence of all furniture. A vulgar flaring paper adorned the walls, but it was blotched in places with mildew, and here and there great strips had become detached and hung down, exposing the

yellow plaster beneath. Opposite the door was a showy fireplace, surmounted by a mantelpiece of imitation white marble. On one corner of this was stuck the stump of a red wax candle. The solitary window was so dirty that the light was hazy and uncertain, giving a dull gray tinge to everything, which was intensified by the thick layer of dust which coated the whole apartment.

All these details I observed afterwards. At present my attention was centred upon the single, grim, motionless figure which lay stretched upon the boards, with vacant, sightless eyes staring up at the discoloured ceiling. It was that of a man about forty-three or forty-four years of age, middle-sized, broad-shouldered, with crisp curling black hair, and a short, stubbly beard. He was dressed in a heavy broadcloth frock coat and waistcoat, with light-coloured trousers, and immaculate collar and cuffs. A top hat, well brushed and trim, was placed upon the floor beside him. His hands were clenched and his arms thrown abroad, while his lower limbs were interlocked, as though his death struggle had been a grievous one. On his rigid face there stood an expression of horror, and, as it seemed to me, of hatred, such as I have never seen upon human features. This malignant and terrible contortion, combined with the low forehead, blunt nose, and prognathous jaw, gave the dead man a singularly simious and ape-like appearance, which was increased by his writhing, unnatural posture. I have seen death in many forms, but never has it appeared to me in a more fearsome aspect than in that dark, grimy apartment, which looked out upon one of the main arteries of suburban London.

Lestrade, lean and ferret-like as ever, was standing by the doorway, and greeted my companion and myself.

"This case will make a stir, sir," he remarked. "It beats anything I have seen, and I am no chicken."

"There is no clue?" said Gregson.

"None at all," chimed in Lestrade.

Sherlock Holmes approached the body, and, kneeling down, examined it intently. "You are sure that there is no wound?" he asked, pointing to numerous gouts and splashes of blood which lay all round.

"Positive!" cried both detectives.

"Then, of course, this blood belongs to a second individual—

presumably the murderer, if murder has been committed. It reminds me of the circumstances attendant on the death of Van Jansen, in Utrecht, in the year '34. Do you remember the case, Gregson?"

"No, sir."

"Read it up—you really should. There is nothing new under the sun. It has all been done before."

As he spoke, his nimble fingers were flying here, there, and everywhere, feeling, pressing, unbuttoning, examining, while his eyes wore the same far-away expression which I have already remarked upon. So swiftly was the examination made, that one would hardly have guessed the minuteness with which it was conducted. Finally, he sniffed the dead man's lips, and then glanced at the soles of his patent leather boots.

"He has not been moved at all?" he asked.

"No more than was necessary for the purpose of our examination."

"You can take him to the mortuary now," he said. "There is nothing more to be learned."

Gregson had a stretcher and four men at hand. At his call they entered the room, and the stranger was lifted and carried out. As they raised him, a ring tinkled down and rolled across the floor. Lestrade grabbed it up and stared at it with mystified eyes.

"There's been a woman here," he cried. "It's a woman's wedding ring."

He held it out, as he spoke, upon the palm of his hand. We all gathered round him and gazed at it. There could be no doubt that that circlet of plain gold had once adorned the finger of a bride.

"This complicates matters," said Gregson. "Heaven knows, they were complicated enough before."

"You're sure it doesn't simplify them?" observed Holmes. "There's nothing to be learned by staring at it. What did you find in his pockets?"

"We have it all here," said Gregson, pointing to a litter of objects upon one of the bottom steps of the stairs. "A gold watch, No. 97163, by Barraud, of London. Gold Albert chain, very heavy and solid. Gold ring, with masonic device. Gold pin—

bull-dog's head, with rubies as eyes. Russian leather cardcase, with cards of Enoch J. Drebber of Cleveland, corresponding with the E. J. D. upon the linen. No purse, but loose money to the extent of seven pounds thirteen. Pocket edition of Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' with name of Joseph Stangerson upon the flyleaf. Two letters—one addressed to E. J. Drebber and one to Joseph Stangerson."

"At what address?"

"American Exchange, Strand—to be left till called for. They are both from the Guion Steamship Company, and refer to the sailing of their boats from Liverpool. It is clear that this unfortunate man was about to return to New York."

"Have you made any inquiries as to this man Stangerson?"

"I did it at once, sir," said Gregson. "I have had advertisements sent to all the newspapers, and one of my men has gone to the American Exchange, but he has not returned yet."

"Have you sent to Cleveland?"

"We telegraphed this morning."

"How did you word your inquiries?"

"We simply detailed the circumstances, and said that we should be glad of any information which could help us."

"You did not ask for particulars on any point which appeared to you to be crucial?"

"I asked about Stangerson."

"Nothing else? Is there no circumstance on which this whole case appears to hinge? Will you not telegraph again?"

"I have said all I have to say," said Gregson, in an offended voice.

Sherlock Holmes chuckled to himself, and appeared to be about to make some remark, when Lestrade, who had been in the front room while we were holding this conversation in the hall, reappeared upon the scene, rubbing his hands in a pompous and self-satisfied manner.

"Mr. Gregson," he said, "I have just made a discovery of the highest importance, and one which would have been overlooked had I not made a careful examination of the walls."

The little man's eyes sparkled as he spoke, and he was evidently in a state of suppressed exultation at having scored a point against his colleague.

"Come here," he said, bustling back into the room, the atmosphere of which felt clearer since the removal of its ghastly inmate. "Now, stand there!"

He struck a match on his boot and held it up against the wall. "Look at that!" he said, triumphantly.

I have remarked that the paper had fallen away in parts. In this particular corner of the room a large piece had peeled off, leaving a yellow square of coarse plastering. Across this bare space there was scrawled in blood-red letters a single word—

RACHE

"What do you think of that?" cried the detective, with the air of a showman exhibiting his show. "This was overlooked because it was in the darkest corner of the room, and no one thought of looking there. The murderer has written it with his or her own blood. See this smear where it has trickled down the wall! That disposes of the idea of suicide anyhow. Why was that corner chosen to write it on? I will tell you. See that candle on the mantelpiece. It was lit at the time, and if it was lit this corner would be the brightest instead of the darkest portion of the wall."

"And what does it mean now that you *have* found it?" asked Gregson in a depreciatory voice.

"Mean? Why, it means that the writer was going to put the female name Rachel, but was disturbed before he or she had time to finish. You mark my words, when this case comes to be cleared up, you will find that a woman named Rachel has something to do with it. It's all very well for you to laugh, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. You may be very smart and clever, but the old hound is the best, when all is said and done."

"I really beg your pardon!" said my companion, who had ruffled the little man's temper by bursting into an explosion of laughter. "You certainly have the credit of being the first of us to find this out and, as you say, it bears every mark of having been written by the other participant in last night's mystery. I have not had time to examine this room yet, but with your permission I shall do so now."

As he spoke, he whipped a tape measure and a large round

magnifying glass from his pocket. With these two implements he trotted noiselessly about the room, sometimes stopping, occasionally kneeling, and once lying flat upon his face. So engrossed was he with his occupation that he appeared to have forgotten our presence, for he chattered away to himself under his breath the whole time, keeping up a running fire of exclamations, groans, whistles, and little cries suggestive of encouragement and of hope. As I watched him I was irresistibly reminded of a pure-blooded, well-trained foxhound, as it dashes backward and forward through the covert, whining in its eagerness, until it comes across the lost scent. For twenty minutes or more he continued his researches, measuring with the most exact care the distance between marks which were entirely invisible to me, and occasionally applying his tape to the walls in an equally incomprehensible manner. In one place he gathered up very carefully a little pile of gray dust from the floor, and packed it away in an envelope. Finally he examined with his glass the word upon the wall, going over every letter of it with the most minute exactness. This done, he appeared to be satisfied, for he replaced his tape and his glass in his pocket.

"They say that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains," he remarked with a smile. "It's a very bad definition, but it does apply to detective work."

Gregson and Lestrade had watched the manœuvres of their amateur companion with considerable curiosity and some contempt. They evidently failed to appreciate the fact, which I had begun to realize, that Sherlock Holmes's smallest actions were all directed towards some definite and practical end.

"What do you think of it, sir?" they both asked.

"It would be robbing you of the credit of the case if I were to presume to help you," remarked my friend. "You are doing so well now that it would be a pity for anyone to interfere." There was a world of sarcasm in his voice as he spoke. "If you will let me know how your investigations go," he continued, "I shall be happy to give you any help I can. In the meantime I should like to speak to the constable who found the body. Can you give me his name and address?"

Lestrade glanced at his notebook. "John Rance," he said. "He is

off duty now. You will find him at 46, Audley Court, Kennington Park Gate."

Holmes took a note of the address.

"Come along, Doctor," he said: "we shall go and look him up. I'll tell you one thing which may help you in the case," he continued, turning to the two detectives. "There has been murder done, and the murderer was a man. He was more than six feet high, was in the prime of life, had small feet for his height, wore coarse, square-toed boots and smoked a Trichinopoly cigar. He came here with his victim in a four-wheeled cab, which was drawn by a horse with three old shoes and one new one on his off fore-leg. In all probability the murderer had a florid face, and the fingernails of his right hand were remarkably long. These are only a few indications, but they may assist you."

Lestrade and Gregson glanced at each other with an incredulous smile.

"If this man was murdered, how was it done?" asked the former.

"Poison," said Sherlock Holmes curtly, and strode off. "One other thing, Lestrade," he added, turning round at the door: "'Rache,' is the German for 'revenge'; so don't lose your time looking for Miss Rachel."

With which Parthian shot he walked away, leaving the two rivals open mouthed behind him.

[Holmes and Watson visit John Rance, the policeman on the beat who had discovered the body of the murdered man. Holmes learns that the murderer has returned to the scene of the crime, has been met by Rance, and, by pretending to be drunk, has gone away without arousing Rance's suspicions. Holmes conjectures that the murderer has returned in quest of the ring found beneath the body. Holmes advertises innocently that a ring has been found near the scene of the murder and will be returned to the owner when called for. An old woman answers the advertisement, claims the ring, and goes away. An attempt to shadow the woman fails, and they conclude that the claimant was a man in disguise.]

CHAPTER VI

Tobias Gregson Shows What He Can Do

The papers next day were full of the "Brixton Mystery," as they termed it. Each had a long account of the affair, and some had leaders upon it in addition. There was some information in them which was new to me. I still retain in my scrapbook numerous clippings and extracts bearing upon the case. Here is a condensation of a few of them:

The *Daily Telegraph* remarked that in the history of crime there had seldom been a tragedy which presented stranger features. The German name of the victim, the absence of all other motive, and the sinister inscription on the wall, all pointed to its perpetration by political refugees and revolutionists. The Socialists had many branches in America, and the deceased had, no doubt, infringed their unwritten laws, and been tracked down by them. After alluding airily to the Vehmgericht, aqua tofana, Carbonari, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, the Darwinian theory, the principles of Malthus, and the Ratcliff Highway murders, the article concluded by admonishing the government and advocating a closer watch over foreigners in England.

The *Standard* commented upon the fact that lawless outrages of the sort usually occurred under a Liberal administration. They arose from the unsettling of the minds of the masses, and the consequent weakening of all authority. The deceased was an American gentleman who had been residing for some weeks in the metropolis. He had stayed at the boarding-house of Madame Charpentier, in Torquay Terrace, Camberwell. He was accompanied in his travels by his private secretary, Mr. Joseph Stanger-son. The two bade adieu to their landlady upon Tuesday, the 4th inst., and departed to Euston Station with the avowed intention of catching the Liverpool express. They were afterwards seen together upon the platform. Nothing more is known of them until Mr. Drebbler's body was, as recorded, discovered in an empty house in the Brixton Road, many miles from Euston. How he came there, or how he met his fate, are questions which are still involved in mystery. Nothing is known of the whereabouts

of Stangerson. We are glad to learn that Mr. Lestrade and Mr. Gregson, of Scotland Yard, are both engaged upon the case, and it is confidently anticipated that these well-known officers will speedily throw light upon the matter.

The *Daily News* observed that there was no doubt as to the crime being a political one. The despotism and hatred of Liberalism which animated the Continental governments had had the effect of driving to our shores a number of men who might have made excellent citizens were they not soured by the recollection of all that they had undergone. Among these men there was a stringent code of honour, any infringement of which was punished by death. Every effort should be made to find the secretary, Stangerson, and to ascertain some particulars of the habits of the deceased. A great step had been gained by the discovery of the address of the house at which he had boarded—a result which was entirely due to the acuteness and energy of Mr. Gregson of Scotland Yard.

Sherlock Holmes and I read these notices over together at breakfast, and they appeared to afford him considerable amusement.

"I told you that, whatever happened, Lestrade and Gregson would be sure to score."

"That depends on how it turns out."

"Oh, bless you, it doesn't matter in the least. If the man is caught, it will be *on account* of their exertions; if he escapes, it will be *in spite* of their exertions. It's heads I win and tails you lose. Whatever they do, they will have followers. '*Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.*'"

"What on earth is this?" I cried, for at this moment there came the pattering of many steps in the hall and on the stairs, accompanied by audible expressions of disgust upon the part of our landlady.

"It's the Baker Street division of the detective police force," said my companion gravely; and as he spoke there rushed into the room half a dozen of the dirtiest and most ragged street Arabs that ever I clapped eyes on.

"Tention!" cried Holmes, in a sharp tone, and the six dirty little scoundrels stood in a line like so many disreputable statuettes.

"In future you shall send up Wiggins alone to report, and the rest of you must wait in the street. Have you found it, Wiggins?"

"No, sir, we hain't," said one of the youths.

"I hardly expected you would. You must keep on until you do. Here are your wages." He handed each of them a shilling. "Now, off you go, and come back with a better report next time."

He waved his hand, and they scampered away downstairs like so many rats, and we heard their shrill voices next moment in the street.

"There's more work to be got out of one of those little beggars than out of a dozen of the force," Holmes remarked. "The mere sight of an official-looking person seals men's lips. These youngsters, however, go everywhere and hear everything. They are as sharp as needles, too; all they want is organization."

"Is it on this Brixton case that you are employing them?" I asked.

"Yes; there is a point which I wish to ascertain. It is merely a matter of time. Hullo! we are going to hear some news now with a vengeance! Here is Gregson coming down the road with beatitude written upon every feature of his face. Bound for us, I know. Yes, he is stopping. There he is!"

There was a violent peal at the bell, and in a few seconds the fair-haired detective came up the stairs, three steps at a time, and burst into our sitting-room.

"My dear fellow," he cried, wringing Holmes's unresponsive hand, "congratulate me! I have made the whole thing as clear as day."

A shade of anxiety seemed to me to cross my companion's expressive face.

"Do you mean that you are on the right track?" he asked.

"The right track! Why, sir, we have the man under lock and key."

"And his name is?"

"Arthur Charpentier, sub-lieutenant in Her Majesty's navy," cried Gregson pompously rubbing his fat hands and inflating his chest.

Sherlock Holmes gave a sigh of relief and relaxed into a smile.

"Take a seat, and try one of these cigars," he said. "We are anxious to know how you managed it. Will you have some whisky and water?"

"I don't mind if I do," the detective answered. "The tremendous exertions which I have gone through during the last day or two have worn me out. Not so much bodily exertion, you understand, as the strain upon the mind. You will appreciate that, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, for we are both brain-workers."

"You do me too much honour," said Holmes, gravely. "Let us hear how you arrived at this most gratifying result."

The detective seated himself in the armchair, and puffed complacently at his cigar. Then suddenly he slapped his thigh in a paroxysm of amusement.

"The fun of it is," he cried, "that that fool Lestrade, who thinks himself so smart, has gone off upon the wrong track altogether. He is after the secretary Stangerson, who had no more to do with the crime than the babe unborn. I have no doubt that he has caught him by this time."

The idea tickled Gregson so much that he laughed until he choked.

"And how did you get your clue?"

"Ah, I'll tell you all about it. Of course, Dr. Watson, this is strictly between ourselves. The first difficulty which we had to contend with was the finding of this American's antecedents. Some people would have waited until their advertisements were answered, or until parties came forward and volunteered information. That is not Tobias Gregson's way of going to work. You remember the hat beside the dead man?"

"Yes," said Holmes; "by John Underwood and Sons, 129, Camberwell Road."

Gregson looked quite crestfallen.

"I had no idea that you noticed that," he said. "Have you been there?"

"No."

"Ha!" cried Gregson, in a relieved voice; "you should never neglect a chance, however small it may seem."

"To a great mind, nothing is little," remarked Holmes, sententiously.

"Well, I went to Underwood, and asked him if he had sold a

hat of that size and description. He looked over his books, and came on it at once. He had sent the hat to a Mr. Drebbler, residing at Charpentier's Boarding Establishment, Torquay Terrace. Thus I got at his address."

"Smart—very smart!" murmured Sherlock Holmes.

"I next called upon Madame Charpentier," continued the detective. "I found her very pale and distressed. Her daughter was in the room, too—an uncommonly fine girl she is, too; she was looking red about the eyes and her lips trembled as I spoke to her. That didn't escape my notice. I began to smell a rat. You know the feeling, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, when you come upon the right scent—a kind of thrill in your nerves. 'Have you heard of the mysterious death of your late boarder Mr. Enoch J. Drebbler, of Cleveland?'" I asked.

"The mother nodded. She didn't seem able to get out a word. The daughter burst into tears. I felt more than ever that these people knew something of the matter.

"'At what o'clock did Mr. Drebbler leave your house for the train?' I asked.

"'At eight o'clock,' she said, gulping in her throat to keep down her agitation. 'His secretary, Mr. Stangerson, said that there were two trains—one at 9:15 and one at 11. He was to catch the first.'

"'And was that the last which you saw of him?'

"A terrible change came over the woman's face as I asked the question. Her features turned perfectly livid. It was some seconds before she could get out the single word 'Yes'—and when it did come it was in a husky, unnatural tone.

"There was silence for a moment, and then the daughter spoke in a calm, clear voice.

"'No good can ever come of falsehood, mother,' she said. 'Let us be frank with this gentleman. We *did* see Mr. Drebbler again.'

"'God forgive you!' cried Madame Charpentier, throwing up her hands and sinking back in her chair. 'You have murdered your brother.'

"'Arthur would rather that we spoke the truth,' the girl answered firmly.

"'You had best tell me all about it now,' I said. 'Half-confi-

dences are worse than none. Besides, you do not know how much we know of it.'

"'On your head be it, Alice!' cried her mother; and then, turning to me, 'I will tell you all, sir. Do not imagine that my agitation on behalf of my son arises from any fear lest he should have had a hand in this terrible affair. He is utterly innocent of it. My dread is, however, that in your eyes and in the eyes of others he may appear to be compromised. That, however, is surely impossible. His high character, his profession, his antecedents would all forbid it.'

"'Your best way is to make a clean breast of the facts,' I answered. 'Depend upon it, if your son is innocent he will be none the worse.'

"'Perhaps, Alice, you had better leave us together,' she said, and her daughter withdrew. 'Now, sir,' she continued, 'I had no intention of telling you all this, but since my poor daughter has disclosed it I have no alternative. Having once decided to speak, I will tell you all without omitting any particular.'

"'It is your wisest course,' said I.

"'Mr. Drebber has been with us nearly three weeks. He and his secretary, Mr. Stangerson, had been travelling on the Continent. I noticed a Copenhagen label upon each of their trunks, showing that that had been their last stopping place. Stangerson was a quiet, reserved man, but his employer, I am sorry to say, was far otherwise. He was coarse in his habits and brutish in his ways. The very night of his arrival he became very much the worse for drink, and, indeed, after twelve o'clock in the day he could hardly ever be said to be sober. His manners towards the maid-servants were disgustingly free and familiar. Worst of all, he speedily assumed the same attitude towards my daughter, Alice, and spoke to her more than once in a way which, fortunately, she is too innocent to understand. On one occasion he actually seized her in his arms and embraced her—an outrage which caused his own secretary to reproach him for his unmanly conduct.'

"'But why did you stand all this?' I asked. 'I suppose that you can get rid of your boarders when you wish.'

"Mrs. Charpentier blushed at my pertinent question. 'Would to God that I had given him notice on the very day that he

came,' she said. 'But it was a sore temptation. They were paying a pound a day each—fourteen pounds a week, and this is the slack season. I am a widow, and my boy in the Navy has cost me much. I grudged to lose the money. I acted for the best. This last was too much, however, and I gave him notice to leave on account of it. That was the reason of his going.'

"'Well?'

"'My heart grew light when I saw him drive away. My son is on leave just now, but I did not tell him anything of all this, for his temper is violent, and he is passionately fond of his sister. When I closed the door behind them a load seemed to be lifted from my mind. Alas, in less than an hour there was a ring at the bell, and I learned that Mr. Drebbler had returned. He was much excited, and evidently the worse for drink. He forced his way into the room, where I was sitting with my daughter, and made some incoherent remark about having missed his train. He then turned to Alice, and before my very face, proposed to her that she should fly with him. "You are of age," he said, "and there is no law to stop you. I have money enough and to spare. Never mind the old girl here, but come along with me now straight away. You shall live like a princess." Poor Alice was so frightened that she shrunk away from him, but he caught her by the wrist and endeavoured to draw her towards the door. I screamed, and at that moment my son Arthur came into the room. What happened then I do not know. I heard oaths and the confused sounds of a scuffle. I was too terrified to raise my head. When I did look up I saw Arthur standing in the doorway laughing, with a stick in his hand. "I don't think that fine fellow will trouble us again," he said. "I will just go after him and see what he does with himself." With those words he took his hat and started off down the street. The next morning we heard of Mr. Drebbler's mysterious death.'

"This statement came from Mrs. Charpentier's lips with many gasps and pauses. At times she spoke so low that I could hardly catch the words. I made shorthand notes of all that she said, however, so that there should be no possibility of a mistake."

"It's quite exciting," said Sherlock Holmes, with a yawn. "What happened next?"

"When Mrs. Charpentier paused," the detective continued, "I

saw that the whole case hung upon one point. Fixing her with my eye in a way which I always found effective with women, I asked her at what hour her son returned.

"I do not know," she answered.

"Not know?"

"No; he has a latchkey, and he let himself in."

"After you went to bed?"

"Yes."

"When did you go to bed?"

"About eleven."

"So your son was gone at least two hours?"

"Yes."

"Possibly four or five?"

"Yes."

"What was he doing during that time?"

"I do not know," she answered, turning white to her very lips.

"Of course after that there was nothing more to be done. I found out where Lieutenant Charpentier was, took two officers with me, and arrested him. When I touched him on the shoulder and warned him to come quietly with us, he answered us as bold as brass, 'I suppose you are arresting me for being concerned in the death of that scoundrel Drebbler,' he said. We had said nothing to him about it, so that his alluding to it had a most suspicious aspect."

"Very," said Holmes.

"He still carried the heavy stick which the mother described him as having with him when he followed Drebbler. It was a stout oak cudgel."

"What is your theory, then?"

"Well, my theory is that he followed Drebbler as far as the Brixton Road. When there, a fresh altercation arose between them, in the course of which Drebbler received a blow from the stick, in the pit of the stomach perhaps, which killed him without leaving any mark. The night was so wet that no one was about, so Charpentier dragged the body of his victim into the empty house. As to the candle, and the blood, and the writing on the wall, and the ring, they may all be so many tricks to throw the police on to the wrong scent."

"Well done!" said Holmes in an encouraging voice. "Really, Gregson, you are getting along. We shall make something of you yet."

"I flatter myself that I have managed it rather neatly," the detective answered, proudly. "The young man volunteered a statement, in which he said that after following Drebber some time, the latter perceived him, and took a cab in order to get away from him. On his way home he met an old shipmate, and took a long walk with him. On being asked where this old shipmate lived, he was unable to give any satisfactory reply. I think the whole case fits together uncommonly well. What amuses me is to think of Lestrade, who had started off upon the wrong scent. I am afraid he won't make much of it. Why, by Jove, here's the very man himself!"

It was indeed Lestrade, who had ascended the stairs while we were talking, and who now entered the room. The assurance and jauntiness which generally marked his demeanour and dress were, however, wanting. His face was disturbed and troubled, while his clothes were disarranged and untidy. He had evidently come with the intention of consulting with Sherlock Holmes, for on perceiving his colleague he appeared to be embarrassed and put out. He stood in the centre of the room, fumbling nervously with his hat and uncertain what to do. "This is a most extraordinary case," he said at last—"a most incomprehensible affair."

"Ah, you find it so, Mr. Lestrade!" cried Gregson, triumphantly. "I thought you would come to that conclusion. Have you managed to find the secretary, Mr. Joseph Stangerson?"

"The secretary, Mr. Joseph Stangerson," said Lestrade, gravely, "was murdered at Halliday's Private Hotel about six o'clock this morning."

CHAPTER VII

Light in the Darkness

The intelligence with which Lestrade greeted us was so momentous and so unexpected that we were all three fairly dumb-founded. Gregson sprang out of his chair and upset the remainder of his whisky and water. I stared in silence at Sherlock Holmes,

whose lips were compressed and his brows drawn down over his eyes.

“Stangerson too!” he muttered. “The plot thickens.”

“It was quite thick enough before,” grumbled Lestrade, taking a chair. “I seem to have dropped into a sort of council of war.”

“Are you—are you sure of this piece of intelligence?” stammered Gregson.

“I have just come from his room,” said Lestrade. “I was the first to discover what had occurred.”

“We have been hearing Gregson’s view of the matter,” Holmes observed. “Would you mind letting us know what you have seen and done?”

“I have no objection,” Lestrade answered, seating himself. “I freely confess that I was of the opinion that Stangerson was concerned in the death of Drebbler. This fresh development has shown me that I was completely mistaken. Full of the one idea, I set myself to find out what had become of the secretary. They had been seen together at Euston Station about half-past eight on the evening of the 3rd. At two in the morning Drebbler had been found in the Brixton Road. The question which confronted me was to find out how Stangerson had been employed between 8:30 and the time of the crime, and what had become of him afterwards. I telegraphed to Liverpool, giving a description of the man, and warning them to keep a watch upon the American boats. I then set to work calling upon all the hotels and lodging-houses in the vicinity of Euston. You see, I argued that if Drebbler and his companion had become separated, the natural course for the latter would be to put up somewhere in the vicinity for the night, and then to hang about the station again next morning.”

“They would be likely to agree on some meeting-place beforehand,” remarked Holmes.

“So it proved. I spent the whole of yesterday evening in making inquiries entirely without avail. This morning I began very early, and at eight o’clock I reached Halliday’s Private Hotel, in Little George Street. On my inquiry as to whether a Mr. Stangerson was living there, they at once answered me in the affirmative.

“No doubt you are the gentleman whom he was expecting,”

they said. 'He has been waiting for a gentleman for two days.'

"Where is he now?" I asked.

"He is upstairs in bed. He wished to be called at nine."

"I will go up and see him at once," I said.

"It seemed to me that my sudden appearance might shake his nerves and lead him to say something unguarded. The boots volunteered to show me the room: it was on the second floor, and there was a small corridor leading up to it. The boots pointed out the door to me, and was about to go downstairs again when I saw something that made me feel sickish, in spite of my twenty years' experience. From under the door there curled a little red ribbon of blood, which had meandered across the passage and formed a little pool along the skirting at the other side. I gave a cry, which brought the boots back. He nearly fainted when he saw it. The door was locked on the inside, but we put our shoulders to it, and knocked it in. The window of the room was open, and beside the window, all huddled up, lay the body of a man in his nightdress. He was quite dead, and had been for some time, for his limbs were rigid and cold. When we turned him over, the boots recognized him at once as being the same gentleman who had engaged the room under the name of Joseph Stangerson. The cause of death was a deep stab in the left side, which must have penetrated the heart. And now comes the strangest part of the affair. What do you suppose was above the murdered man?"

I felt a creeping of the flesh, and a presentiment of coming horror, even before Sherlock Holmes answered.

"The word RACHE, written in letters of blood," he said.

"That was it," said Lestrade, in an awestruck voice; and we were all silent for a while.

There was something so methodical and so incomprehensible about the deeds of this unknown assassin, that it imparted a fresh ghastliness to his crimes. My nerves, which were steady enough on the field of battle, tingled as I thought of it.

"The man was seen," continued Lestrade. "A milk boy, passing on his way to the dairy, happened to walk down the lane which leads from the mews at the back of the hotel. He noticed that a ladder, which usually lay there, was raised against one of the windows of the second floor, which was wide open. After

passing, he looked back and saw a man descend the ladder. He came down so quietly and openly that the boy imagined him to be some carpenter or joiner at work in the hotel. He took no particular notice of him, beyond thinking in his own mind that it was early for him to be at work. He has an impression that the man was tall, had a reddish face, and was dressed in a long, brownish coat. He must have stayed in the room some little time after the murder, for we found blood-stained water in the basin, where he had washed his hands, and marks on the sheets where he had deliberately wiped his knife."

I glanced at Holmes on hearing the description of the murderer which tallied so exactly with his own. There was, however, no trace of exultation or satisfaction upon his face.

"Did you find nothing in the room which could furnish a clue to the murderer?" he asked.

"Nothing. Stangerson had Drebber's purse in his pocket, but it seems that this was usual, as he did all the paying. There was eighty-odd pounds in it, but nothing had been taken. Whatever the motives of these extraordinary crimes, robbery is certainly not one of them. There were no papers or memoranda in the murdered man's pocket, except a single telegram, dated from Cleveland about a month ago, and containing the words, 'J. H. is in Europe.' There was no name appended to this message."

"And there was nothing else?" Holmes asked.

"Nothing of any importance. The man's novel, with which he had read himself to sleep, was lying upon the bed, and his pipe was on a chair beside him. There was a glass of water on the table, and on the window-sill a small chip ointment box containing a couple of pills."

Sherlock Holmes sprang from his chair with an exclamation of delight.

"The last link," he cried, exultantly. "My case is complete."

The two detectives stared at him in amazement.

"I have now in my hands," my companion said, confidently, "all the threads which have formed such a tangle. There are, of course, details to be filled in, but I am as certain of all the main facts, from the time that Drebber parted from Stangerson at the station, up to the discovery of the body of the latter, as if I had seen them with my own eyes. I will give you a proof

of my knowledge. Could you lay your hand upon those pills?"

"I have them," said Lestrade, producing a small white box; "I took them and the purse and the telegram, intending to have them put in a place of safety at the police station. It was the merest chance my taking these pills, for I am bound to say that I do not attach any importance to them."

"Give them here," said Holmes. "Now, Doctor," turning to me, "are those ordinary pills?"

They certainly were not. They were of a pearly gray colour, small, round, and almost transparent against the light. "From their lightness and transparency, I should imagine that they are soluble in water," I remarked.

"Precisely so," answered Holmes. "Now would you mind going down and fetching that poor little devil of a terrier which has been bad so long, and which the landlady wanted you to put out of its pain yesterday?"

I went downstairs and carried the dog upstairs in my arms. Its laboured breathing and glazing eye showed that it was not far from its end. Indeed, its snow-white muzzle proclaimed that it had already exceeded the usual term of canine existence. I placed it upon a cushion on the rug.

"I will now cut one of these pills in two," said Holmes, and drawing his penknife he suited the action to the word. "One half we return into the box for future purposes. The other half I will place in this wineglass, in which is a teaspoonful of water. You perceive that our friend, the doctor, is right, and that it readily dissolves."

"This may be very interesting," said Lestrade, in the injured tone of one who suspects that he is being laughed at; "I cannot see, however, what it has to do with the death of Mr. Joseph Stangerson."

"Patience, my friend, patience! You will find in time that it has everything to do with it. I shall now add a little milk to make the mixture palatable, and on presenting it to the dog we find that he laps it up readily enough."

As he spoke he turned the contents of the wineglass into a saucer and placed it in front of the terrier, who speedily licked it dry. Sherlock Holmes's earnest demeanour had so far convinced us that we all sat in silence, watching the animal intently, and

expecting some startling effect. None such appeared, however. The dog continued to lie stretched upon the cushion, breathing in a laboured way, but apparently neither the better nor the worse for its draught.

Holmes had taken out his watch, and as minute followed minute without result, an expression of the utmost chagrin and disappointment appeared upon his features. He gnawed his lip, drummed his fingers upon the table, and showed every other symptom of acute impatience. So great was his emotion that I felt sincerely sorry for him, while the two detectives smiled derisively, by no means displeased at this check which he had met.

"It can't be a coincidence," he cried, at last springing from his chair and pacing wildly up and down the room; "it is impossible that it should be a mere coincidence. The very pills which I suspected in the case of Drebber are actually found after the death of Stangerson. And yet they are inert. What can it mean? Surely my whole chain of reasoning cannot have been false. It is impossible! And yet this wretched dog is none the worse. Ah, I have it! I have it!" With a perfect shriek of delight he rushed to the box, cut the other pill in two, dissolved it, added milk, and presented it to the terrier. The unfortunate creature's tongue seemed hardly to have been moistened in it before it gave a convulsive shiver in every limb, and lay as rigid and lifeless as if it had been struck by lightning.

Sherlock Holmes drew a long breath, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "I should have more faith," he said; "I ought to know by this time that when a fact appears to be opposed to a long train of deductions, it invariably proves to be capable of bearing some other interpretation. Of the two pills in that box, one was of the most deadly poison, and the other was entirely harmless. I ought to have known that before ever I saw the box at all."

This last statement appeared to me to be so startling that I could hardly believe that he was in his sober senses. There was the dead dog, however, to prove that his conjecture had been correct. It seemed to me that the mists in my own mind were gradually clearing away, and I began to have a dim, vague perception of the truth.

"All this seems strange to you," continued Holmes, "because you failed at the beginning of the inquiry to grasp the importance of the single real clue which was presented to you. I had the good fortune to seize upon that, and everything which has occurred since then has served to confirm my original supposition, and, indeed, was the logical sequence of it. Hence things which have perplexed you and made the case more obscure have served to enlighten me and to strengthen my conclusions. It is a mistake to confound strangeness with mystery. The most commonplace crime is often the most mysterious, because it presents no new or special features from which deductions may be drawn. This murder would have been infinitely more difficult to unravel had the body of the victim been simply found lying in the roadway without any of those *outré* and sensational accompaniments which have rendered it remarkable. These strange details, far from making the case more difficult, have really had the effect of making it less so."

Mr. Gregson, who had listened to this address with considerable impatience, could contain himself no longer. "Look here, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," he said, "we are all ready to acknowledge that you are a smart man, and that you have your own methods of working. We want something more than mere theory and preaching now, though. It is a case of taking the man. I have made my case out, and it seems I was wrong. Young Charpentier could not have been engaged in this second affair. Lestrade went after his man, Stangerson, and it appears that he was wrong too. You have thrown out hints here, and hints there, and seem to know more than we do, but the time has come when we feel that we have a right to ask you straight how much you do know of the business. Can you name the man who did it?"

"I cannot help feeling that Gregson is right, sir," remarked Lestrade. "We have both tried, and we have both failed. You have remarked more than once since I have been in the room that you had all the evidence which you require. Surely you will not withhold it any longer."

"Any delay in arresting the assassin," I observed, "might give him time to perpetrate some fresh atrocity."

Thus pressed by us all, Holmes showed signs of irresolution. He

continued to walk up and down the room with his head sunk on his chest and his brows drawn down, as was his habit when lost in thought.

"There will be no more murders," he said at last, stopping abruptly and facing us. "You can put that consideration out of the question. You have asked me if I know the name of the assassin. I do. The mere knowing of his name is a small thing, however, compared with the power of laying our hands upon him. This I expect very shortly to do. I have good hopes of managing it through my own arrangements; but it is a thing which needs delicate handling, for we have a shrewd and desperate man to deal with, who is supported, as I have had occasion to prove, by another who is as clever as himself. As long as this man has no idea that anyone can have a clue there is some chance of securing him; but if he had the slightest suspicion, he would change his name, and vanish in an instant among the four million inhabitants of this great city. Without meaning to hurt either of your feelings, I am bound to say that I consider these men to be more than a match for the official force, and that is why I have not asked your assistance. If I fail, I shall, of course, incur all the blame due to this omission; but that I am prepared for. At present I am ready to promise that the instant that I can communicate with you without endangering my own combinations, I shall do so."

Gregson and Lestrade seemed to be far from satisfied by this assurance, or by the depreciating allusion to the detective police. The former had flushed up to the roots of his flaxen hair, while the other's beady eyes glistened with curiosity and resentment. Neither of them had time to speak, however, before there was a tap at the door, and the spokesman of the street Arabs, young Wiggins, introduced his insignificant and unsavoury person.

"Please, sir," he said, touching his forelock, "I have the cab downstairs."

"Good boy," said Holmes, blandly. "Why don't you introduce this pattern at Scotland Yard?" he continued, taking a pair of steel handcuffs from a drawer. "See how beautiful the spring works. They fasten in an instant."

"The old pattern is good enough," remarked Lestrade, "if we can only find the man to put them on."

"Very good, very good," said Holmes, smiling. "The cabman

may as well help me with my boxes. Just ask him to step up, Wiggins."

• I was surprised to find my companion speaking as though he were about to set out on a journey, since he had not said anything to me about it. There was a small portmanteau in the room, and this he pulled out and began to strap. He was busily engaged at it when the cabman entered the room.

"Just give me a help with this buckle, cabman," he said, kneeling over his task, and never turning his head.

The fellow came forward with a somewhat sullen, defiant air, and put down his hands to assist. At that instant there was a sharp click, the jangling of metal, and Sherlock Holmes sprang to his feet again.

"Gentlemen," he cried, with flashing eyes, "let me introduce you to Mr. Jefferson Hope, the murderer of Enoch Drebber and of Joseph Stangerson."

The whole thing occurred in a moment—so quickly that I had no time to realize it. I have a vivid recollection of that instant, of Holmes's triumphant expression and the ring of his voice, of the cabman's dazed, savage face, as he glared at the glittering handcuffs, which had appeared as if by magic upon his wrists. For a second or two we might have been a group of statues. Then with an inarticulate roar of fury, the prisoner wrenched himself free from Holmes's grasp, and hurled himself through the window. Woodwork and glass gave way before him; but before he got quite through, Gregson, Lestrade, and Holmes sprang upon him like so many staghounds. He was dragged back into the room, and then commenced a terrific conflict. So powerful and so fierce was he that the four of us were shaken off again and again. He appeared to have the convulsive strength of a man in an epileptic fit. His face and hands were terribly mangled by his passage through the glass, but loss of blood had no effect in diminishing his resistance. It was not until Lestrade succeeded in getting his hand inside his neckcloth and half-strangling him that we made him realize that his struggles were of no avail, and even then we felt no security until we had pinioned his feet as well as his hands. That done, we rose to our feet breathless and panting.

"We have his cab," said Sherlock Holmes. "It will serve to take him to Scotland Yard. And now, gentlemen," he continued,

with a pleasant smile, "we have reached the end of our little mystery. You are very welcome to put any questions that you like to me now, and there is no danger that I will refuse to answer them."

[*The second part of A STUDY IN SCARLET is pure romance. It tells the story of Jefferson Hope's long quest for vengeance against Enoch Drebbler and Joseph Stangerson. The scene is laid in the American West in very early days. Drebbler and Stangerson had wronged Hope beyond endurance. They had slain his friend John Ferrier and carried off his sweetheart, Ferrier's adopted daughter, to an early death and a fate worse than death itself. At last Hope hunted down Drebbler in London and forced him to take poison, giving him a sporting chance for his life, however, by permitting him to choose between two pellets, one of which was poisoned and one of which was not—he himself swallowing the other pellet. Drebbler by chance chose the poisoned one. Later Hope found Stangerson, gave him the same choice of the poisoned pills, and when Stangerson flew at his throat, stabbed him in self-defence.*

THE CONCLUSION

We had all been warned to appear before the magistrates upon the Thursday; but when the Thursday came there was no occasion for our testimony. A higher Judge had taken the matter in hand, and Jefferson Hope had been summoned before a tribunal where strict justice would be meted out to him. On the very night after his capture the aneurism burst, and he was found in the morning stretched upon the floor of the cell, with a placid smile upon his face, as though he had been able in his dying moments to look back upon a useful life and on work well done.

"Gregson and Lestrade will be wild about his death," Holmes remarked, as we chatted it over next evening. "Where will their grand advertisement be now?"

"I don't see that they had very much to do with his capture," I answered.

"What you do in this world is a matter of no consequence," returned my companion, bitterly. "The question is, what can you

make people believe that you have done? Never mind," he continued, more brightly, after a pause. "I would not have missed the investigation for anything. There has been no better case within my recollection. Simple as it was, there were several most instructive points about it."

"Simple!" I ejaculated.

"Well, really, it can hardly be described as otherwise," said Sherlock Holmes, smiling at my surprise. "The proof of its intrinsic simplicity is that without any help save a few very ordinary deductions I was able to lay my hand upon the criminal within three days."

"That is true," said I.

"I have already explained to you that what is out of the common is usually a guide rather than a hindrance. In solving a problem of this sort, the grand thing is to be able to reason backward. That is a very useful accomplishment, and a very easy one, but people do not practise it much. In the everyday affairs of life it is more useful to reason forward, and so the other comes to be neglected. There are fifty who can reason synthetically for one who can reason analytically."

"I confess," said I, "that I do not quite follow you."

"I hardly expected that you would. Let me see if I can make it clearer. Most people, if you describe a train of events to them, will tell you what the result would be. They can put those events together in their minds, and argue from them that something will come to pass. There are few people, however, who, if you told them a result, would be able to evolve from their own inner consciousness what the steps were which led up to that result. This power is what I mean when I talk of reasoning backward, or analytically."

"I understand," said I.

"Now this was a case in which you were given the result and had to find everything else for yourself. Now let me endeavour to show you the different steps in my reasoning. To begin at the beginning. I approached the house, as you know, on foot, and with my mind entirely free from all impressions. I naturally began by examining the roadway, and there, as I have already explained to you, I saw clearly the marks of a cab, which, I ascertained by inquiry, must have been there during the night. I satisfied myself that it was a

cab and not a private carriage by the narrow gauge of the wheels. The ordinary London growler is considerably less wide than a gentleman's brougham.

"This was the first point gained. I then walked slowly down the garden path, which happened to be composed of a clay soil, peculiarly suitable for taking impressions. No doubt it appeared to you to be a mere trampled line of slush, but to my trained eyes every mark upon its surface had a meaning. There is no branch of detective science which is so important and so much neglected as the art of tracing footsteps. Happily, I have always laid great stress upon it, and much practice has made it second nature to me. I saw the heavy footmarks of the constables, but I saw also the track of the two men who had first passed through the garden. It was easy to tell that they had been before the others, because in places their marks had been entirely obliterated by the others coming upon the top of them. In this way my second link was formed, which told me that the nocturnal visitors were two in number, one remarkable for his height (as I calculated from the length of his stride), and the other fashionably dressed, to judge from the small and elegant impression left by his boots.

"On entering the house this last inference was confirmed. My well-booted man lay before me. The tall one, then, had done the murder, if murder there was. There was no wound upon the dead man's person, but the agitated expression upon his face assured me that he had foreseen his fate before it came upon him. Men who die from heart disease, or any sudden natural cause, never by any chance exhibit agitation upon their features. Having sniffed the dead man's lips, I detected a slightly sour smell, and I came to the conclusion that he had had poison forced upon him. Again, I argued that it had been forced upon him from the hatred and fear expressed upon his face. By the method of exclusion, I had arrived at this result, for no other hypothesis would meet the facts. Do not imagine that it was a very unheard-of idea. The forcible administration of poison is by no means a new thing in criminal annals. The cases of Dolsky in Odessa, and of Leturier in Montpellier, will occur at once to any toxicologist.

"And now came the great question as to the reason why. Robbery had not been the object of the murder, for nothing was taken. Was it politics, then, or was it a woman? That was the question

which confronted me. I was inclined from the first to the latter supposition. Political assassins are only too glad to do their work and to fly. This murder had, on the contrary, been done most deliberately, and the perpetrator had left his tracks all over the room, showing that he had been there all the time. It must have been a private wrong, and not a political one, which called for such a methodical revenge. When the inscription was discovered upon the wall, I was more inclined than ever to my opinion. The thing was too evidently a blind. When the ring was found, however, it settled the question. Clearly the murderer had used it to remind his victim of some dead or absent woman. It was at this point that I asked Gregson whether he had inquired in his telegram to Cleveland as to any particular point in Mr. Drebbler's former career. He answered, you remember, in the negative.

"I then proceeded to make a careful examination of the room, which confirmed me in my opinion as to the murderer's height, and furnished me with the additional details as to the Trichinopoly cigar and the length of his nails. I had already come to the conclusion, since there were no signs of a struggle, that the blood which covered the floor had burst from the murderer's nose in his excitement. I could perceive that the track of blood coincided with the track of his feet. It is seldom that any man, unless he is very full-blooded, breaks out in this way through emotion, so I hazarded the opinion that the criminal was probably a robust and ruddy-faced man. Events proved that I had judged correctly.

"Having left the house, I proceeded to do what Gregson had neglected. I telegraphed to the head of the police at Cleveland, limiting my inquiry to the circumstances connected with the marriage of Enoch Drebbler. The answer was conclusive. It told me that Drebbler had already applied for the protection of the law against an old rival in love, named Jefferson Hope, and that this same Hope was at present in Europe. I knew now that I held the clue to the mystery in my hand, and all that remained was to secure the murderer.

"I had already determined in my own mind that the man who had walked into the house with Drebbler was none other than the man who had driven the cab. The marks in the road showed me that the horse had wandered on in a way which would have been impossible had there been anyone in charge of it. Where, then,

could the driver be, unless he were inside the house? Again, it is absurd to suppose that any sane man would carry out a deliberate crime under the very eyes, as it were, of a third person, who was sure to betray him. Lastly, supposing one man wished to dog another through London, what better means could he adopt than to turn cabdriver? All these considerations led me to the irresistible conclusion that Jefferson Hope was to be found among the jarveys of the Metropolis.

"If he had been one, there was no reason to believe that he had ceased to be. On the contrary, from his point of view, any sudden change would be likely to draw attention to himself. He would probably, for a time at least, continue to perform his duties. There was no reason to suppose that he was going under an assumed name. Why should he change his name in a country where no one knew his original one? I therefore organized my street Arab detective corps, and sent them systematically to every cab proprietor in London until they ferreted out the man that I wanted. How well they succeeded, and how quickly I took advantage of it, are still fresh in your recollection. The murder of Stangerson was an incident which was entirely unexpected, but which could hardly in any case have been prevented. Through it, as you know, I came into possession of the pills, the existence of which I had already surmised. You see, the whole thing is a chain of logical sequences without a break or flaw."

"It is wonderful!" I cried. "Your merits should be publicly recognized. You should publish an account of the case. If you won't, I will for you."

"You may do what you like, Doctor," he answered. "See here!" he continued, handing a paper over to me, "look at this!"

It was the *Echo* for the day, and the paragraph to which he pointed was devoted to the case in question.

"The public," it said, "have lost a sensational treat through the sudden death of the man Hope, who was suspected of the murder of Mr. Enoch Drebbler and of Mr. Joseph Stangerson. The details of the case will probably be never known now, though we are informed upon good authority that the crime was the result of an old-standing and romantic feud, in which love and Mormonism bore a part. It seems that both the victims belonged, in their younger days, to the Latter Day Saints, and Hope, the deceased

prisoner, hails also from Salt Lake City. If the case has had no other effect, it, at least, brings out in the most striking manner the efficiency of our detective police force, and will serve as a lesson to all foreigners that they will do wisely to settle their feuds at home, and not to carry them on to British soil. It is an open secret that the credit of this smart capture belongs entirely to the well-known Scotland Yard officials, Messrs. Lestrade and Gregson. The man was apprehended, it appears, in the rooms of a certain Mr. Sherlock Holmes, who has himself, as an amateur, shown some talent in the detective line and who, with such instructors, may hope in time to attain to some degree of their skill. It is expected that a testimonial of some sort will be presented to the two officers as a fitting recognition of their services."

"Didn't I tell you so when we started?" cried Sherlock Holmes with a laugh. "That's the result of all our Study in Scarlet: to get them a testimonial!"

"Never mind," I answered; "I have all the facts in my journal, and the public shall know them. In the meantime you must make yourself contented by the consciousness of success, like the Roman miser—

*"Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi simul ac nummos contemplar in arca."*

JOHN GALSWORTHY (1867-1933)

CRITICS ARE GENERALLY agreed that John Galsworthy was the greatest English novelist of his generation. He won too a distinguished reputation in the drama, in the essay, and in the short story (*Quality*, and the superb story *The Apple Tree* are likely to endure as long as any modern short stories). But his most solid achievement was in the novel, to which he brought high purpose, intellectual power, a sensitive social perception, and an honest artistic integrity. Indeed, "sincerity"—artistic, intellectual, social—is the word which comes first to one's mind when he tries to describe Galsworthy; it is in him a quality so luminous and revealing that it tends to make one forget his lack of humor. His friend Joseph Conrad told him he was "a humanitarian moralist," thus putting him, of course, in the great line of English novelists. Yet he was more than that. He was a realist—Turgenev was his early master—and an ironist, impaling English hypocrisy wherever he found it, but tempering his attacks with a humanity so protean that it could enter into and sympathize with a wide variety of conflicting human motives. This quality is perhaps seen most clearly in his plays (*The Silver Box*, 1909; *Strife*, 1909; *Justice*, 1910; *Loyalties*, 1922) where he maintains a perfect balance between his instinctive reforming impulse and his consuming determination to be fair to all sides. Essentially he tried to understand people, and although he held no romantic belief concerning the perfectibility of man, he did have a firm appreciation of character, of honor and loyalty and justice and self-sacrifice.

Galsworthy was educated at Harrow and Oxford; he was born an English gentleman with an independent income, a fact which has always enraged some critics for whom no

literature but the proletarian has any validity. He was interested in the social strata of English society, in their inter-relationships, and particularly in the taboos, the prejudices, and the possessive instincts of the upper classes, whom he studied with a clear-sighted objectivity tempered with but not distorted by an infiltration of sympathy. It is true, perhaps, that the scope of Galsworthy's vision was limited, particularly as it saw the life of the lower classes, and that he did not always understand the full implications of the social paradoxes with which he dealt. Yet if he did not see life entirely whole, he saw very steadily that part of it within his range. His fundamental fairness and balance would not let him weight the scales on behalf of any social group; he could sympathize and yet attack. His impartiality, then, betokened no lack of kindness. Rather it sprang from a social consciousness so keen and so catholic and so articulate that it could discern the ironies and tragedies and conflicting justices of all sides. Galsworthy was a liberal intellectual aristocrat who felt keenly the responsibilities of his position. He was spiritual and sensitive, and proud in the best sense of the word.

All this reached its best expression in a group of novels which, taken together, are an epic of late Victorian and early twentieth century capitalistic English society. Nowhere has the whole face of English personality and character as it was seen under industrialism been presented as impressively. *The Forsyte Saga* (*The Man of Property*, 1906; *In Chancery*, 1920; and *To Let*, 1921) is a series of "family" novels—and here Galsworthy claims kinship with his great predecessor and fellow-ironist, Thackeray. The theme is that of the possessive and acquisitive instinct as seen in the "man of property," Soames Forsyte, and the effect of that instinct not only upon Forsyte himself, but upon his brothers, his wife, his children, and his friends. The decadence of the same sick society is studied further (though not so effectively) in the later, related novels dealing with disillusioned post-war Lon-

don and the new generation of Forsytes. (*The White Monkey*, 1924; *The Silver Spoon*, 1926; and *Swan Song*, 1928.)

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QUALITY

(*Social Realism*)

I knew him from the days of my extreme youth, because he made my father's boots; inhabiting with his elder brother two little shops let into one, in a small by-street—now no more, but then most fashionably placed in the West End.

That tenement had a certain quiet distinction; there was no sign upon its face that he made for any of the Royal Family—merely his own German name of Gessler Brothers; and in the window a few pairs of boots. I remember that it always troubled me to account for those unvarying boots in the window, for he made only what was ordered, reaching nothing down, and it seemed so inconceivable that what he made could ever have failed to fit. Had he bought them to put there? That, too, seemed inconceivable. He would never have tolerated in his house leather on which he had not worked himself. Besides, they were too beautiful—the pair of pumps, so inexpressibly slim, the patent leathers with cloth tops, making water come into one's mouth, the tall brown riding-boots with marvellous sooty glow, as if, though new, they had been worn a hundred years. Those pairs could only have been made by one who saw before him the Soul of Boot—so truly were they prototypes incarnating the very spirit of all footgear. These thoughts, of course, came to me later, though even when I was promoted to him, at the age of perhaps fourteen, some inkling haunted me of the dignity of himself and brother. For to make boots—such boots as he made—seemed to me then, and still seems to me, mysterious and wonderful.

I remember well my shy remark, one day, while stretching out to him my youthful foot:

“Isn't it awfully hard to do, Mr. Gessler?”

And his answer, given with a sudden smile from out of the sardonic redness of his beard: “Id is an Ardt!”

Himself, he was a little as if made from leather, with his yellow crinkly face, and crinkly reddish hair and beard, and neat folds

slanting down his cheeks to the corners of his mouth, and his guttural and one-toned voice; for leather is a sardonic substance, and stiff and slow of purpose. And that was the character of his face, save that his eyes, which were grey-blue, had in them the simple gravity of one secretly possessed by the Ideal. His elder brother was so very like him—though watery, paler in every way, with a great industry—that sometimes in early days I was not quite sure of him until the interview was over. Then I knew that it was he, if the words, "I will ask my brudder," had not been spoken; and that, if they had, it was his elder brother.

When one grew old and wild and ran up bills, one somehow never ran them up with Gessler Brothers. It would not have seemed becoming to go in there and stretch out one's foot to that blue iron-spectacled glance, owing him for more than—say—two pairs, just the comfortable reassurance that one was still his client.

For it was not possible to go to him very often—his boots lasted terribly, having something beyond the temporary—some, as it were, essence of boot stitched into them.

One went in, not as into most shops, in the mood of: "Please serve me, and let me go!" but restfully, as one enters a church; and, sitting on the single wooden chair, waited—for there was never anybody there. Soon, over the top edge of that sort of well—rather dark, and smelling soothingly of leather—which formed the shop, there would be seen his face, or that of his elder brother, peering down. A guttural sound, and the tip-tap of bast slippers beating the narrow wooden stairs, and he would stand before one without coat, a little bent, in leather apron, with sleeves turned back, blinking—as if awakened from some dream of boots, or like an owl surprised in daylight and annoyed at this interruption.

And I would say: "How do you do, Mr. Gessler? Could you make me a pair of Russia leather boots?"

Without a word he would leave me, retiring whence he came, or into the other portion of the shop, and I would continue to rest in the wooden chair, inhaling the incense of his trade. Soon he would come back, holding in his thin, veined hand a piece of gold-brown leather. With eyes fixed on it, he would remark: "What a beaudiful biece!" When I, too, had admired it, he would

“When do you wand dem?” And I would answer: “Oh! As soon as you conveniently can.” And he would say: “Tomorrow fordnight?” Or if he were his elder brother: “I will ask my brudder!”

Then I would murmur: “Thank you! Good-morning Mr. Gessler.” “Goot-morning!” he would reply, still looking at the leather in his hand. And as I moved to the door, I would hear the tip-tap of his bast slippers restoring him, up the stairs, to his dream of boots. But if it were some new kind of footgear that he had not yet made me, then indeed he would observe ceremony—divesting me of my boot and holding it long in his hand, looking at it with eyes at once critical and loving, as if recalling the glow with which he had created it, and rebuking the way in which one had disorganised this masterpiece. Then, placing my foot on a piece of paper, he would two or three times tickle the outer edges with a pencil and pass his nervous fingers over my toes, feeling himself into the heart of my requirements.

I cannot forget that day on which I had occasion to say to him: “Mr. Gessler, that last pair of town walking-boots creaked, you know.”

He looked at me for a time without replying, as if expecting me to withdraw or qualify the statement, then said:

“Id shouldn’d ’ave greaked.”

“It did, I’m afraid.”

“You goddem wed before dey found demselves?”

“I don’t think so.”

At that he lowered his eyes, as if hunting for memory of those boots, and I felt sorry I had mentioned this grave thing.

“Zend dem back!” he said; “I will look at dem.”

A feeling of compassion for my creaking boots surged up in me, so well could I imagine the sorrowful long curiosity of regard which he would bend on them.

“Zome boods,” he said slowly, “are bad from birdt. If I can do noding wid dem, I dake dem off your bill.”

Once (once only) I went absent-mindedly into his shop in a pair of boots bought in an emergency at some large firm’s. He took my order without showing me any leather, and I could feel his eyes penetrating the inferior integument of my foot. At last he said:

"Dose are nod my boods."

The tone was not one of anger, nor of sorrow, not even of contempt, but there was in it something quiet that froze the blood. He put his hand down and pressed a finger on the place where the left boot, endeavouring to be fashionable, was not quite comfortable.

"Id 'urds you dere," he said. "Dose big virms 'ave no self-respect. Drash!" And then, as if something had given way within him, he spoke long and bitterly. It was the only time I ever heard him discuss the conditions and hardships of his trade.

"Dey get id all," he said, "dey get id by adverdisement, nod by work. Dey dake it away from us, who lofe our boods. Id gomes to this—bresently I haf no work. Every year id gets less—you will see." And looking at his lined face I saw things I had never noticed before, bitter things and bitter struggle—and what a lot of grey hairs there seemed suddenly in his red beard!

As best I could, I explained the circumstances of the purchase of those ill-omened boots. But his face and voice made a so deep impression that during the next few minutes I ordered many pairs. Nemesis fell! They lasted more terribly than ever. And I was not able conscientiously to go to him for nearly two years.

When at last I went I was surprised to find that outside one of the two little windows of his shop another name was painted, also that of a bootmaker—making, of course, for the Royal Family. The old familiar boots, no longer in dignified isolation, were huddled in the single window. Inside, the now contracted well of the one little shop was more scented and darker than ever. And it was longer than usual, too, before a face peered down, and the tip-tap of the bast slippers began. At last he stood before me, and, gazing through those rusty iron spectacles, said:

"Mr. , isn'd it?"

"Ah! Mr. Gessler," I stammered, "but your boots are really *too* good, you know! See, these are quite decent still!" And I stretched out to him my foot. He looked at it.

"Yes," he said, "beople do nod wand good boods, id seems."

To get away from his reproachful eyes and voice I hastily remarked: "What have you done to your shop?"

He answered quietly: "Id was too exbensif. Do you wand some boods?"

I ordered three pairs, though I had only wanted two, and quickly left. I had, I know not quite what feeling of being part, in his mind, of a conspiracy against him; or not perhaps so much against him as against his idea of boot. One does not, I suppose, care to feel like that, for it was again many months before my next visit to his shop, paid, I remember, with the feeling: "Oh! well, I can't leave the old boy—so here goes! Perhaps it'll be his elder brother!"

For his elder brother, I knew, had not character enough to reproach me, even dumbly.

And, to my relief, in the shop there did appear to be his elder brother, handling a piece of leather.

"Well, Mr. Gessler," I said, "how are you?"

He came close, and peered at me.

"I am breddy well," he said slowly; "but my elder brudder is dead."

And I saw that it was indeed himself—but how aged and wan! And never before had I heard him mention his brother. Much shocked, I murmured: "Oh! I am sorry!"

"Yes," he answered, "he was a good man, he made a good bood; but he is dead." And he touched the top of his head, where the hair had suddenly gone as thin as it had been on that of his poor brother, to indicate, I suppose, the cause of death. "He could noded over losing de oder shop. Do you wand any boods?" And he held up the leather in his hand. "Id's a beaudiful biece."

I ordered several pairs. It was very long before they came—but they were better than ever. One simply could not wear them out. And soon after that I went abroad.

It was over a year before I was again in London. And the first shop I went to was my old friend's. I had left a man of sixty, I came back to one of seventy-five, pinched and worn and tremulous, who genuinely, this time, did not at first know me.

"Oh! Mr. Gessler," I said, sick at heart; "how splendid your boots are! See, I've been wearing this pair nearly all the time I've been abroad; and they're not halfworn out, are they?"

He looked long at my boots—a pair of Russia leather, and his face seemed to regain steadiness. Putting his hand on my instep, he said:

"Do dey vid you here? I 'ad drouble wid dat bair, I remember."

I assured him that they had fitted beautifully.

"Do you wand any boods?" he said. "I can make dem quickly; id is a slack dime."

I answered: "Please, please! I want boots all round—every kind!"

"I will make a vresh model. Your food must be bigger." And with utter slowness, he traced round my foot, and felt my toes, only once looking up to say:

"Did I dell you my brudder was dead?"

To watch him was painful, so feeble had he grown; I was glad to get away.

I had given those boots up, when one evening they came. Opening the parcel, I set the four pairs out in a row. Then one by one I tried them on. There was no doubt about it. In shape and fit, in finish and quality of leather, they were the best he had ever made me. And in the mouth of one of the town walking-boots I found his bill. The amount was the same as usual, but it gave me quite a shock. He had never before sent it in till quarter day. I flew downstairs and wrote a cheque, and posted it at once with my own hand.

A week later, passing the little street, I thought I would go in and tell him how splendidly the new boots fitted. But when I came to where his shop had been, his name was gone. Still there, in the window, were the slim pumps, the patent leathers with cloth tops, the sooty riding-boots.

I went in, very much disturbed. In the two little shops—again made into one—was a young man with an English face.

"Mr. Gessler in?" I said.

He gave me a strange, ingratiating look.

"No, sir," he said, "no. But we can attend to anything with pleasure. We've taken the shop over. You've seen our name, no doubt, next door. We make for some very good people."

"Yes, yes," I said; "but Mr. Gessler?"

"Oh!" he answered; "dead."

"Dead! But I only received these boots from him last Wednesday week."

"Ah!" he said; "a shockin' go. Poor old man starved 'imself."

"Good God!"

"Slow starvation, the doctor called it! You see he went to work in such a way! Would keep the shop on; wouldn't have a soul touch his boots except himself. When he got an order, it took him such a time. People won't wait. He lost everybody. And there he'd sit, goin' on and on—I will say that for him—not a man in London made a better boot! But look at the competition! He never advertised! Would 'ave the best leather, too, and do it all 'imself. Well, there it is. What could you expect with his ideas?"

"But starvation—!"

"That may be a bit flowery, as the sayin' is—but I know myself he was sittin' over his boots day and night, to the very last. You see I used to watch him. Never gave 'imself time to eat; never had a penny in the house. All went in rent and leather. How he lived so long I don't know. He regular let his fire go out. He was a character. But he made good boots."

"Yes," I said, "he made good boots."

JOSEPH CONRAD (1857-1924)

THE THIRD GREAT NAME in the list of modern romantic novelists is that of Joseph Conrad, but he is as much unlike Kipling and Stevenson as they are unlike each other. To be sure, Conrad shared with Kipling a love for out-of-the-way places, and with Stevenson both an intense devotion to the art of writing and a deeply inbred belief that the courageous facing of fate in a world often dark and cruel was man's approach to sublimity. Human society, he said, "rests on a few very simple ideas. . . . It rests notably among others on the idea of fidelity." But if to be a romanticist is to try to escape reality and to live in a world of illusions, Conrad was no such thing. He was almost painfully intent in his novels (and in his essays and letters on the function of the novel) upon grasping, by whatever means at his command, the inner, essential truth of things. And the exotic settings of his novels, the scenes by which he creates such marvellous atmospheric effects—the sea above all and the strange Malayan coasts upon which it washes, the wilds of central South America, the depths of the Congo jungle—all this is dexterously used for more than mere mood and tonality. It is used, as it were, to insulate men for the closer study of their motives and convictions and, most of all, the emotions by which, Conrad believed, most men live. Like all authors worth their salt, Conrad knew that human character is a profoundly mysterious affair, and he liked to think of himself as a psychologist lighting up crucial moments in men's lives. To call Conrad a mere writer of romances, then, is to see him but in part.

Joseph Conrad (Teodor Josef Konrad Korzeniowski) was a Russian Pole, born in 1857. More than anything else he wanted to be a sailor, and to the sea he went at the age of

seventeen. He rose to be a captain in the Merchant Marine, and it was while he was still chief mate on board an English sailing ship that he met, in 1893, John Galsworthy, who was to be his lifelong friend. Conrad wanted to write, and although he had known no English until he was twenty, he chose that language in preference to French, with which he was better acquainted. He published his first novel when he was about forty, and for thirty years following he poured out the stream of stories which received at first only critical, not popular acclaim, but which ultimately won him public recognition and the money which he so much needed. He was never a well man, and he wrote many a book in physical pain as well as amid financial worry. He was a deliberate writer, too; writing was hard work for him, and the record of the birth-pangs of creation runs with agonized intensity through his letters to his friends.

His first important novel was *Lord Jim* (1900), although it had been preceded by the impressive shorter tale *The Nigger of the Narcissus* in 1898. This was followed in 1902 by *Youth*, *Heart of Darkness*, and *Typhoon*; and later, to name only a few of the best known, by *Nostromo* (1904), *The Secret Agent* (1907), *Chance* (1914), and *The Rescue* (1920).

Two aspects of Conrad's work may be mentioned here briefly; the first has to do with his choice of theme, already touched upon above, the second with his technique.

Conrad's novels, so rich in scene-creation and so vivid in detail, are penetrated with the atmosphere of the sea and of ships—the tropical ocean with its fierce storms and its terrible calms, its heat and its darkness. It was the test of manliness and courage. But the sea to Conrad was never more than the background for his delineation of human personality. "It seems to me," he wrote, "that people imagine I sit here and brood over sea stuff. That is quite a mistake." And again, "I insist not on the events but on their effect upon the persons in the tale." As his friend Galsworthy said, "His hero is not the

sea, but man in conflict with that cruel and treacherous element. Ships he loved, but the sea—no. . . . First and last he was interested in men, fascinated by the terrific spectacle of their struggles in a cosmos about which he had no illusions."

Conrad wrote, as Galsworthy put it, "in blood and tears," and the reason for this was his despair of ever getting into words the subtler shades of his subject, the hidden truthfulness which was for him the end of all creative art. "My task which I am trying to achieve," he wrote in the preface to *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, "is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you *see*. That—and no more, and it is everything."

He developed too his own technique for conveying, not merely the illusions of real life, but its essence. His best novels are told obliquely rather than directly; not by one eyewitness but by several, from many angles; not in 1-2-3 chronology but according to a fluid time-scheme, ranging backward and forward from the event. This method lends itself well to dramatic effect, to highlighted spots in time. But it does more than that. It gives something of the three-dimensional tangibility of real life—close-ups and panoramas and a stereoscopic sharpness. In all this, prose style becomes of supreme importance, and to the problem of style Conrad devoted his days and nights. All art, Conrad believed, should have "the plasticity of sculpture." Words were to be hunted for their emotional suggestion as well as for their strict intellectual meaning; they were to be molded and colored and shaped as a sculptor shapes his clay. Small wonder, then, that Conrad could bend words to his will.

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*From THE SECRET SHARER,
AN EPISODE FROM THE COAST
(Psychological Romance)*

[*The narrator of the tale is a young master of a ship anchored at the head of the gulf of Siam. He is a stranger in his own ship, which is waiting for a wind in order to proceed down the Coast. A mile or two away is the Sephora of Liverpool. The crew has been working very hard that day, and the master sends them to bed and keeps the watch himself. A rope ladder has been left hanging over the side, and the master looks over at that place. He sees a naked man clinging to the ladder. The man comes aboard and tells his story. He had been mate of the Sephora and in a storm he had been setting a reefed foresail on which operation the salvation of the ship depended. A recalcitrant, useless, and insolent seaman had resisted the mate, they had fought, and the mate had killed him. The captain of the Sephora, a lowbred fellow, had arrested the mate and meant to put him in the hands of the law and to testify falsely against him. The prisoner has escaped and swum to the master's ship and seized the ladder. The fugitive is "a Conway boy" and a gentleman. The master takes him aboard and conceals him in his own cabin. The master of the Sephora comes aboard to look for the escaped prisoner.*]

II

The skipper of the *Sephora* had a thin red whisker all round his face, and the sort of complexion that goes with hair of that colour; also the particular, rather smeary shade of blue in the eyes. He was not exactly a showy figure; his shoulders were high, his stature but middling—one leg slightly more bandy than the other. He shook hands, looking vaguely around. A spiritless tenacity was his main characteristic, I judged. I behaved with a

politeness which seemed to disconcert him. Perhaps he was shy. He mumbled to me as if he were ashamed of what he was saying; gave his name (it was something like Archbold—but at this distance of years I hardly am sure), his ship's name, and a few other particulars of that sort, in the manner of a criminal making a reluctant and doleful confession. He had had terrible weather on the passage out—terrible—terrible—wife aboard, too.

By this time we were seated in the cabin and the steward brought in a tray with a bottle and glasses. "Thanks! No." Never took liquor. Would have some water, though. He drank two tumblerfuls. Terrible thirsty work. Ever since daylight had been exploring the islands round his ship.

"What was that for—fun?" I asked, with an appearance of polite interest.

"No!" He sighed. "Painful duty."

As he persisted in his mumbling and I wanted my double to hear every word, I hit upon the notion of informing him that I regretted to say I was hard of hearing.

"Such a young man, too!" he nodded, keeping his smeary blue, unintelligent eyes fastened upon me. "What was the cause of it—some disease?" he inquired, without the least sympathy and as if he thought that, if so, I'd got no more than I deserved.

"Yes; disease," I admitted in a cheerful tone which seemed to shock him. But my point was gained, because he had to raise his voice to give me his tale. It is not worth while to record that version. It was just over two months since all this had happened, and he had thought so much about it that he seemed completely muddled as to its bearings, but still immensely impressed.

"What would you think of such a thing happening on board your own ship? I've had the *Sephora* for these fifteen years. I am a well-known shipmaster."

He was densely distressed—and perhaps I should have sympathised with him if I had been able to detach my mental vision from the unsuspected sharer of my cabin as though he were my second self. There he was on the other side of the bulkhead, four or five feet from us, no more, as we sat in the saloon. I looked politely at Captain Archbold (if that was his name), but it was the other I saw, in a grey sleeping-suit, seated on a low stool, his bare feet close together, his arms folded, and every word said

between us falling into the ears of his dark head bowed on his chest.

"I have been at sea now, man and boy, for seven-and-thirty years, and I've never heard of such a thing happening in an English ship. And that it should be my ship. Wife on board, too."

I was hardly listening to him.

"Don't you think," I said, "that the heavy sea which, you told me, came aboard just then might have killed the man? I have seen the sheer weight of a sea kill a man very neatly, by simply breaking his neck."

"Good God!" he uttered, impressively, fixing his smeary blue eyes on me. "The sea! No man killed by the sea ever looked like that." He seemed positively scandalised at my suggestion. And as I gazed at him, certainly not prepared for anything original on his part, he advanced his head close to mine and thrust his tongue out at me so suddenly that I couldn't help starting back.

After scoring over my calmness in this graphic way he nodded wisely. If I had seen the sight, he assured me, I would never forget it as long as I lived. The weather was too bad to give the corpse a proper sea burial. So next day at dawn they took it up on the poop, covering its face with a bit of bunting; he read a short prayer, and then, just as it was, in its oilskins and long boots, they launched it amongst those mountainous seas that seemed ready every moment to swallow up the ship herself and the terrified lives on board of her.

"That reefed foresail saved you," I threw in.

"Under God—it did," he exclaimed fervently. "It was by a special mercy, I firmly believe, that it stood some of those hurricane squalls."

"It was the setting of that sail which—" I began.

"God's own hand in it," he interrupted me. "Nothing less could have done it. I don't mind telling you that I hardly dared give the order. It seemed impossible that we could touch anything without losing it, and then our last hope would have been gone."

The terror of that gale was on him yet. I let him go on for a bit, then said, casually—as if returning to a minor subject:

"You were very anxious to give up your mate to the shore people, I believe?"

He was. To the law. His obscure tenacity on that point had

in it something incomprehensible and a little awful; something, as it were, mystical, quite apart from his anxiety that he should not be suspected of "countenancing any doings of that sort." Seven-and-thirty virtuous years at sea, of which over twenty of immaculate command, and the last fifteen in the *Sephora*, seemed to have laid him under some pitiless obligation.

"And you know," he went on, groping shamefacedly amongst his feelings, "I did not engage that young fellow. His people had some interest with my owners. I was in a way forced to take him on. He looked very smart, very gentlemanly, and all that. But do you know—I never liked him, somehow. I am a plain man. You see, he wasn't exactly the sort for the chief mate of a ship like the *Sephora*."

I had become so connected in thoughts and impressions with the secret sharer of my cabin that I felt as if I, personally, were being given to understand that I, too, was not the sort that would have done for the chief mate of a ship like the *Sephora*. I had no doubt of it in my mind.

"Not at all the style of man. You understand," he insisted, superfluously, looking hard at me.

I smiled urbanely. He seemed at a loss for a while.

"I suppose I must report a suicide."

"Beg pardon?"

"Sui-cide! That's what I'll have to write to my owners directly I get in."

"Unless you manage to recover him before tomorrow," I assented, dispassionately. . . . "I mean, alive."

He mumbled something which I really did not catch, and I turned my ear to him in a puzzled manner. He fairly bawled:

"The land—I say, the mainland is at least seven miles off my anchorage."

"About that."

My lack of excitement, of curiosity, of surprise, of any sort of pronounced interest, began to arouse his distrust. But except for the felicitous pretence of deafness I had not tried to pretend anything. I had felt utterly incapable of playing the part of ignorance properly, and therefore was afraid to try. It is also certain that he had brought some ready-made suspicions with him, and that he viewed my politeness as a strange and unnatural

phenomenon. And yet how else could I have received him? Not heartily! That was impossible for psychological reasons, which I need not state here. My only object was to keep off his inquiries. Surlily? Yes, but surliness might have provoked a point-blank question. From its novelty to him and from its nature, punctilious courtesy was the manner best calculated to restrain the man. But there was the danger of his breaking through my defence bluntly. I could not, I think, have met him by a direct lie, also for psychological (not moral) reasons. If he had only known how afraid I was of his putting my feeling of identity with the other to the test! But, strangely enough—(I thought of it only afterwards)—I believe that he was not a little disconcerted by the reverse side of that weird situation, by something in me that reminded him of the man he was seeking—suggested a mysterious similitude to the young fellow he had distrusted and disliked from the first.

However that might have been, the silence was not very prolonged. He took another oblique step.

"I reckon I had no more than a two-mile pull to your ship. Not a bit more."

"And quite enough, too, in this awful heat," I said.

Another pause full of mistrust followed. Necessity, they say, is mother of invention, but fear, too, is not barren of ingenious suggestions. And I was afraid he would ask me point-blank for news of my other self.

"Nice little saloon, isn't it?" I remarked, as if noticing for the first time the way his eyes roamed from one closed door to the other. "And very well fitted out, too. Here, for instance," I continued, reaching over the back of my seat negligently and flinging the door open, "is my bath-room."

He made an eager movement, but hardly gave it a glance. I got up, shut the door of the bath-room, and invited him to have a look round, as if I were very proud of my accommodation. He had to rise and be shown round, but he went through the business without any raptures whatever.

"And now we'll have a look at my stateroom," I declared, in a voice as loud as I dared to make it, crossing the cabin to the starboard side with purposely heavy steps.

He followed me in and gazed around. My intelligent double had vanished. I played my part.

"Very convenient—isn't it?"

"Very nice. Very comf . . ." He didn't finish and went out brusquely as if to escape from some unrighteous wiles of mine. But it was not to be. I had been too frightened not to feel vengeful; I felt I had him on the run, and I meant to keep him on the run. My polite insistence must have had something menacing in it, because he gave in suddenly. And I did not let him off a single item; mate's room, pantry, storerooms, the very sail-locker which was also under the poop—he had to look into them all. When at last I showed him out on the quarter-deck he drew a long, spiritless sigh, and mumbled dismally that he must really be going back to his ship now. I desired my mate, who had joined us, to see to the captain's boat.

The man of whiskers gave a blast on the whistle which he used to wear hanging round his neck, and yelled, "*Sephora's* away!" My double down there in my cabin must have heard, and certainly could not feel more relieved than I. Four fellows came running out from somewhere forward and went over the side, while my own men, appearing on deck too, lined the rail. I escorted my visitor to the gangway ceremoniously, and nearly overdid it. He was a tenacious beast. On the very ladder he lingered, and in that unique, guiltily conscientious manner of sticking to the point:

"I say . . . you . . . you don't think that—"

I covered his voice loudly:

"Certainly not. . . . I am delighted. Good-bye."

I had an idea of what he meant to say, and just saved myself by the privilege of defective hearing. He was too shaken generally to insist, but my mate, close witness of that parting, looked mystified and his face took on a thoughtful cast. As I did not want to appear as if I wished to avoid all communication with my officers, he had the opportunity to address me.

"Seems a very nice man. His boat's crew told our chaps a very extraordinary story, if what I am told by the steward is true. I suppose you had it from the captain, sir?"

"Yes. I had a story from the captain."

"A very horrible affair—isn't it, sir?"

"It is."

"Beats all these tales we hear about murders in Yankee ships."

"I don't think it beats them. I don't think it resembles them in the least."

"Bless my soul—you don't say so! But of course I've no acquaintance whatever with American ships, not I, so I couldn't go against your knowledge. It's horrible enough for me. . . . But the queerest part is that those fellows seemed to have some idea the man was hidden aboard here. They had really. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"Preposterous—isn't it?"

We were walking to and fro athwart the quarter-deck. No one of the crew forward could be seen (the day was Sunday), and the mate pursued:

"There was some little dispute about it. Our chaps took offence. 'As if we would harbour a thing like that,' they said. 'Wouldn't you like to look for him in our coal-hole?' Quite a tiff. But they made it up in the end. I suppose he did drown himself. Don't you, sir?"

"I don't suppose anything."

"You have no doubt in the matter, sir?"

"None whatever."

I left him suddenly. I felt I was producing a bad impression, but with my double down there it was most trying to be on deck. And it was almost as trying to be below. Altogether a nerve-trying situation. But on the whole I felt less torn in two when I was with him. There was no one in the whole ship whom I dared take into my confidence. Since the hands had got to know his story, it would have been impossible to pass him off for any one else, and an accidental discovery was to be dreaded now more than ever. . . .

The steward being engaged in laying the table for dinner, we could talk only with our eyes when I first went down. Later in the afternoon we had a cautious try at whispering. The Sunday quietness of the ship was against us; the stillness of air and water around her was against us; the elements, the men were against us—everything was against us in our secret partnership; time itself—for this could not go on forever. The very trust in Providence was, I suppose, denied to his guilt. Shall I confess that this thought cast me down very much? And as to the chapter of accidents which counts for so much in the book of success, I could

only hope that it was closed. For what favourable accident could be expected?

• "Did you hear everything?" were my first words as soon as we took up our position side by side, leaning over my bed-place.

He had. And the proof of it was his earnest whisper, "The man told you he hardly dared to give the order."

I understood the reference to be to that saving foresail.

"Yes. He was afraid of it being lost in the setting."

"I assure you he never gave the order. He may think he did, but he never gave it. He stood there with me on the break of the poop after the maintopsail blew away, and whimpered about our last hope—positively whimpered about it and nothing else—and the night coming on! To hear one's skipper go on like that in such weather was enough to drive any fellow out of his mind. It worked me up into a sort of desperation. I just took it into my own hands and went away from him, boiling, and—But what's the use telling you? *You* know! . . . Do you think that if I had not been pretty fierce with them I should have got the men to do anything? Not it! The bo's'n perhaps? Perhaps! It wasn't a heavy sea—it was a sea gone mad! I suppose the end of the world will be something like that; and a man may have the heart to see it coming once and be done with it—but to have to face it day after day—I don't blame anybody. I was precious little better than the rest. Only—I was an officer of that old coal-wagon, anyhow—"

"I quite understand," I conveyed that sincere assurance into his ear. He was out of breath with whispering; I could hear him pant slightly. It was all very simple. The same strung-up force which had given twenty-four men a chance, at least, for their lives, had, in a sort of recoil, crushed an unworthy mutinous existence.

But I had no leisure to weigh the merits of the matter—footsteps in the saloon, a heavy knock. "There's enough wind to get under way with, sir." Here was the call of a new claim upon my thoughts and even upon my feelings.

"Turn the hands up," I cried through the door. "I'll be on deck directly."

I was going out to make the acquaintance of my ship. Before I left the cabin our eyes met—the eyes of the only two strangers on board. I pointed to the recessed part where the little camp-stool

awaited him and laid my finger on my lips. He made a gesture—somewhat vague—a little mysterious, accompanied by a faint smile, as if of regret.

This is not the place to enlarge upon the sensations of a man who feels for the first time a ship move under his feet to his own independent word. In my case they were not unalloyed. I was not wholly alone with my command; for there was that stranger in my cabin. Or rather, I was not completely and wholly with her. Part of me was absent. That mental feeling of being in two places at once affected me physically as if the mood of secrecy had penetrated my very soul. Before an hour had elapsed since the ship had begun to move, having occasion to ask the mate (he stood by my side) to take a compass bearing of the Pagoda, I caught myself reaching up to his ear in whispers. I say I caught myself, but enough had escaped to startle the man. I can't describe it otherwise than by saying that he shied. A grave, preoccupied manner, as though he were in possession of some perplexing intelligence, did not leave him henceforth. A little later I moved away from the rail to look at the compass with such a stealthy gait that the helmsman noticed it—and I could not help noticing the unusual roundness of his eyes. These are trifling instances, though it's to no commander's advantage to be suspected of ludicrous eccentricities. But I was also more seriously affected. There are to a seaman certain words, gestures, that should in given conditions come as naturally, as instinctively as the winking of a menaced eye. A certain order should spring on to his lips without thinking; a certain sign should get itself made, so to speak, without reflection. But all unconscious alertness had abandoned me. I had to make an effort of will to recall myself back (from the cabin) to the conditions of the moment. I felt that I was appearing an irresolute commander to those people who were watching me more or less critically.

And, besides, there were the scares. On the second day out, for instance, coming off the deck in the afternoon (I had straw slippers on my bare feet) I stopped at the open pantry door and spoke to the steward. He was doing something there with his back to me. At the sound of my voice he nearly jumped out of his skin, as the saying is, and incidentally broke a cup.

"What on earth's the matter with you?" I asked, astonished.

He was extremely confused. "Beg your pardon, sir. I made sure you were in your cabin."

"You see I wasn't."

"No, sir. I could have sworn I had heard you moving in there not a moment ago. It's most extraordinary . . . very sorry, sir."

I passed on with an inward shudder. I was so identified with my secret double that I did not even mention the fact in those scanty, fearful whispers we exchanged. I suppose he had made some slight noise of some kind or other. It would have been miraculous if he hadn't at one time or another. And yet, haggard as he appeared, he looked always perfectly self-controlled, more than calm—almost invulnerable. On my suggestion he remained almost entirely in the bath-room, which, upon the whole, was the safest place. There could be really no shadow of an excuse for any one ever wanting to go in there, once the steward had done with it. It was a very tiny place. Sometimes he reclined on the floor, his legs bent, his head sustained on one elbow. At others I would find him on the camp-stool, sitting in his grey sleeping-suit and with his cropped dark hair like a patient, unmoved convict. At night I would smuggle him into my bed-place, and we would whisper together, with the regular footfalls of the officer of the watch passing and repassing over our heads. It was an infinitely miserable time. It was lucky that some tins of fine preserves were stowed in a locker in my stateroom; hard bread I could always get hold of; and so he lived on stewed chicken, pate de foie gras, asparagus, cooked oysters, sardines—on all sorts of abominable sham delicacies out of tins. My early morning coffee he always drank; and it was all I dared do for him in that respect.

Every day there was the horrible manœuvring to go through so that my room and then the bath-room should be done in the usual way. I came to hate the sight of the steward, to abhor the voice of that harmless man. I felt that it was he who would bring on the disaster of discovery. It hung like a sword over our heads.

The fourth day out, I think (we were then working down the east side of the Gulf of Siam, tack for tack, in light winds and smooth water)—the fourth day, I say, of this miserable juggling with the unavoidable, as we sat at our evening meal, that man, whose slightest movement I dreaded, after putting down the dishes ran up on deck busily. This could not be dangerous. Presently he

came down again; and then it appeared that he had remembered a coat of mine which I had thrown over a rail to dry after having been wetted in a shower which had passed over the ship in the afternoon. Sitting stolidly at the head of the table I became terrified at the sight of the garment on his arm. Of course he made for my door. There was no time to lose.

"Steward," I thundered. My nerves were so shaken that I could not govern my voice and conceal my agitation. This was the sort of thing that made my terrifically whiskered mate tap his forehead with his forefinger. I had detected him using that gesture while talking on deck with a confidential air to the carpenter. It was too far to hear a word, but I had no doubt that this pantomime could only refer to the strange new captain.

"Yes, sir," the pale-faced steward turned resignedly to me. It was this maddening course of being shouted at, checked without rhyme or reason, arbitrarily chased out of my cabin, suddenly called into it, sent flying out of his pantry on incomprehensible errands, that accounted for the growing wretchedness of his expression.

"Where are you going with that coat?"

"To your room, sir."

"Is there another shower coming?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir. Shall I go up again and see, sir?"

"No! never mind."

My object was attained, as of course my other self in there would have heard everything that passed. During this interlude my two officers never raised their eyes off their respective plates; but the lip of that confounded cub, the second mate, quivered visibly.

I expected the steward to hook my coat on and come out at once. He was very slow about it; but I dominated my nervousness sufficiently not to shout after him. Suddenly I became aware (it could be heard plainly enough) that the fellow for some reason or other was opening the door of the bath-room. It was the end. The place was literally not big enough to swing a cat in. My voice died in my throat and I went stony all over. I expected to hear a yell of surprise and terror, and made a movement, but had not the strength to get on my legs. Everything remained still. Had my second self taken the poor wretch by the throat? I don't

know what I could have done next moment if I had not seen the steward come out of my room, close the door, and then stand quietly by the sideboard.

"Saved," I thought. "But, no! Lost! Gone! He was gone!"

I laid my knife and fork down and leaned back in my chair. My head swam. After a while, when sufficiently recovered to speak in a steady voice, I instructed my mate to put the ship round at eight o'clock himself.

"I won't come on deck," I went on. "I think I'll turn in, and unless the wind shifts I don't want to be disturbed before midnight. I feel a bit seedy."

"You did look middling bad a little while ago," the chief mate remarked without showing any great concern.

They both went out, and I stared at the steward clearing the table. There was nothing to be read on that wretched man's face. But why did he avoid my eyes I asked myself. Then I thought I should like to hear the sound of his voice.

"Steward!"

"Sir!" Startled as usual.

"Where did you hang up that coat?"

"In the bath-room, sir." The usual anxious tone. "It's not quite dry yet, sir."

For some time longer I sat in the cuddy. Had my double vanished as he had come? But of his coming there was an explanation, whereas his disappearance would be inexplicable. . . . I went slowly into my dark room, shut the door, lighted the lamp, and for a time dared not turn round. When at last I did I saw him standing bolt-upright in the narrow recessed part. It would not be true to say I had a shock, but an irresistible doubt of his bodily existence flitted through my mind. Can it be, I asked myself, that he is not visible to other eyes than mine? It was like being haunted. Motionless, with a grave face, he raised his hands slightly at me in a gesture which meant clearly, "Heavens! what a narrow escape!" Narrow indeed. I think I had come creeping quietly as near insanity as any man who has not actually gone over the border. That gesture restrained me, so to speak.

The mate with the terrific whiskers was now putting the ship on the other tack. In the moment of profound silence which follows upon the hands going to their stations I heard on the poop

his raised voice: "Hard alee!" and the distant shout of the order repeated on the maindeck. The sails, in that light breeze, made but a faint fluttering noise. It ceased. The ship was coming round slowly; I held my breath in the renewed stillness of expectation; one wouldn't have thought that there was a single living soul on her decks. A sudden brisk shout, "Mainsail haul!" broke the spell, and in the noisy cries and rush overhead of the men running away with the main-brace we two, down in my cabin, came together in our usual position by the bed-place.

He did not wait for my question. "I heard him fumbling here and just managed to squat myself down in the bath," he whispered to me. "The fellow only opened the door and put his arm in to hang the coat up. All the same—"

"I never thought of that," I whispered back, even more appalled than before at the closeness of his shave, and marvelling at that something unyielding in his character which was carrying him through so finely. There was no agitation in his whisper. Whoever was being driven distracted, it was not he. He was sane. And the proof of his sanity was continued when he took up the whispering again.

"It would never do for me to come to life again."

It was something that a ghost might have said. But what he was alluding to was his old captain's reluctant admission of the theory of suicide. It would obviously serve his turn—if I had understood at all the view which seemed to govern the unalterable purpose of his action.

"You must maroon me as soon as ever you can get amongst these islands off the Cambodge shore," he went on.

"Maroon you! We are not living in a boy's adventure tale," I protested. His scornful whispering took me up.

"We aren't indeed! There's nothing of a boy's tale in this. But there's nothing else for it. I want no more. You don't suppose I am afraid of what can be done to me? Prison or gallows or whatever they may please. But you don't see me coming back to explain such things to an old fellow in a wig and twelve respectable tradesmen, do you? What can they know whether I am guilty or not—or of *what* I am guilty, either? That's my affair. What does the Bible say? 'Driven off the face of the earth.' Very

well. I am off the face of the earth now. As I came at night so I shall go."

"Impossible!" I murmured. "You can't."

"Can't? . . . Not naked like a soul on the Day of Judgment. I shall freeze on to this sleeping-suit. The Last Day is not yet—and . . . you have understood thoroughly. Didn't you?"

I felt suddenly ashamed of myself. I may say truly that I understood—and my hesitation in letting that man swim away from my ship's side had been a mere sham sentiment, a sort of cowardice.

"It can't be done now till next night," I breathed out. "The ship is on the off-shore tack and the wind may fail us."

"As long as I know that you understand," he whispered. "But of course you do. It's a great satisfaction to have got somebody to understand. You seem to have been there on purpose." And in the same whisper, as if we two whenever we talked had to say things to each other which were not fit for the world to hear, he added, "It's very wonderful."

We remained side by side talking in our secret way—but sometimes silent or just exchanging a whispered word or two at long intervals. And as usual he started through the port. A breath of wind came now and again into our faces. The ship might have been moored in dock, so gently and on an even keel she slipped through the water, that did not murmur even at our passage, shadowy and silent like a phantom sea.

At midnight I went on deck, and to my mate's great surprise put the ship round on the other tack. His terrible whiskers flitted round me in silent criticism. I certainly should not have done it if it had been only a question of getting out of that sleepy gulf as quickly as possible. I believe he told the second mate, who relieved him, that it was a great want of judgment. The other only yawned. That intolerable cub shuffled about so sleepily and lolled against the rails in such a slack, improper fashion that I came down on him sharply.

"Aren't you properly awake yet?"

"Yes, sir! I am awake."

"Well, then, be good enough to hold yourself as if you were. And keep a look-out. If there's any current we'll be closing with some islands before daylight."

The east side of the gulf is fringed with islands, some solitary, others in groups. On the blue background of the high coast they seem to float on silvery patches of calm water, arid and grey, or dark green and rounded like clumps of evergreen bushes, with the larger ones, a mile or two long, showing the outlines of ridges, ribs of grey rock under the dank mantle of matted leafage. Unknown to trade, to travel, almost to geography, the manner of life they harbour is an unsolved secret. There must be villages—settlements of fishermen at least—on the largest of them, and some communication with the world is probably kept up by native craft. But all that forenoon, as we headed for them, fanned along by the faintest of breezes, I saw no sign of man or canoe in the field of the telescope I kept on pointing at the scattered group.

At noon I gave no orders for a change of course, and the mate's whiskers became much concerned and seemed to be offering themselves unduly to my notice. At last I said:

"I am going to stand right in. Quite in—as far as I can take her."

The stare of extreme surprise imparted an air of ferocity also to his eyes, and he looked truly terrific for a moment.

"We're not doing well in the middle of the gulf," I continued, casually. "I am going to look for the land breezes tonight."

"Bless my soul! Do you mean, sir, in the dark amongst the lot of all them islands and reefs and shoals?"

"Well—if there are any regular land breezes at all on this coast one must get close inshore to find them, mustn't one?"

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed again under his breath. All that afternoon he wore a dreamy, contemplative appearance which in him was a mark of perplexity. After dinner I went into my stateroom as if I meant to take some rest. There we two bent our dark heads over a half-unrolled chart lying on my bed.

"There," I said. "It's got to be Koh-ring. I've been looking at it ever since sunrise. It has got two hills and a low point. It must be inhabited. And on the coast opposite there is what looks like the mouth of a biggish river—with some town, no doubt, not far up. It's the best chance for you that I can see."

"Anything. Koh-ring let it be."

He looked thoughtfully at the chart as if surveying chances and distances from a lofty height—and following with his eyes his own figure wandering on the blank land of Cochin-China, and

then passing off that piece of paper clean out of sight into uncharted regions. And it was as if the ship had two captains to plan her course for her. I had been so worried and restless running up and down that I had not had the patience to dress that day. I had remained in my sleeping-suit, with straw slippers and a soft floppy hat. The closeness of the heat in the gulf had been most oppressive, and the crew were used to see me wandering in that airy attire.

"She will clear the south point as she heads now," I whispered into his ear. "Goodness only knows when, though, but certainly after dark. I'll edge her in to half a mile, as far as I may be able to judge in the dark—"

"Be careful," he murmured, warningly—and I realised suddenly that all my future, the only future for which I was fit, would perhaps go irretrievably to pieces in any mishap to my first command.

I could not stop a moment longer in the room. I motioned him to get out of sight and made my way on the poop. That unplayful cub had the watch. I walked up and down for a while thinking things out, then beckoned him over.

"Send a couple of hands to open the two quarter-deck ports," I said, mildly.

He actually had the impudence, or else so forgot himself in his wonder at such an incomprehensible order, as to repeat:

"Open the quarter-deck ports! What for, sir?"

"The only reason you need concern yourself about is because I tell you to do so. Have them opened wide and fastened properly."

He reddened and went off, but I believe made some jeering remark to the carpenter as to the sensible practice of ventilating a ship's quarter-deck. I know he popped into the mate's cabin to impart the fact to him because the whiskers came on deck, as it were by chance, and stole glances at me from below—for signs of lunacy or drunkenness, I suppose.

A little before supper, feeling more restless than ever, I rejoined, for a moment, my second self. And to find him sitting so quietly was surprising, like something against nature, inhuman.

I developed my plan in a hurried whisper.

"I shall stand in as close as I dare and then put her round. I will presently find means to smuggle you out of here into the

sail-locker, which communicates with the lobby. But there is an opening, a sort of square for hauling the sails out, which gives straight on the quarter-deck and which is never closed in fine weather, so as to give air to the sails. When the ship's way is deadened in stays and all the hands are aft at the main-braces you will have a clear road to slip out and get overboard through the open quarter-deck port. I've had them both fastened up. Use a rope's end to lower yourself into the water so as to avoid a splash—you know. It could be heard and cause some beastly complication."

He kept silent for a while, then whispered, "I understand."

"I won't be there to see you go," I began with an effort. "The rest . . . I only hope I have understood, too."

"You have. From first to last"—and for the first time there seemed to be a faltering, something strained in his whisper. He caught hold of my arm, but the ringing of the supper bell made me start. He didn't, though; he only released his grip.

After supper I didn't come below again till well past eight o'clock. The faint, steady breeze was loaded with dew; and the wet, darkened sails held all there was of propelling power in it. The night, clear and starry, sparkled darkly, and the opaque, lightless patches shifting slowly against the low stars were the drifting islets. On the port bow there was a big one more distant and shadowily imposing by the great space of sky it eclipsed.

On opening the door I had a back view of my very own self looking at a chart. He had come out of the recess and was standing near the table.

"Quite dark enough," I whispered.

He stepped back and leaned against my bed with a level, quiet glance. I sat on the couch. We had nothing to say to each other. Over our heads the officer of the watch moved here and there. Then I heard him move quickly. I knew what that meant. He was making for the companion; and presently his voice was outside my door.

"We are drawing in pretty fast, sir. Land looks rather close."

"Very well," I answered. "I am coming on deck directly."

I waited till he was gone out of the cuddy, then rose. My double moved too. The time had come to exchange our last

whispers, for neither of us was ever to hear each other's natural voice.

"Look here!" I opened a drawer and took out three sovereigns. "Take this anyhow. I've got six and I'd give you the lot, only I must keep a little money to buy some fruit and vegetables for the crew from native boats as we go through Sunda Straits."

He shook his head.

"Take it," I urged him, whispering desperately. "No one can tell what—"

He smiled and slapped meaningly the only pocket of the sleeping-jacket. It was not safe, certainly. But I produced a large old silk handkerchief of mine, and tying the three pieces of gold in a corner, pressed it on him. He was touched, I suppose, because he took it at last and tied it quickly around his waist under the jacket, on his bare skin.

Our eyes met; several seconds elapsed, till, our glances still mingled, I extended my hand and turned the lamp out. Then I passed through the cuddy, leaving the door of my room wide open. . . . "Steward!"

He was still lingering in the pantry in the greatness of his zeal, giving a rub-up to a plated cruet stand the last thing before going to bed. Being careful not to wake up the mate, whose room was opposite, I spoke in an undertone.

He looked round anxiously. "Sir!"

"Can you get me a little hot water from the galley?"

"I am afraid, sir, the galley fire's been out for some time now."

"Go and see."

He flew up the stairs.

"Now," I whispered, loudly, into the saloon—too loudly, perhaps, but I was afraid I couldn't make a sound. He was by my side in an instant—the double captain slipped past the stairs—through a tiny dark passage . . . a sliding door. We were in the sail-locker, scrambling on our knees over the sails. A sudden thought struck me. I saw myself wandering barefooted, bare-headed, the sun beating on my dark poll. I snatched off my floppy hat and tried hurriedly in the dark to ram it on my other self. He dodged and fended off silently. I wonder what he thought had come to me before he understood and suddenly desisted.

Our hands met gropingly, lingered united in a steady, motionless clasp for a second. . . . No word was breathed by either of us when they separated.

I was standing quietly by the pantry door when the steward returned.

"Sorry, sir. Kettle barely warm. Shall I light the spirit-lamp?"

"Never mind."

I came out on deck slowly. It was now a matter of conscience to shave the land as close as possible—for now he must go overboard whenever the ship was put in stays. Must! There could be no going back for him. After a moment I walked over to leeward and my heart flew into my mouth at the nearness of the land on the bow. Under any other circumstances I would not have held on a minute longer. The second mate had followed me anxiously.

I looked on till I felt I could command my voice.

"She will weather," I said then in a quiet tone.

"Are you going to try that, sir?" he stammered out incredulously.

I took no notice of him and raised my tone just enough to be heard by the helmsman.

"Keep her good full."

"Good full, sir."

The wind fanned my cheek, the sails slept, the world was silent. The strain of watching the dark loom of the land grow bigger and denser was too much for me. I had shut my eyes—because the ship must go closer. She must! The stillness was intolerable. Were we standing still?

When I opened my eyes the second view started my heart with a thump. The black southern hill of Koh-ring seemed to hang right over the ship like a towering fragment of the everlasting night. On that enormous mass of blackness there was not a gleam to be seen, not a sound to be heard. It was gliding irresistibly towards us and yet seemed already within reach of the hand. I saw the vague figures of the watch grouped in the waist, gazing in awed silence.

"Are you going on, sir?" inquired an unsteady voice at my elbow.

I ignored it. I had to go on.

"Keep her full. Don't check her way. That won't do now," I said, warningly.

"I can't see the sails very well," the helmsman answered me, in strange, quavering tones.

Was she close enough? Already she was, I won't say in the shadow of the land, but in the very blackness of it, already swallowed up as it were, gone too close to be recalled, gone from me altogether.

"Give the mate a call," I said to the young man who stood at my elbow as still as death. "And turn all hands up."

My tone had a borrowed loudness reverberated from the height of the land. Several voices cried out together: "We are all on deck, sir."

Then stillness again, with the great shadow gliding close, towering higher, without a light, without a sound. Such a hush had fallen on the ship that she might have been a bark of the dead floating in slowly under the very gate of Erebus.

"My God! Where are we?"

It was the mate moaning at my elbow. He was thunderstruck, and as it were deprived of the moral support of his whiskers. He clapped his hands and absolutely cried out, "Lost!"

"Be quiet," I said, sternly.

He lowered his tone, but I saw the shadowy gesture of his despair. "What are we doing here?"

"Looking for the land wind."

He made as if to tear his hair, and addressed me recklessly.

"She will never get out. You have done it, sir. I knew it'd end in something like this. She will never weather, and you are too close now to stay. She'll drift ashore before she's round. O my God!"

I caught his arm as he was raising it to batter his poor devoted head, and shook it violently.

"She's ashore already," he wailed, trying to tear himself away.

"Is she? . . . Keep good full there!"

"Good full, sir," cried the helmsman in a frightened, thin, child-like voice.

I hadn't let go the mate's arm and went on shaking it. "Ready about, do you hear? You go forward"—shake—"and stop there"—shake—"and hold your noise"—shake—"and see these head-sheets properly overhauled"—shake, shake—shake.

And all the time I dared not look towards the land lest my heart should fail me. I released my grip at last and he ran forward as if fleeing for dear life.

I wondered what my double there in the sail-locker thought of this commotion. He was able to hear everything—and perhaps he was able to understand why, on my conscience, it had to be thus close—no less. My first order “Hard alee!” re-echoed ominously under the towering shadow of Koh-ring as if I had shouted in a mountain gorge. And then I watched the land intently. In that smooth water and light wind it was impossible to feel the ship coming-to. No! I could not feel her. And my second self was making now ready to slip out and lower himself overboard. Perhaps he was gone already . . . ?

The great black mass brooding over our very mast-heads began to pivot away from the ship’s side silently. And now I forgot the secret stranger ready to depart, and remembered only that I was a total stranger to the ship. I did not know her. Would she do it? How was she to be handled?

I swung the mainyard and waited helplessly. She was perhaps stopped, and her very fate hung in the balance, with the black mass of Koh-ring like the gate of the everlasting night towering over her taffrail. What would she do now? Had she way on her yet? I stepped to the side swiftly, and on the shadowy water I could see nothing except a faint phosphorescent flash revealing the glassy smoothness of the sleeping surface. It was impossible to tell—and I had not learned yet the feel of my ship. Was she moving? What I needed was something easily seen, a piece of paper, which I could throw overboard and watch. I had nothing on me. To run down for it I didn’t dare. There was no time. All at once my strained, yearning stare distinguished a white object floating within a yard of the ship’s side. White on the black water. A phosphorescent flash passed under it. What was that thing? . . . I recognized my own floppy hat. It must have fallen off his head . . . and he didn’t bother. Now I had what I wanted—the saving mark for my eyes. But I hardly thought of my other self, now gone from the ship, to be hidden for ever from all friendly faces, to be a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth, with no brand of the curse on his sane forehead to stay a slaying hand . . . too proud to explain.

And I watched the hat—the expression of my sudden pity for his mere flesh. It had been meant to save his homeless head from the dangers of the sun. And now—behold—it was saving the ship, by serving me for a mark to help out the ignorance of my strangeness. Ha! It was drifting forward, warning me just in time that the ship had gathered sternway.

“Shift the helm,” I said in a low voice to the seaman standing still like a statue.

The man’s eyes glistened wildly in the binnacle light as he jumped round to the other side and spun round the wheel.

I walked to the break of the poop. On the over-shadowed deck all hands stood by the forebraces waiting for my order. The stars ahead seemed to be gliding from right to left. And all was so still in the world that I heard the quiet remark, “She’s round,” passed in a tone of intense relief between two seamen.

“Let go and haul.”

The foreyards ran round with a great noise, amidst cheery cries. And now the frightful whiskers made themselves heard giving various orders. Already the ship was drawing ahead. And I was alone with her. Nothing! no one in the world should stand now between us, throwing a shadow on the way of silent knowledge and mute affection, the perfect communion of a seaman with his first command.

Walking to the taffrail, I was in time to make out, on the very edge of a darkness thrown by a towering black mass like the very gateway of Erebus—yes, I was in time to catch an evanescent glimpse of my white hat left behind to mark the spot where the secret sharer of my cabin and of my thoughts, as though he were my second self, had lowered himself into the water to take his punishment: a free man, a proud swimmer striking out for a new destiny.

KATHARINE MANSFIELD (1888-1923)

AFTER A LONG ILLNESS of eight years, during which she produced her best and most characteristic work, Katharine Mansfield died at the age of 34, leaving behind her a few volumes of short stories which hold a unique and important place in English fiction. She was born in Wellington, New Zealand and was educated at Queen's College, London. After some early years of struggle towards literary recognition, having published some short stories in the *New Age*, her health broke and she went to Germany to recuperate. While there she issued her old stories, together with some new ones, in the volume called *In a German Pension* (1911). Later she returned to England and in 1913 she married John Middleton Murry, the editor and critic. When, after the war, her husband was appointed to the editorship of the *Athenaeum*, she began to write regular book reviews for that journal; at the same time she continued to publish her short stories, in the volumes entitled *Bliss* (1920), *The Garden Party* (1922), and *The Dove's Nest* (1923). Murry edited more of her stories after her death, and her fiction has recently been issued in a single volume, *The Short Stories of Katharine Mansfield*. As her letters and journals, edited also under Murry's supervision, show, she faced with unflinching courage the illness which beset her and the early death which followed.

Katharine Mansfield was distinctly a literary person, devoted to her art, working tirelessly for perfection, polishing and refining and discarding. She admired Tchekhov intensely and was, like him, interested in recording, delicately and sensitively, moods and impressions. Her talent was fragile but authentic, exquisite in its rendering of the half-lights and shades which lie beneath the surface of a seemingly common-

place reality. She chose obvious and unspectacular situations: a music teacher swallowed by his own egotism; a husband driven to revolt by a superficial and affected wife; a wife whose mood of ecstatic happiness was crushed by the discovery of her husband's infidelity; a spinster whose Sunday afternoon was ruined by the cruel comment of a stranger. The situations, however, are not the stories, whose charm lies in their sensitive evocation of mood, their discovery of meaning in the ordinary. She loved simplicity and gentleness, qualities which are reflected in the quiet purity of her prose style.

Katharine Mansfield's influence upon writers of the short story has been great, and she has been much imitated by her admirers, few of whom, however, have been able to approach her insight or her skill in suggesting the subtle textures of feeling.

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MR. REGINALD PEACOCK'S DAY

(Short Story of Moods and Impressions)

If there was one thing that he hated more than another it was the way she had of waking him in the morning. She did it on purpose, of course. It was her way of establishing her grievance for the day, and he was not going to let her know how successful it was. But really, really, to wake a sensitive person like that was positively dangerous! It took him hours to get over it—simply hours. She came into the room buttoned up in an overall, with a handkerchief over her head—thereby proving that she had been up herself and slaving since dawn—and called in a low, warning voice: “Reginald!”

“Eh! What! What’s that? What’s the matter?”

“It’s time to get up; it’s half-past eight.” And out she went, shutting the door quietly after her, to gloat over her triumph, he supposed.

He rolled over in the big bed, his heart still beating in quick, dull throbs, and with every throb he felt his energy escaping him, his—his inspiration for the day stifling under those thudding blows. It seemed that she took a malicious delight in making life more difficult for him than—Heaven knows—it was, by denying him his rights as an artist, by trying to drag him down to her level. What was the matter with her? What the hell did she want? Hadn’t he three times as many pupils now as when they were first married, earned three times as much, paid for every stick and stone that they possessed, and now had begun to shell out for Adrian’s kindergarten? . . . And had he ever reproached her for not having a penny to her name? Never a word—never a sign! The truth was that once you married a woman she became insatiable, and the truth was that nothing was more fatal for an artist than marriage, at any rate until he was well over forty. . . . Why had he married her? He asked himself this question on an average about three times a day, but he never

could answer it satisfactorily. She had caught him at a weak moment, when the first plunge into reality had bewildered and overwhelmed him for a time. Looking back, he saw a pathetic, youthful creature, half child, half wild untamed bird, totally incompetent to cope with bills and creditors and all the sordid details of existence. Well—she had done her best to clip his wings, if that was any satisfaction for her, and she could congratulate herself on the success of this early morning trick. One ought to wake exquisitely, reluctantly, he thought, slipping down in the warm bed. He began to imagine a series of enchanting scenes which ended with his latest, most charming pupil putting her bare, scented arms round his neck, and covering him with her long, perfumed hair. "Awake, my love!" . . .

As was his daily habit, while the bath water ran, Reginald Peacock tried his voice.

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,
Looping up her laces, tying up her hair,

he sang, softly at first, listening to the quality, nursing his voice until he came to the third line:

Often she thinks, were this wild thing wedded . . .

and upon the word "wedded" he burst into such a shout of triumph that the tooth-glass on the bathroom shelf trembled and even the bath tap seemed to gush stormy applause. . . .

Well, there was nothing wrong with his voice, he thought, leaping into the bath and soaping his soft, pink body all over with a loofah shaped like a fish. He could fill Covent Garden with it! "*Wedded,*" he shouted again, seizing the towel with a magnificent operatic gesture, and went on singing while he rubbed as though he had been Lohengrin tipped out by an unwary Swan and drying himself in the greatest haste before that tiresome Elsa came along. . . .

Back in his bedroom, he pulled the blind up with a jerk, and standing upon the pale square of sunlight that lay upon the carpet like a sheet of cream blotting-paper, he began to do his exercises—deep breathing, bending forward and back, squatting like a frog and shooting out his legs—for if there was one thing

he had a horror of it was of getting fat, and men in his profession had a dreadful tendency that way. However, there was no sign of it at present. He was, he decided, just right, just in good proportion. In fact, he could not help a thrill of satisfaction when he saw himself in the glass, dressed in a morning coat, dark grey trousers, grey socks and a black tie with a silver thread in it. Not that he was vain—he couldn't stand vain men—no; the sight of himself gave him a thrill of purely artistic satisfaction. "*Voilà tout!*" said he, passing his hand over his sleek hair.

That little, easy French phrase blown so lightly from his lips, like a whiff of smoke, reminded him that someone had asked him again, the evening before, if he was English. People seemed to find it impossible to believe that he hadn't some Southern blood. True, there was an emotional quality in his singing that had nothing of the John Bull in it. . . . The door-handle rattled and turned round and round. Adrian's head popped through.

"Please, father, mother says breakfast is quite ready, please."

"Very well," said Reginald. Then, just as Adrian disappeared: "Adrian!"

"Yes, father."

"You haven't said 'good morning.'"

A few months ago Reginald had spent a week-end in a very aristocratic family, where the father received his little sons in the morning and shook hands with them. Reginald thought the practice charming, and introduced it immediately, but Adrian felt dreadfully silly at having to shake hands with his own father every morning. And why did his father always sort of sing to him instead of talk? . . .

In excellent temper, Reginald walked into the dining-room and sat down before a pile of letters, a copy of the *Times*, and a little covered dish. He glanced at the letters and then at his breakfast. There were two thin slices of bacon and one egg.

"Don't you want any bacon?" he asked.

"No, I prefer a cold baked apple. I don't feel the need of bacon every morning."

Now, did she mean that there was no need for him to have bacon every morning, either, and that she grudged having to cook it for him?

"If you don't want to cook the breakfast," said he, "why don't you keep a servant? You know we can afford one, and you know how I loathe to see my wife doing the work. Simply because all the women we have had in the past have been failures, and utterly upset my regime, and made it almost impossible for me to have any pupils here, you've given up trying to find a decent woman. It's not impossible to train a servant—is it? I mean, it doesn't require genius?"

"But I prefer to do the work myself; it makes life so much more peaceful. . . . Run along, Adrian darling, and get ready for school."

"Oh no, that's not it!" Reginald pretended to smile. "You do the work yourself, because, for some extraordinary reason, you love to humiliate me. Objectively, you may not know that, but, subjectively, it's the case." This last remark so delighted him that he cut open an envelope as gracefully as if he had been on the stage. . . .

"Dear Mr. Peacock,

I feel I cannot go to sleep until I have thanked you again for the wonderful joy your singing gave me this evening. Quite unforgettable. You make me wonder, as I have not wondered since I was a girl, if this is *all*. I mean, if this ordinary world is *all*. If there is not, perhaps, for those of us who understand, divine beauty and richness awaiting us if we only have the *courage* to see it. And to make it ours. . . . The house is so quiet. I wish you were here now that I might thank you in person. You are doing a great thing. You are teaching the world to escape from life!

Yours, most sincerely,

Ænone Fell

P.S.—I am in every afternoon this week. . . ."

The letter was scrawled in violet ink on thick, handmade paper. Vanity, that bright bird, lifted its wings again, lifted them until he felt his breast would break.

"Oh well, don't let us quarrel," said he, and actually flung out a hand to his wife.

But she was not great enough to respond.

"I must hurry and take Adrian to school," said she. "Your room is quite ready for you."

Very well—very well—let there be open war between them! But he was hanged if he'd be the first to make it up again!

He walked up and down his room, and was not calm again until he heard the outer door close upon Adrian and his wife. Of course, if this went on, he would have to make some other arrangement. That was obvious. Tied and bound like this, how could he help the world to escape from life? He opened the piano and looked up his pupils for the morning. Miss Betty Brittle, the Countess Wilkowska and Miss Marian Morrow. They were charming, all three.

Punctually at half-past ten the door-bell rang. He went to the door. Miss Betty Brittle was there, dressed in white, with her music in a blue silk case.

"I'm afraid I'm early," she said, blushing and shy, and she opened her big blue eyes very wide. "Am I?"

"Not at all, dear lady. I am only too charmed," said Reginald. "Won't you come in?"

"It's such a heavenly morning," said Miss Brittle. "I walked across the Park. The flowers were too marvellous."

"Well, think about them while you sing your exercises," said Reginald, sitting down at the piano. "It will give your voice colour and warmth."

Oh, what an enchanting idea! What a *genius* Mr. Peacock was. She parted her pretty lips, and began to sing like a pansy.

"Very good, very good, indeed," said Reginald, playing chords that would waft a hardened criminal to heaven. "Make the notes round. Don't be afraid. Linger over them, breathe them like a perfume."

How pretty she looked, standing there in her white frock, her little blond head tilted, showing her milky throat.

"Do you ever practise before a glass?" asked Reginald. "You ought to, you know, it makes the lips more flexible. Come over here."

They went over to the mirror and stood side by side.

"Now sing—moo-e-koo-e-oo-e-a!"

But she broke down, and blushed more brightly than ever.

"Oh," she cried, "I can't. It makes me feel so silly. It makes me want to laugh. I do look so absurd!"

"No, you don't. Don't be afraid," said Reginald, but laughed, too, very kindly. "Now, try again!"

The lesson simply flew, and Betty Brittle quite got over her shyness.

"When can I come again?" she asked, tying the music up again in the blue silk case. "I want to take as many lessons as I can just now. Oh, Mr. Peacock, I *do* enjoy them so much. May I come the day after to-morrow?"

"Dear lady, I shall be only too charmed," said Reginald, bowing her out.

Glorious girl! And when they had stood in front of the mirror, her white sleeve had just touched his black one. He could feel—yes, he could actually feel a warm glowing spot, and he stroked it. She loved her lessons. His wife came in.

"Reginald, can you let me have some money? I must pay the dairy. And will you be in for dinner to-night?"

"Yes, you know I'm singing at Lord Timbuck's at half-past nine. Can you make me some clear soup, with an egg in it?"

"Yes. And the money, Reginald. It's eight and sixpence."

"Surely that's very heavy—isn't it?"

"No, it's just what it ought to be. And Adrian must have milk."

There she was—off again. Now she was standing up for Adrian against him.

"I have not the slightest desire to deny my child a proper amount of milk," said he. "Here is ten shillings."

The door-bell rang. He went to the door.

"Oh," said the Countess Wilkowska, "the stairs. I have not a breath." And she put her hand over her heart as she followed him into the music-room. She was all in black, with a little black hat with a floating veil—violets in her bosom.

"Do not make me sing exercises, to-day," she cried, throwing out her hands in her delightful foreign way. "No, to-day, I want only to sing songs. . . . And may I take off my violets? They fade so soon."

"They fade so soon—they fade so soon," played Reginald on the piano.

"May I put them here?" asked the Countess, dropping them in a little vase that stood in front of one of Reginald's photographs.

"Dear lady, I should be only too charmed!"

She began to sing, and all was well until she came to the phrase: "You love me. Yes, I *know* you love me!" Down dropped his hands from the keyboard, he wheeled round, facing her.

"No, no; that's not good enough. You can do better than that," cried Reginald ardently. "You must sing as if you were in love. Listen; let me try and show you." And he sang.

"Oh, yes, yes. I see what you mean," stammered the little Countess. "May I try it again?"

"Certainly. Do not be afraid. Let yourself go. Confess yourself. Make proud surrender!" he called above the music. And she sang.

"Yes; better that time. But I still feel you are capable of more. Try it with me. There must be a kind of exultant defiance as well—don't you feel?" And they sang together. Ah! now she was sure she understood. "May I try once again?"

"You love me. Yes, I *know* you love me."

The lesson was over before that phrase was quite perfect. The little foreign hands trembled as they put the music together.

"And you are forgetting your violets," said Reginald softly.

"Yes, I think I will forget them," said the Countess, biting her underlip. What fascinating ways these foreign women have!

"And you will come to my house on Sunday and make music?" she asked.

"Dear lady, I shall be only too charmed!" said Reginald.

Weep ye no more, sad fountains

Why need ye flow so fast?

sang Miss Marian Morrow, but her eyes filled with tears and her chin trembled.

"Don't sing just now," said Reginald. "Let me play it for you." He played so softly.

"Is there anything the matter?" asked Reginald. "You're not quite happy this morning."

No, she wasn't; she was awfully miserable.

"You don't care to tell me what it is?"

It really was nothing particular. She had those moods sometimes when life seemed almost unbearable.

“Ah, I know,” he said; “if I could only help!”

“But you do; you do! Oh, if it were not for my lessons I don’t feel I could go on.”

“Sit down in the arm-chair and smell the violets and let me sing to you. It will do you just as much good as a lesson.”

Why weren’t all men like Mr. Peacock?

“I wrote a poem after the concert last night—just about what I felt. Of course, it wasn’t *personal*. May I send it to you?”

“Dear lady, I should be only too charmed!”

By the end of the afternoon he was quite tired and lay down on a sofa to rest his voice before dressing. The door of his room was open. He could hear Adrian and his wife talking in the dining-room.

“Do you know what that teapot reminds me of, Mummy? It reminds me of a little sitting-down kitten.”

“Does it, Mr. Absurdity?”

Reginald dozed. The telephone bell woke him.

“Ænone Fell is speaking. Mr. Peacock, I have just heard that you are singing at Lord Timbuck’s to-night. Will you dine with me, and we can go on together afterwards?” And the words of his reply dropped like flowers down the telephone.

“Dear lady, I should be only too charmed.”

What a triumphant evening! The little dinner *tête-à-tête* with Ænone Fell, the drive to Lord Timbuck’s in her white motor-car, when she thanked him again for the unforgettable joy. Triumph upon triumph! And Lord Timbuck’s champagne simply flowed.

“Have some more champagne, Peacock,” said Lord Timbuck. Peacock, you notice—not Mr. Peacock—but Peacock, as if he were one of them. And wasn’t he? He was an artist. He could sway them all. And wasn’t he teaching them all to escape from life? How he sang! And as he sang, as in a dream he saw their feathers and their flowers and their fans, offered to him, laid before him, like a huge bouquet.

“Have another glass of wine, Peacock.”

“I could have any one I liked by lifting a finger,” thought Peacock, positively staggering home.

But as he let himself into the dark flat his marvellous sense of

elation began to ebb away. He turned up the light in the bedroom. His wife lay asleep, squeezed over to her side of the bed. He remembered suddenly how she had said when he had told her he was going out to dinner: "You might have let me know before!" And how he had answered: "Can't you possibly speak to me without offending against even good manners?" It was incredible, he thought, that she cared so little for him—incredible that she wasn't interested in the slightest in his triumphs and his artistic career. When so many women in her place would have given their eyes. . . . Yes, he knew it. . . . Why not acknowledge it? . . . And there she lay, an enemy, even in her sleep. . . . Must it ever be thus? he thought, the champagne still working. Ah, if we only were friends, how much I could tell her now! About this evening; even about Timbuck's manner to me, and all that they said to me and so on and so on. If only I felt that she was here to come back to—that I could confide in her—and so on and so on.

In his emotion he pulled off his evening boot and simply hurled it in the corner. The noise woke his wife with a terrible start. She sat up, pushing back her hair. And he suddenly decided to have one more try to treat her as a friend, to tell her everything, to win her. Down he sat on the side of the bed, and seized one of her hands. But of all those splendid things he had to say, not one could he utter. For some fiendish reason, the only words he could get out were: "Dear lady, I should be so charmed—so charmed!"

VIRGINIA WOOLF (1882-)

VIRGINIA WOOLF has been called a philosopher who writes fiction. Although this statement does not do her full justice, it does indicate her approach to the novel, her unremitting effort, not to simplify the complexity of human life (her criticism of the conventional novel is that it is an over-simplification), but rather, by underlining and accenting that complexity to arrive at an intimation of the universal in human experience. To this task she brings a background of rich culture; she is the daughter of Sir Leslie Stephen and is related to some of England's famous literary families.

To suit her purpose she has made the novel an instrument of her own shaping, cutting loose from the traditional English emphasis on "characters," an emphasis which seems to her to miss the true ebb and flow of life. She found that rather in the life of the individual consciousness as it touches and is affected by the life currents which flow about it. She is concerned with "states of mind," with the subjective, which seems to her the only avenue by which a novelist can explore the meaning of life. Like James Joyce she deals often with streams-of-consciousness; she is aware of what might be called man's multiple consciousness, his habit of thinking, or feeling, on several levels at once. There is the expressed thought, or the dominant feeling, and behind those, in the lower levels of consciousness, a whole battery of half-thoughts and half-feelings, imperfectly formed and full of glancing implications and overtones which, she believes, are not only the clue to individual character but are also the approximation of our common humanity. The concrete and the particular are for her, then, only an approach to, or rather a symbol of, the uni-

versal. Her use of details to create this effect is a form of "expressionistic" art.

As might be expected, Virginia Woolf has little or no concern with "plot," "action," "scenes," or the traditional structure and paraphernalia of the novel. She is a tireless experimenter. This is seen in *Jacob's Room* (1922) the novel in which she first used the stream-of-consciousness method; in *Mrs. Dalloway* (1925), where we see the scene and the people in flashing glimpses through the minds of two or three main characters, the time covered by the novel being less than twenty-four hours; in *Orlando* (1928), a *tour de force* in which the main character had, at the time of writing, lived a multiple series of lives for 350 years; and in *The Waves* (1931), where the outside world is seen solely through the extended introspections of six characters. The selection in this book, *The New Dress*, is a sort of pendant to, and in the manner of, *Mrs. Dalloway*.

Whatever one may think about the success of Virginia Woolf's attempt to extend the boundaries of English fiction—and certainly she is richly equipped for her task—the style with which she clothes impartially the ruminations of her characters is unflaggingly brilliant in a fluid, abundant manner, highly charged with an imagery verging upon the poetic. "Words and words and words, how they gallop—how they lash their long manes and tails." Her place in English fiction is yet to be decided. She has been acclaimed by a distinguished clique as the greatest of modern English novelists and she has been damned by Frank Swinnerton as "a catcher at memory of her own mental vagaries." But certainly she typifies the sincere effort of the contemporary novelist who is not satisfied with the convenient or apparent show of things and who labors, however confusingly at times, to bring a new vitality into fiction.

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THE NEW DRESS

(Short Story of Multiple Consciousness)

Mabel had her first serious suspicion that something was wrong as she took her cloak off and Mrs. Barnet, while handing her the mirror and touching the brushes and thus drawing her attention, perhaps rather markedly, to all the appliances for tidying and improving hair, complexion, clothes, which existed on the dressing table, confirmed the suspicion—that it was not right, not quite right, which growing stronger as she went upstairs and springing at her with conviction as she greeted Clarissa Dalloway, she went straight to the far end of the room to a shaded corner where a looking-glass hung and looked. No! It was not *right*. And at once the misery which she always tried to hide, the profound dissatisfaction—the sense she had had, ever since she was a child, of being inferior to other people—set upon her, relentlessly, remorselessly, with an intensity which she could not beat off, as she would when she woke at night at home, by reading Borrow or Scott; for oh these men, oh these women, all were thinking—“What’s Mabel wearing? What a fright she looks! What a hideous new dress!”—their eyelids flickering as they came up and then their lids shutting rather tight. It was her own appalling inadequacy; her cowardice; her mean, water-sprinkled blood that depressed her. And at once the whole of the room where, for ever so many hours, she had planned with the little dressmaker how it was to go, seemed sordid, repulsive; and her own drawing-room so shabby, and herself, going out, puffed up with vanity as she touched the letters on the hall table and said: “How dull!” to show off—all this now seemed unutterably silly, paltry, and provincial. All this had been absolutely destroyed, shown up, exploded, the moment she came into Mrs. Dalloway’s drawing-room.

What she had thought that evening when, sitting over the teacups, Mrs. Dalloway’s invitation came, was that, of course,

she could not be fashionable. It was absurd to pretend it even—fashion meant cut, meant style, meant thirty guineas at least—but why not be original? Why not be herself, anyhow? And, getting up, she had taken that old fashion book of her mother's, a Paris fashion book of the time of the Empire, and had thought how much prettier, more dignified, and more womanly they were then, and so set herself—oh, it was foolish—trying to be like them, pluming herself in fact, upon being modest and old-fashioned and very charming, giving herself up, no doubt about it, to an orgy of self-love, which deserved to be chastised, and so rigged herself out like this.

But she dared not look in the glass. She could not face the whole horror—the pale yellow, idiotically old-fashioned silk dress with its long skirt and its high sleeves and its waist and all the things that looked so charming in the fashion book, but not on her, not among all these ordinary people. She felt like a dress-maker's dummy standing there, for young people to stick pins into.

"But, my dear, it's perfectly charming!" Rose Shaw said, looking her up and down with that little satirical pucker of the lips which she expected—Rose herself being dressed in the height of fashion, precisely like anybody else, always.

We are all like flies trying to crawl over the edge of the saucer, Mabel thought, and repeated the phrase as if she were crossing herself, as if she were trying to find some spell to annul this pain, to make this agony endurable. Tags of Shakespeare, lines from books she had read ages ago, suddenly came to her when she was in agony, and she repeated them over and over again. "Flies trying to crawl," she repeated. If she could say that over often enough and make herself see the flies, she would become numb, chill, frozen, dumb. Now she could see flies crawling slowly out of a saucer of milk with their wings stuck together; and she strained and strained (standing in front of the looking-glass, listening to Rose Shaw) to make herself see Rose Shaw and all the other people there as flies, trying to hoist themselves out of something, or into something, meager, insignificant, toiling flies. But she could not see them like that, not other people. She saw herself like that—she was a fly, but the others were dragon-flies, butterflies, beautiful insects, dancing, fluttering, skimming,

while she alone dragged herself up out of the saucer. (Envy and spite, the most detestable of the vices, were her chief faults.)

"I feel like some dowdy, decrepit, horrible dingy old fly," she said, making Robert Haydon stop just to hear her say that, just to reassure herself by furbishing up a poor weak-kneed phrase and so showing how detached she was, how witty, that she did not feel in the least out of anything. And, of course, Robert Haydon answered something quite polite, quite insincere, which she saw through instantly, and said to herself, directly he went (again from some book), "Lies, lies, lies!" For a party makes things either much more real, or much less real, she thought; she saw in a flash to the bottom of Robert Haydon's heart; she saw through everything. She saw the truth. *This* was true, this drawing-room, this self, and the other false. Miss Milan's little work-room was really terribly hot, stuffy, sordid. It smelt of clothes and cabbage cooking; and yet, when Miss Milan put the glass in her hand, and she looked at herself with the dress on, finished, an extraordinarily bliss shot through her heart. Suffused with light, she sprang into existence. Rid of cares and wrinkles, what she had dreamed of herself was there—a beautiful woman. Just for a second (she had not dared look longer, Miss Milan wanted to know about the length of the skirt), there looked at her, framed in the scrolloping mahogany, a gray-white, mysteriously smiling, charming girl, the core of herself, the soul of herself; and it was not vanity only, not only self-love that made her think it good, tender, and true. Miss Milan said that the skirt could not well be longer; if anything the skirt, said Miss Milan, puckering her forehead, considering with all her wits about her, must be shorter; and she felt, suddenly, honestly, full of love for Miss Milan, much, much fonder of Miss Milan than of any one in the whole world, and could have cried for pity that she should be crawling on the floor with her mouth full of pins, and her face red and her eyes bulging—that one human being should be doing this for another, and she saw them all as human beings merely, and herself going off to her party, and Miss Milan pulling the cover over the canary's cage, or letting him pick a hemp-seed from between her lips, and the thought of it, of this side of human nature and its patience and its endurance and its being

content with such miserable, scanty, sordid little pleasures filled her eyes with tears.

• And now the whole thing had vanished. The dress, the room, the love, the pity, the scrolloping looking-glass, and the canary's cage—all had vanished, and here she was in a corner of Mrs. Dalloway's drawing-room, suffering tortures, woken wide awake to reality.

But it was all so paltry, weak-blooded, and petty-minded to care so much at her age with two children, to be still so utterly dependent on people's opinions and not have principles or convictions, not to be able to say as other people did, "There's Shakespeare! There's death! We're all weevils in a captain's biscuit,"—or whatever it was that people did say.

She faced herself straight in the glass; she pecked at her left shoulder; she issued out into the room, as if spears were thrown at her yellow dress from all sides. But instead of looking fierce or tragic, as Rose Shaw would have done—Rose would have looked like Boadicea—she looked foolish and self-conscious, and simpered like a schoolgirl and slouched across the room, positively slinking, as if she were a beaten mongrel, and looked at a picture, an engraving. As if one went to a party to look at a picture! Everybody knew why she did it—it was from shame, from humiliation.

"Now the fly's in the saucer," she said to herself, "right in the middle, and can't get out, and the milk," she thought, rigidly staring at the picture, "is sticking its wings together."

"It's so old-fashioned," she said to Charles Burt, making him stop (which by itself he hated) on his way to talk to some one else.

She meant, or she tried to make herself think that she meant, that it was the picture and not her dress that was old-fashioned. And one word of praise, one word of affection from Charles would have made all the difference to her at the moment. If he had only said, "Mabel, you're looking charming tonight!" it would have changed her life. But then she ought to have been truthful and direct. Charles said nothing of the kind, of course. He was malice itself. He always saw through one, especially if one were feeling particularly mean, paltry, or feeble-minded.

"Mabel's got a new dress!" he said, and the poor fly was abso-

lutely shoved into the middle of the saucer. Really, he would like her to drown, she believed. He had no heart, no fundamental kindness, only a veneer of friendliness. Miss Milan was much more real, much kinder. If only one could feel that and stick to it, always. "Why," she asked herself—replying to Charles much too pertly, letting him see that she was out of temper, or "ruffled" as he called it ("Rather ruffled?" he said and went on to laugh at her with some woman over there)—"Why," she asked herself, "can't I feel one thing always, feel quite sure that Miss Milan is right, and Charles wrong and stick to it, feel sure about the canary and pity and love and not be whipped all around in a second by coming into a room full of people?" It was her odious, weak, vacillating character again, always giving at the critical moment and not being seriously interested in conchology, etymology, botany, archeology, cutting up potatoes and watching them fructify, like Mary Dennis, like Violet Searle.

Then Mrs. Holman, seeing her standing there, bore down upon her. Of course a thing like a dress was beneath Mrs. Holman's notice, with her family always tumbling downstairs or having the scarlet fever. Could Mabel tell her if Elmhurst was ever let for August and September? Oh, it was a conversation that bored her unutterably! It made her furious to be treated like a house agent or messenger boy, to be made use of. Not to have value, that was it, she thought, trying to grasp something hard, something real, while she tried to answer sensibly about the bathroom and the south aspect and the hot water to the top of the house; and all the time she could see little bits of her yellow dress in the round looking-glass which made them all the size of boot-buttons or tadpoles; and it was amazing to think how much humiliation and agony and self-loathing and effort and passionate ups and downs of feeling were contained in a thing the size of a threepenny bit. And what was still odder, this thing, this Mabel Waring, was separate, quite disconnected; and though Mrs. Holman (the black button) was leaning forward and telling her how her eldest boy had strained his heart running, she could see her, too, quite detached in the looking-glass, and it was impossible that the black dot, leaning forward, gesticulating, should make the yellow dot, sitting solitary, self-centred, feel what the black dot was feeling, yet they pretended.

"So impossible to keep boys quiet"—that was the kind of thing one said.

• And Mrs. Holman, who could never get enough sympathy and snatched what little there was greedily, as if it were her right (but she deserved much more for there was her little girl who had come down this morning with a swollen knee-joint), took this miserable offering and looked at it suspiciously, grudgingly, as if it were a halfpenny when it ought to have been a pound and put it away in her purse, must put up with it, mean and miserly though it was, times being hard, so very hard; and on she went, creaking, injured Mrs. Holman, about the girl with the swollen joints. Ah, it was tragic, this greed, this clamor of human beings, like a row of cormorants, barking and flapping their wings for sympathy—it was tragic, could one have felt it and not merely pretended to feel it!

But in her yellow dress tonight she could not wring out one drop more; she wanted it all, all for herself. She knew (she kept on looking into the glass, dipping into that dreadfully showing-up blue pool) that she was condemned, despised, left like this in a backwater, because of her being like this a feeble, vacillating creature; and it seemed to her that the yellow dress was a penance which she had deserved, and if she had been dressed like Rose Shaw, in lovely, clinging green with a ruffle of swansdown, she would have deserved that; and she thought that there was no escape for her—none whatever. But it was not her fault altogether, after all. It was being one of a family of ten; never having money enough, always skimping and paring; and her mother carrying great cans, and the linoleum worn on the stair edges, and one sordid little domestic tragedy after another—nothing catastrophic, the sheep farm failing, but not utterly; her eldest brother marrying beneath him but not very much—there was no romance, nothing extreme about them all. They petered out respectably in seaside resorts; every watering-place had one of her aunts even now asleep in some lodging with the front windows not quite facing the sea. That was so like them—they had to squint at things always. And she had done the same—she was just like her aunts. For all her dreams of living in India, married to some hero like Sir Henry Lawrence, some empire builder (still the sight of a native in a turban filled her with romance), she had failed utterly.

She had married Hubert, with his safe, permanent underling's job in the Law Courts, and they managed tolerably in a smallish house, without proper maids, and hash when she was alone or just bread and butter, but now and then—Mrs. Holman was off, thinking her the most dried-up, unsympathetic twig she had ever met, absurdly dressed, too, and would tell everyone about Mabel's fantastic appearance—now and then, thought Mabel Waring, left alone on the blue sofa, punching the cushion in order to look occupied, for she would not join Charles Burt and Rose Shaw, chattering like magpies and perhaps laughing at her by the fireplace—now and then, there did come to her delicious moments, reading the other night in bed, for instance, or down by the sea on the sand in the sun, at Easter—let her recall it—a great tuft of pale sand-grass standing all twisted like a shock of spears against the sky, which was blue like a smooth china egg, so firm, so hard, and then the melody of the waves—"Hush, hush," they said, and the children's shouts paddling—yes, it was a divine moment, and there she lay, she felt, in the hand of the Goddess who was the world; rather a hard-hearted but very beautiful Goddess, a little lamb on the altar (one did think these silly things, and it didn't matter so long as one never said them). And also with Hubert sometimes she had quite unexpectedly—carving the mutton for Sunday lunch, for no reason, opening a letter, coming into a room—divine moments, when she said to herself (for she would never say this to anybody else), "This is it. This has happened. This is it!" And the other way about it was equally surprising—that is, when everything was arranged—music, weather, holidays, every reason for happiness was there—then nothing happened at all. One wasn't happy. It was flat, just flat, that was all.

Her wretched self again, no doubt! She had always been a fretful, weak, unsatisfactory mother, a wobbly wife, lolling about in a kind of twilight existence with nothing very clear or very bold or more one thing than another, like all her brothers and sisters, except perhaps Herbert—they were all the same poor water-veined creatures who did nothing. Then in the midst of this creeping, crawling life, suddenly she was on the crest of a wave. That wretched fly—where had she read the story that kept coming into her mind about the fly and the saucer?—struggled out. Yes, she had those moments. But now that she was forty, they

might come more and more seldom. By degrees she would cease to struggle any more. But that was deplorable! That was not to be endured! That made her feel ashamed of herself!

She would go to the London Library tomorrow. She would find some wonderful, helpful, astonishing book, quite by chance, a book by a clergyman, by an American no one had ever heard of; or she would walk down the Strand and drop, accidentally, into a hall where a miner was telling about the life in the pit and suddenly she would become a new person. She would be absolutely transformed. She would wear a uniform; she would be called Sister Somebody; she would never give a thought to clothes again. And for ever after she would be perfectly clear about Charles Burt and Miss Milan and this room and that room; and it would be always, day after day, as if she were lying in the sun or carving the mutton. It would be!

So she got up from the blue sofa, and the yellow button in the looking-glass got up too, and she waved her hand to Charles and Rose to show them she did not depend on them one scrap, and the yellow button moved out of the looking-glass, and all the spears were gathered into her breast as she walked toward Mrs. Dalloway and said, "Good-night."

"But it's too early to go," said Mrs. Dalloway, who was always so charming.

"I'm afraid I must," said Mabel Waring. "But," she added in her weak, wobbly voice which only sounded ridiculous when she tried to strengthen it, "I have enjoyed myself enormously."

"I have enjoyed myself," she said to Mr. Dalloway, whom she met on the stairs.

"Lies, lies, lies!" she said to herself, going downstairs, and "Right in the saucer!" she said to herself as she thanked Mrs. Barnet for helping her and wrapped herself, round and round and round, in the Chinese cloak she had worn these twenty years.

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